ENG. BY E.A.WRIGHT, PHILA

FROM THE CRADLE TO THE GRAVE.

ENGRAVED EXPRESSLY FOR WELL-SPRINGS OF TRUTH.

Well-Springs

OF TRUTH

UPON THE

King's Highway to Peace and Prosperity.

BY

W. W. BREESE, M. D.

AUTHOR OF

"Twelve Rules of Health and Glossary of Useful Knowledge,"
"Drifting; A Tale True to Life," etc.

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PUBLISHED BY

Southwestern Publishing House,

NASHVILLE.

BJ1571
B75

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1883,

By W. W. BREESE,

In the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

DONOHUE & HENNEBERRY, PRINTERS AND BINDERS,
CHICAGO.

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WITH A GRATEFUL HEART AND EVER LINGERING, PLEASANT MEMORY,

THIS VOLUME

IS MOST AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO A

SAINTED WIFE AND LOVING DAUGHTER,

WITHOUT WHOSE HELP ITS PREPARATION MIGHT NEVER HAVE BEEN COMPLETED.

LET not Mercy and Truth forsake thee: bind them about thy neck; write them upon the table of thine heart; so shalt thou find favor and good understanding in the sight of God and man.

PROVERBS III: 3, 4.

PREFACE.

THE author has gathered material for this book during many years. In this time he has consulted thousands of volumes and authors innumerable. Great quantities of manuscript have been made, only to be cast aside as unavailable, while the real treasures have been retained and used.

A well-known author has said: "Nothing is sillier than this charge of plagiarism. There is no sixth commandment in art. The poet dare help himself wherever he lists — wherever he finds material suited to his work. He may even appropriate entire columns with their carved capitals, if the temple he thus supports be a beautiful one. Goethe understood this very well, and so did Shakespeare before him."

In the language of another: "I have borrowed from everything and everywhere, to the best of my ability; from life in its varied forms, and from the open reservoirs of stolen learning called books. He is richest in this world who borrows most."

As the strippings are said to contain the cream, so the author's gleanings in the field of knowledge condense the wisdom of many minds and all ages.

This book, in a word, is the result of years spent in unwearied study and research, and it is sincerely hoped that the reader may derive at least a portion of the pleasure in its perusal that the author has had in its composition.

W. W. BREESE.

CHICAGO, Feb. 22, 1883.

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Well-Springs of Truth.

The Cradle.

"From the cradle to the grave" we reach for bet ter things, and no parent, with an honest heart, will be content to give his child no better things than he himself has had. Although your aspirations for your child may prove to be but phantoms that continually elude your grasp, yet you may make them realities if you are willing to toil with the earnestness of a true man. To help you in this task shall be one of the leading objects of this book.

The smallest children are nearest to God, as the smallest planets are nearest the sun. The clew of our destiny, wander where we will, lies at the cradle foot. Within the cradle lies the most cherished, the fondest, hopes of the true mother. The very helplessness of the tiny bit of humanity appeals with the greatest success to our love, and calls forth our most tender care. Our most joyous moments, as well as most profitable, are spent at the cradle's side. He builds for eternity

who instructs the tender babe in the joys of heaven. Nothing can exceed the marvelous credulity of a little child, and no blacker crime can be committed than to impose upon it by falsehood.

The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world. The destinies of a nation are wrapped within the cradle blanket, if wisdom but guides the hand that tucks its edges down. The child is father to the man, but the mother plants the germ. The tender touch of love, like the steel placed to the magnet, draws the hidden forces from their deepest recess, and starts a life of eternal activity.

Consider for a moment the condition of a new-born babe. What seeming contradictions are here! What possibilities are wrapped up in that tiny frame and undeveloped mind! That little hand may some day wield the scepter of an empire; it is now nerveless and impotent. That tongue may some day move multitudes by its eloquence; it is now voiceless. That mind may some day master great problems — learning much of God, his word, and his works; it is now ignorant of the simplest truths.

Had the period of our dependence been only as long as the brood remains with the parent bird, the endearing names of father and mother would have been empty sounds; little opportunity would have been afforded to them for the formation of our character, and one of the most pleasing illustrations of providential appointments would have been lost.

How sublime a thing is such helplessness of infancy, such dependence of childhood! And how

sacred is fatherhood and motherhood! Would God that we understood these things aright! Then, indeed, would "the hearts of the fathers be turned to their children."

John Foster, on the birth of his son, wrote a friend, "If the fellow turns out well, I shall not so much mind about his being extra clever. It is goodness that the world is wretched for wanting."

When the hand of death is laid upon the babe that has nestled for but a few brief months in its mother's arms, or the bright-eyed prattler who has made the household glad with his merriment, the feeling of those upon whom the blow has fallen must, at first, be one of utter and impenetrable gloom. The anguish of the mother as she lays her first-born in the grave, and the bitterness of heart with which the father returns from his enforced toil to the home which death has made desolate — these are feelings which, in the first burst of sorrow, no words of consolation may mitigate or assuage.

And yet there are, in the death of little children, motives of consolation open to us from which we are sometimes estopped in the death of those of riper years — motives which, as the weeks pass on, may appeal soothingly to those who have laid their dear ones in the grave, and help God's chastening to "yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby."

Those who have lost an infant are never, as it were, without an infant child. Their other children grow up to manhood and womanhood and suffer all

the changes of mortality; but this one alone is rendered an immortal child, for death has arrested it with his kindly harshness, and blessed it into an eternal image of youth and innocence.

The Nursery.

It is idle to suppose that children will of necessity love their homes simply because there they eat, sleep and dwell. Father and mother are there, and there center the interests of the young lives, it is true, but as boys and girls grow beyond infancy they begin to have cravings of their own, and to show their separate individualities. Wise parents plan to make their children happy and satisfied at home. They do not take the happiness and satisfaction too much for granted, nor do they leave it to accident wholly, whether or not the house is pleasant in its atmosphere and ways.

There should be room in every household for the children's treasures. If a room can be set aside for the boys' tools, their printing presses, scroll-saws, etc., so much the better. Boys who have in-door occupations which charm them will not be restless and eager for the street *all* the time when school hours are over. Both boys and girls should be encouraged to make collections of birds' eggs, ores, postage-stamps, curiosities of wood and field, pressed ferns and flowers, shells from the seaside and quartz from the mountain, bits of bark, relics of mound-builders and Indian

hunters, old coins, newspapers and books of a by-gone day, and other like things which young people prize.

She is a foolish mother who frowns on these things because they take space in the house or make a little confusion there. Swiftly, ah! far too swiftly, we think when we grow older, our little ones are reaching upward to maturity. While they are young and can be moulded is it not the mother's duty to cultivate in them a love of nature, a love of study, a love of the beautiful, and this not by undue restraint, or pettish fault-finding, but by allowing them delights at home under her own eye? These collections quietly going on in farm-houses and town residences are affording inquisitive young folks just the opportunities they need for finding out many bits of geographical and historical information which lie out of the beaten track of the text-book, and which would never be discovered in the recitation-room. They are essential parts in home education.

It is a maxim with the Jewish rabbins that the love that is not accompanied with reproof is not genuine. But this must have its limits, and not be extended to those in whom there is nothing to reprove. Many a mother scolds her child for trifles under the mistaken notion that he will be corrupted by too much kindness and sympathy.

I read somewhere lately "that we are not always as considerate toward children as we ought to be," which suggested the following question: Do we not often try children beyond what they ought to be required to bear in the way of putting off attending to their wants—wants which to us seem unimportant,

but to them are of the utmost consequence? We forget what a great length of time a day or even an hour seemed to us in childhood, and that "hope deferred maketh the heart sick." So we let the little one's "great expectations" wear him into ill-humor and fretfulness through our failure to recognize how much more sensitive children are than we to disappointment and delay. Not that I advocate making the children of the house of greater importance than their elders, but might not their tempers and nervous system be saved many a strain by a little thought and care on the part of the mothers? Childhood's trials are as real, and more keenly felt, than those of riper years. There are many parents who train their children rather in the way they choose for them than in the way they should go.

The best paternity is that which can be at once mentor, counselor, sympathizer and friend; that fits neatly the older-brother relationship without making display of it. General observation testifies that the most perfect government is most infrequently, most quietly and most gently exercised; it lacks deeds, and it positively lacks threats, nor is it an after-hindrance. To influence the young to their being governed without their knowing it—by being at once of them, with them, and still above them—is the ideal type of successful management.

A child is a veritable Athenian, always desiring to hear something new. As he matures he carries this need on and up with him, and he who would be a teacher must know this fact and feed this desire. It

may be the source of great good or it may be the source of great evil.

What terrible wrecks in life have resulted from the vicious influence of a trusted nurse! How many of us look back at our own childhood and bitterly mourn the evil work wrought in our natures by thoughtless helpers. Our parents were unaware of the fire that they allowed to be kindled within us, and although in our mature years we have struggled, with the energy of despair, to quench its flames, yet it still smoulders to mock us with its dangerous presence.

Father! Mother! Can you not understand, and will you not heed our tearful warning? Oh! beware in time, that your child may not rise up and curse you for your negligence. Guard that child from those dangerous influences, from that deadly evil, which may end in moral death and mental weakness, if they do not destroy the body also.

Be sure that you know where your child goes and who he plays with. Watch him with a jealous eye, and yet without interfering unnecessarily. Give him so much freedom that he will not feel you are a tyrant; but teach him to restrain his desires at your command. Above all know where and with whom he sleeps at night. Insist upon his being *at home* before dark, unless trusted friends are with him, and that he must sleep in his own bed. If he has a playmate to stay with him at night put them in separate beds, even if it is inconvenient to do so.

Children spoiled in the nursery can seldom be mended in the sanctuary. And it is equally true of

them, that if they are well-moulded in the nursery, and well-finished in the Sunday-school, it is hard to spoil them afterward.

Would to God that we knew what an opportunity for bringing our children to their Saviour their helpless infancy and dependent childhood give us! Their helplessness is complete, but it is not abject, for they are redeemed by the blood of Christ, and their dependence creates our opportunity for teaching them to know and love Him.

Lycurgus, iron-hearted law-giver of Lacedæmon, understood but one thing of a male infant—it might make a soldier. The old Spartan theory made the state everything, the individual nothing. Hence that heartless code which required that delicate or deformed children should be "exposed"—abandoned to wild beasts, or in some other fashion be put out of the way.

No doubt we love them. We toil for them through winter and summer. We never rest. We think for them by day and dream of them by night. They fill our thoughts; they create our anxieties; they excite our hopes; they alarm our fears. But, alas! we love them in a blind sort of way—the love of higher instinct—when we do not know that for our children the best knowledge, and, indeed, the only indispensable knowledge, is the knowledge of God. The good old sentence tells us that it is better a great deal to be unborn than either unbred or bred amiss, yet it cannot but be a matter of very sad reflection to any parent to think within himself that he should be instrumental

in giving his child a body only to damn his soul. Therefore let parents remember, that as the paternal is the most honorable relation, so it is also the greatest trust in the world, and that God will be a certain and severe exactor of it; and the more so because they have such weighty opportunities to discharge it, and that with almost infallible success.

A mother once asked a man of wisdom, "At what age should I begin to teach my child?" "How old is he now?" inquired the sage. "Two years old," the mother answered. "Then," said he, "you have already lost about two years."

Early Impressions.

"Children are what their mothers are." Have you never walked through the dirty, dismal part of a city and heard little lips utter oaths and profane words in their childish ways? Dear children, are they alone to blame? Little ones have sharp eyes.

A lady was speaking in a light, playful way to a motherless one of something in her father's looks. The child mistook her manner for jesting and "making fun." The little face grew sadder and sadder, soon she covered it, crept under the table, gave way to violent tears, and nothing could pacify her, for her father was as dear to her as her life.

"My teacher does *so*," said a child illustrating the habit. When the teacher was informed of the schol-

ar's remark he was not aware of his conduct in this respect, and was glad to correct the foolish, nervous habit.

Have you never seen children of different schools "playing school" together, and each one wants everything done just as "my teacher" does it? Who of us cannot remember the words and ways of our teacher? Parents, teachers, are we not eyes and ears to the little ones around us? Each reader may make the application of the truth.

Some years ago a native Greenlander came to the United States. It was too hot for him here, so he made up his mind to return home, and took passage on a ship that was going that way. But he died before he got back; and, as he was dying, he turned to those who were around him and said: "Go on deck, and see if you can see ice." "What a strange thing!" some would say. It was not a strange thing at all. When that man was a baby the first thing he saw, after his mother, was ice. His house was made of ice. The window was a slab of ice. He was cradled in ice. If he ever sat at a table, it was a table of ice. The water he drank was melted ice. The scenery about his house was ice. The mountains were of ice. The fields were of ice. And when he became a man he had a sledge and twelve dogs, that ran fifty miles a day. And many a day he stopped over a hole in the ice twenty-four hours, to put his spear in the head of any seal that might come there. He had always been accustomed to see ice; and he knew that if his companions on the ship could see ice it would be evidence

that he was near home. The thought of ice was the very last thought in his mind, as it was the very first impression made there. The earliest impressions are the deepest. Those things which are instilled into the hearts of children endure forever and forever.

The recollection of childhood is never wholly obliterated from the mind. Make the days at home so happy that, when the children have grown to maturity, and have passed from your influence out into the world's toil and strife, they may look back upon their childhood as a joyous, beautiful, and sacred portion of their lives.

Surely such memories will make their hearts stronger and their lives better.

The mind is the heart's mouth. Thrust truth into the child's mind. If it is the bread of life to the child, it will not stay in his mind; it will sink down deeper; it will go to his heart; and the hunger of the heart will grow by what it feeds on. The heart will crave more and more forever. "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness." Why? Because they will eventually cease from hungering? Not at all. That would be no blessing. It would be a curse. But because they shall be filled, and keep on hungering and thirsting, to be filled again and again. Feed the sheep. Feed the lambs. Truth is the bread of life. Put truth into the mind. Teach, teach, teach!

Every first thing continues forever with the child; the first color, the first music, the first flower, paint the foreground of his life. The first inner or outer object

of love, injustice, or such like, throws a shadow immeasurably far along his after years.

Let the child-life dwell as long as it will in the heart of the child. Care and the sense of burdened responsibility will come all too swiftly. But the lingering glow and gladness of the early years shall touch with softness their hard lines.

There are no more flagrant instances of uncharitable judging—and no cases in which it inflicts greater injury—than are often seen in the treatment of children by grown persons. A trifling fault is magnified into a grave and deliberately planned offense. Motives are attributed to the thoughtless little transgressors which could only belong to a far more advanced stage of mental development; and not only is gross injustice done and the keen pain of it inflicted, but many times the young soul is made disingenuous and revengeful by being unfairly suspected and accused of deceit or revenge. We need not be afraid of having too much charity; and a safe general rule is, when we can find nothing good to say of a child, to say nothing.

President Garfield said, "That man will be a benefactor of his race who shall teach us how to manage rightly the first years of a child's education."

There is a process of education constantly going on in every dwelling which care and thought can make an unspeakable advantage, and at the same time contribute to make a happy home. To keep objects of pure and high interest before the children's minds, in a natural and suitable way—to have them supplied with such books as will occupy and interest—to talk not so

much *to* them as *with* them about objects—to take note of and encourage any advance they make, and to direct the flow not of a part of, but of the *whole* of their life—physical, mental, moral, without apparent interference or violence; this happy art—to be sought, prayed for, labored for—under God's blessing goes far to make a happy home. The tastes of children are naturally simple. Your child's wooden gun, cut with your own hand, perhaps, and made a link of connection between your little boy and you, may be more to him, more influential over his character, more potent in binding his heart to you while living, his memory to you when you are dead, than a costly gift that you ordered at the store. And when you, living a loving, natural life before your children, and with them, bend the knee in their midst, and speak to God of them and of yourself, there is a powerful restraint being put on natural evil, there is a pleasant type of heaven where the whole family that is named after Jesus shall be gathered together.

The director of one of the largest State lunatic asylums in Germany, maintained at a recent meeting of physicians that much of the notorious increase of insanity in Germany is attributable to the excessive amount of work imposed upon the pupils in the national schools. In order to acquit himself in any way creditably, a pupil of average ability must, it is calculated, in addition to attending punctually and working diligently during school hours, work at home at least two hours daily when in the lower classes, three hours when in the middle, and four or five hours when in the

upper classes. A boy, therefore, of say sixteen years or upward, has to work in school thirty-six hours and at home twenty-four hours a week, or, with the exception of Sundays, for ten hours every day of the week. Several doctors in private practice, who took part in the discussion which followed the reading of the paper, also spoke of the increasing frequency of morbid irritability in children, the result of overwork, which, although it might not always drive pupils into the lunatic asylum, often lastingly and prejudicially affected their constitutions.

Children who have a little money ought to practice saving something. Many boys and girls of to-day hardly know a higher use for any money that comes into their hands than spending it for some foolish thing as quickly as possible. To such a lesson in self-denial and economy is very important. As go the boy's pennies and dimes, so, very likely, will go the man's dollars and hundreds by-and-by. Without having the spirit of a miser, the person accustomed to save has more pleasure in laying up than a spendthrift ever knows.

Singing mothers generally have musical children. They cultivate in their offspring a love for song without knowing it. The infant, while listening to its mother's singing, takes a music lesson.

The importance of early impressions is indeed generally acknowledged, and the permanent effects often produced by them are too obvious to be disregarded; neither can it be denied that the power thus placed at the disposal of every mother is in many

instances judiciously used and turned to good account. But still the question presents itself, Whence is it that what is called Christian education fails, in so many instances, to produce even those outward and visible effects which might be fairly anticipated as the result of a systematic course of instruction in the principles of religion? Why is it that the education ordinarily afforded to children of parents professing Christianity has often so little sensible effect upon their moral character, their daily habits and conduct? The answer to this question is to be found in the fact that the want of conformity between the precepts of the mother and her example often renders her most anxious efforts in the education of her children feeble, if not powerless.

Parent and Child.

It is not the fondest parent who always loves his child the best, nor the most doting who will gain the child's most devoted and lasting love. On the other hand the severest parents are not those who govern most wisely and successfully. But let parental authority be tempered with fatherly affection, and let the rein of discipline be steadily held by this powerful but affectionate hand, and there shall the pleasure of God prosper; there will he give his blessing, even life forevermore.

Denying a child the opportunity of education is

worse than ordinary robbery, for it is a wrong that can never be atoned for. It robs the child of his seed-time and limits, mars and blights his harvest. No gifts of gold or land can atone for such a wrong. It is a personal injury, inflicted on the helpless, and by the hand that of all others owed blessing and not blighting.

"I had no idea," said a tiller of the soil, "that I made such crooked work planting those peas." And he looked with no little annoyance upon the tender green zigzagging up through the black loam. And so, we think, it will be with certain parents, when the planting they are doing now in their children's hearts starts to the surface. But it is by far more difficult to straighten a crooked row than to make a straight one.

Our young people should be brought up from earliest childhood to familiarity with the church, and to the habit of going to church. Our Sunday-school children from five years upward should be trained to attend the preaching service. If a child can attend but one service on Sunday it should attend the preaching service rather than the Sunday-school, for the sake of the spirit of reverence which the preaching service promotes. It is a good thing for father, mother, son and daughter to sit in the same pew in the morning together, to hear the standards set up and the earnest appeals of the gospel sounded forth.

How often do we hear a parent say, "I never had anything as good as that when I was a child," and yet how cruel that is. How unjust and really mean spirited is the heart that can delight itself in the privations of another. A father will say of his sons, "Let them do

as I have done, and make their own way in the world." This is the opposite extreme of folly from the one who shields his sons from every hardship or industrious effort. It is a noble thing to place your children in a better position than you occupied, but it is no less a despicable and disgraceful thing to neglect to give them a proper training to fit them for that position.

Most mothers need no counsel in this direction. The wrinkles on their brow, the pallor on their cheek, the thimble-mark on their finger, attest that they are faithful in their maternal duties. The bloom and the brightness and the vivacity of girlhood have given place for the grander dignity and usefulness and industry of motherhood. But there is a heathenish idea getting abroad in some of the families of Americans; there are mothers who banish themselves from the home circle. For three-fourths of their maternal duties they prove themselves incompetent. They are ignorant of what their children wear, and what their children eat, and what their children read. They intrust to irresponsible persons these young immortals, and allow them to be under influences which may cripple their bodies, or taint their purity, or spoil their manners, or destroy their souls. God would not have a mother become a drudge or a slave; he would have her employ all the helps possible in this day in the rearing of her children.

One of our noblest poets sang—

> "The bravest are the tenderest;
> The loving are the daring."

Napoleon, Washington and Garfield were loving

and obedient to their mothers, whose approval they prized far above the noisy acclamations of millions. Our blessed Lord himself, in the hour of his great agony, cared tenderly for the sorrowing mother who had so gently guided his infant ways.

Many a light-minded, light-hearted girl, who has danced and flirted and sentimentalized through her happy spring-time, finds the sweet compulsion of nature too strong for her; very soon she forgets all her follies and settles down into the real mother, whom love instructs in all things necessary; who shrinks from no trouble, is equal to all duties; is to her children nurse, companion, play-fellow, as well as doctress, seamstress, teacher, friend—everything in short. Her babe, climbing to her side, attests the pure delight in each fond heart. The mother's love for her child is the truest type of Christ's love for us.

But even when that mother-love is there, is love sufficient? Not always. It will not make up for the lack of common sense, self-control, accurate and orderly ways—

> "The reason firm, the temperate will;
> Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill."

Nor does the mere fact of parenthood by a sort of divine right constitute all parents infallible, as they are so apt to suppose, and by their conduct expect their children to believe.

The child will *not* believe it, not after the very first, unless the parent prove it; and this by something stronger than bare assertion or natural instinct. It may be a dangerous thing to suggest, but I am afraid

MOTHER'S PET.

FOR WELL-SPRINGS OF TRUTH

the idea of some mysterious instinctive bond between parent and child is a mere superstition. No doubt the feeling is there, but it may be exercised equally with or without the tie of blood.

The following admirable letter was written by the late Baron Alderson to his son, who had left home for his first experience at boarding school:

"I will sit down and write to you to-night before I go to sleep, that I may talk with my darling boy in imagination at least, though I cannot see his dear face. I was very sorry to part with you last Wednesday, but as it is for your good, I must submit to it, and your letter to-day makes me sure you will be happy in your new mode of life very soon. It must seem at first strange to you, and you will often think of home. I should be sorry that you did not, but in a little while, if you are a good boy—and I feel sure you will be so—you will find school a happy place.

"I hear you are diligent and obliging. That gives me great pleasure, for I set much more store by diligence than by what people call talent or genius. A diligent boy is sure to do well, and if to it he adds talent, he does excellently. But the merit is in making a good use of the talent entrusted to you. If the servant in the Gospel had had ten talents instead of one, and had hid them in a napkin, his lord would have equally thought him unworthy of reward. It was the diligent servant who was rewarded.

"I shall be very glad if, when you write to me, you will tell me how you spend your time, and what lessons you are learning, what companions you have, which of

them you like best, what games you play at, and all such like things. A letter should be all about oneself and one's own thoughts, and should be just as if you were sitting down to talk to me.

"I think of you every day, morning and evening in particular, and please myself in thinking that when papa and mamma are praying for their dear boy, he may be doing so, too, for them.

"There is a story of two lovers who agreed at the same hour to go and look at the moon every moonlight night, and that was a tie between them, for they felt then as if they were together. How much better is it to be looking, not to the thing created, but to God himself! That is indeed to be together really; to be praying all of us at once to Him is to be as it were united through him forever, and to make a beginning of heaven on earth. My own dear boy will remember this, and we shall not be separated then, but every day be together in spirit, if not in bodily presence."

No wise farmer would entrust an inexperienced laborer with his lands and stock. A merchant would scarcely allow a blunderer to keep his books. Dear lady reader, would you give a valuable piece of velvet or silk into the hands of a person of whose skill as a cutter and fitter you have no positive assurance? Behold with how much care men and women proceed in matters like these, yet how indifferent they are as regards the skilfulness of the hands, and superiority of the minds, that are entrusted with the education of the immortal souls of those children whom God has entrusted to them.

Interest the child in all that he sees about him—the rising and setting of the sun; the coming and going of the moon and stars, and various other of the common phenomena of the heavens. Talk to him of the falling rain; the exquisite and perfectly formed crystals of snow; the gathering of dew and frost, and the formation of ice. Not scientifically of course—that is not needed; but simply and naturally. If he can be interested in all of this—and there are few children who cannot be in a greater or less degree—what a world of thought is opened before him! Or, if his ideas are more confined to earth, the very ground upon which he treads is full of instruction. Even the rocks and the stones are replete with interest. The murmuring of the waters, the hum of insects, the song of birds—*all* will be full of delight and interest to him when he has once learned to listen and observe. And, as a love for these things takes possession of his heart, evil loves and desires will be crowded out. Once awaken an interest in insect and bird, and the propensity which so many evince to hurt and to kill will no more be found. Such a child will be gentle, tender, benevolent. It cannot be otherwise. And one can easily imagine what the future man or woman will be; for "children are but grown persons in miniature."

From these things pass on to others. Speak to the child of trees and flowers; of everything, in short, which God has planted to make our earth beautiful and good. There are lessons enough to be drawn from all. With the flower direct his attention to the

form, color and growth; with the tree to its beauty, strength, and uses. Teach him to listen to the music of the winds sighing and moaning through them. This will touch a plaintive chord in his heart, which always elevates and refines. Show him the grace and symmetry of a forest in quiet; its strength and grandeur in a storm; teaching him that God rules and reigns in all.

The joys of parents are secret, and so are their griefs and fears; they cannot utter the one, nor will they utter the other. Children sweeten labors, but they make misfortunes more bitter; they increase the cares of life, but they mitigate the remembrance of death. The perpetuity by generation is common to beasts; but memory, merit, and noble works, are proper to men—and surely a man shall see the noblest works and foundations have proceeded from childless men, which have sought to express the images of their minds where those of their bodies have failed—so the care of posterity is most in them that have no posterity. They that are the first raisers of their houses are most indulgent towards their children, beholding them as the continuance, not only of their kind, but of their work; and so both children and creatures.

"Fathers, provoke not your children to wrath, lest they be discouraged." If the life of a child be embittered, the result is shyness and secret aversion. Even a child feels itself wronged, and a sense of bitterness is implanted in its heart. We can never think without pity of the parent who lost a promising son by

death, and was haunted through life by his parental severity. "My boy," he said to a friend, "used to think me cruel, and he had too much reason to do so; but he did not know how I loved him at the bottom of my heart; and now it is *too late!*"

Filial Love.

There is not on earth a more lovely sight than the unwearied care and attention of children to their parents. Where filial love is found in the heart we will answer for all the other virtues. No young man or woman will turn out basely, we sincerely believe, who has parents respected and beloved. A child, affectionate and dutiful, will never bring the gray hairs of its parents to the grave. The wretch who breaks forth from wholesome restraint and disregards the laws of his country must have first disobeyed his parents, showing neither love nor respect for them. It is seldom the case that a dutiful son is found in the ranks of vice among the wretched and degraded. Filial love will keep men from sin and crime. There never will come a time while your parents live when you will not be under obligations to them. The older they grow the more need will there be for your assiduous care and attention to their wants. The venerable brow and frosty hair speak loudly to the love and compassion of the child. If sickness and infirmity make them at times fretful, bear with them patiently, not forgetting that

time ere long may bring you to need the same attention. Filial love will never go unrewarded.

A friend of mine said to me yesterday, "All the money you ever handled couldn't buy that piece of paper." With that he handed a manifold soiled scrap on which at first I could see nothing. At length I deciphered in rude, disjointed letters the two words, "Dear Papa." He had discovered it in the play-house of his little daughter, who died only a few days ago. Sometime, when, in the midst of her play, her little heart had turned toward him she had scrawled these two words—and then, having borne testimony of her love, she had thrown the paper away.

A remarkable case of filial love was that of a boy, confined in the Kansas penitentiary, who at the age of sixteen pleaded guilty to the crime of murder for the purpose of shielding his father, who was the guilty one. Not until after the death of his father was it found that he was innocent.

Most boys who become successful men are thoughtful for their mothers. A Montreal millionaire, Harrison Stephens, Esq., has recently died, who engaged, when seventeen years old, with an elder brother and a companion to build twenty rods of the Champlain Canal. At the end of a week the others threw up the job in discouragement, but Harrison persevered and in due time received seventy-five dollars. With a part of these first earnings he stepped into a store on his way home and bought his mother a dress. He finally became a large importer and trader in Montreal, but, so long as they lived his parents received from him

every attention. No boy or girl can become truly great who neglects the comfort of father and mother.

"I'm afraid you will have none left for yourself," we heard a little lad say to his mother, as she helped him for the second time to toast. And the words were like music dreamed of. Why do not the children think oftener of mother, so that our hearts will become accustomed to their doing so, and we no longer thrill with strange sensations whenever we meet with a circumstance like the above. Surely they would, did they more fully realize what a heaven they would thus convert this chill world into.

Home love is the best love. The love that you are born to is the sweetest you will have on earth. You, who are so anxious to escape from the home-nest, pause a moment and remember this is so. Never again, after strangers have broken the beautiful bond, will there be anything so sweet as the little circle of mother, father and children, where you are cherished, protected, praised, and kept from harm. You may not know it now, but you will know it some day.

The three sons of an Eastern queen tried to show their love for their mother by gifts laid upon her grave. The spectators most applauded one who made a libation of his own blood. But how much more noble and truly great is that son who so lives and loves his mother that after death he may have no cause for remorse, and she may carry into the spirit world treasures beyond estimation, jewels of love that her son gave her.

The story of what you have done, or what you

have written, of the influence you have exerted, has gone back to the old homestead—for there is some one always ready to carry good tidings—and that story makes the needle in the old mother's tremulous hand fly quicker, and the flail in the father's hand come down upon the barn floor with a vigorous thump. Parents love to hear good news from their children. Do you send them good news always?

Look out for the young man who speaks of his father as "the governor," "the squire" or the "old chap." Look out for the young woman who calls her mother her "maternal ancestor" or the "old woman." "The eye that mocketh at his father, and refuseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it."

God grant that all these parents may have the great satisfaction of seeing their children grow up Christians. But O! the pang of that mother who, after a life of street-gadding and gossip retailing, hanging on the children the fripperies and follies of this world, sees those children tossed out on the sea of life like foam on the wave, or nonenties in a world where only bravery and stalwart character can stand the shock! But blessed be the mother who looks upon her children as sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty.

On one occasion a father found it necessary to punish his little daughter. But Mary climbed up into his lap, and, throwing her arms around his neck, said: "Papa, I do love you." "Why do you love me, my child?" the father asked. "Because you try to make me good, papa."

Filial affection is the corner-stone of good morals and the most essential element of order and discipline in the state. Even in the republics of antiquity the rulers were styled fathers. The very name "father" is itself a law of justice and imposes the highest obligations.

The Parents' Duty.

Let it be insisted on with all possible emphasis that parenthood is fatherhood and motherhood. In this complicated yet simple relation the Bible and Nature alike make the father the responsible head, and yet in no sense is he more essential to the perfection of family life than the mother. Whatever duties, therefore, we shall find enjoined in the Word of God upon the father in the instruction and discipline of his children, these are the mother's duties also.

The parent holds a mystic key that no other hand can fit to the wards of its locks. If the parent does not do his work, it is forever undone. So left undone, the parent is guilty and the child wronged, and wronged irreparably.

It is a pitiful and shameful sight to see a father so swallowed up by love of money, so consumed by ambition, that he has no time to teach his children the ways of wisdom and life.

The mere enforcement of good conduct is not enough; the mere inculcation of sound principle is not enough. If we would truly "bring up our chil-

dren in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," it is not enough that we simply teach them what is right. True knowing, true doing, and true being, involve each other. They go together, and cannot, without disappointment and defeat, be separated.

The following are worthy of being printed in letters of gold and placed in a conspicuous position in every household:

From your children's early infancy inculcate the necessity of instant obedience. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand that you mean exactly what you say. Never promise them anything unless you are sure you can give them what you promise. If you tell a child to do anything, show him how to do it, and see that it is done. Always punish your children for wilfully disobeying you, but never punish them when you are angry. Never let them perceive that they can vex you or make you lose your self-command.

Never smile at any of their actions of which you do not approve, even though they are somewhat amusing. If they give way to petulance and temper, wait till they are calm, and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct. Remember that a little present punishment, when the occasion arises, is much more effectual than the threatening of a greater punishment should the fault be renewed. Never give your children anything because they cry for it. On no account allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden, under the same circumstances, at another.

Teach them that the only sure and easy way to appear good is to be good. Accustom them to make their little recitals the perfect truth. Never allow of tale-bearing. Teach them that self-denial, not self-indulgence, is the appointed and sure method of securing happiness. Above all things, instruct them from the word of God, taking Jesus for their example in patience, meekness and love; teaching them to pray morning and evening, and during the day once or oftener, as they grow up, as the only preservative against error, weakness and sin.

The sacred books of the ancient Persians say: If you would be holy, instruct your children, because all the good acts they perform will be imputed to you.

Words and examples always come back to the young, and influence them for good as well as for evil. For nothing—not even a word or example—is ever forgotten or lost. We cannot commit a wrong without a punishment following close at its heels. When we break a law of eternal justice, it echoes throughout the world. Words and deeds may be considered slight things; yet they are not temporary, they are eternal. An idle or a bad word never dies. It may come up against us in the future—twenty years, a hundred years hence—long after we are dead. "Every idle word," says the Master, "that men shall speak, they shall give an account thereof in the day of judgment; for by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned."

Evil deeds and evil examples have the same resurrection. They never die, but influence all time. They

descend like an inheritance. The memory of a life does not perish with the life itself. What is done remains, and can never be undone. Thomas of Malmesbury said, "There is no action of a man in this life which is not the beginning of so long a chain of consequences as that no human providence is high enough to give us a prospect to the end." "Every atom," says Babbage, "impressed with good or ill, retains at once the motions which philosophers and sages have imparted to it, mixed and combined in ten thousand ways with all that is worthless and base. The air itself is one vast library, on whose pages are written *forever* all that man has ever said, or whispered, or done."

We often think when we hear of parents beating their children, that they should rather be inflicting the punishment on themselves. They have been the means of bringing into being the inheritors of their own moral nature. The child does not make his own temper, nor has any control, while a child, over its direction. If the parents have conferred an irritable temper on the child, it is a duty on their part to exercise self-control, forbearance and patience, so that the influence of daily life may, in the course of time, correct and modify the defects of its birth.

But "the child's will must be broken!" There is no greater fallacy than this. Will forms the foundation of character. Without strength of will there will be no strength of purpose. What is necessary, is not to break the child's will, but to educate it in proper directions; and this is not to be done through the

agency of force or fear. A thousand instances might be cited in proof of this statement.

When the parent or teacher relies chiefly upon pain for controlling the child's will, the child insensibly associates duty and obedience with fear and terror. And when you have thus associated command over the will of others with pain, you have done all that you could to lay the foundations of a bad character—a bad son, a bad husband, a bad father, a bad neighbor, and a bad citizen. Parents may not think of this when they are beating into their children their own faults; but it is true nevertheless. There is no doubt that the command over the wills of others by pain leads by degrees to all the several stages of irritation, injustice, cruelty, oppression, and tyranny.

Every mother must be in degree a sort of Hannah. She may bring her son his little coat—she may come up to see him yearly in the Temple; but with all that she must give him to God. To give our children up to God, to end with a training totally different from that with which we began, to be obliged to recognize our own powerlessness, and learn to sit still with folded hands, resigning them and their fortunes into their own hands—or rather into higher hands than either theirs or ours—this is no easy lesson for parents.

A little girl of six—whose only idea of death was of "going up into the sky," and being made perfectly happy and lovely and good—after being taken to see an old woman of ninety-nine, said, "Oh, mamma, please don't live to be ninety-nine. You'll be so ugly!"

Alas, there comes a time when we know we must

be "ugly," more or less; physically, and perhaps morally, too; when the worn-out body will not respond to the mind, or, may be, even the mind is wearing out, so that by no possibility can we give pleasure, and may give much pain, even to our best beloved.

This is a hard time; nor is it wonderful that parents and children sometimes succumb to it, and the relation once so sweet and easy becomes a heavy burden. But there are parents who make it much heavier than it need to be by their extreme selfishness, their utter want of recognition of the fact that the most duteous child that ever was born cannot live forever in a sick room or beside an arm chair. The younger life has to last long after the elder one is ended.

A parent, unlike a poet, is not born—he is made. There are certain things which he has at once to learn, or he will have no more influence over his child than if he were a common stranger. First, he must institute between himself and his child that which is as important between child and parent as between man and God—the sense, not of absolute obedience, as it is so often preached, but of absolute reliance, which produces obedience. To gain obedience, you must first set yourself to deserve it. Whatever you promise your little one, however small the thing may seem to you, and whatever trouble it costs you, perform it. Never let the doubt once enter that innocent mind that you say what you do not mean, or will not act up to what you say. Make as few prohibitory laws as you possibly can, but, once made, keep to them. In

what is granted, as in what is denied, compel yourself, however weary or worried or impatient, to administer always evenhanded justice. "Just laws, impartially administered," is a system much more likely to secure your child's real affection than all the petting and humoring so generally indulged in to give pleasure or save trouble, not to your little ones, but to yourself.

The True Home.

The place of training for the young is pre-eminently the home. It is in the bosom of the family that those impressions are made, and that culture bestowed, which, more than anything else, determine, under God, the character of the soul for time and eternity.

Home is the sacred refuge of our life. Mrs. Willing says, incivilities in the home are like sand in the eyes and gravel in the shoes. No wonder they who have only sour looks and cross words, when they ought to receive loving sympathy and care, are easily lured to destruction.

Out from under flaming chandeliers, and off from imported carpets, and down the granite stairs, there has come a great crowd of children in this day, untrained, saucy, incompetent for all practical duties of life, ready to be caught in the first whirl of crime and sensuality. Indolent and unfaithful mothers will make indolent and unfaithful children.

Many a child goes astray, not because there is a want at home, but simply because home lacks sunshine. A child needs smiles as much as the flowers need sunbeams. Children look little beyond the present moment. If a thing pleases, they are apt to seek it; if it displeases, they are apt to avoid it. If home is a place where faces are sour and words harsh, and fault-finding is ever on the ascendant, they will spend as many hours as possible elsewhere. "That home is unworthy of the name where a child dare not utter a fond or even a foolish wish. God will never refuse our human lips the right of utterance."

Don't live in the back end of your house. The boys will prefer the saloon to the kitchen. Don't be afraid of the coal bill or wood pile. It is cheaper to have a warm parlor than to pay liquor bills. Put books and papers on your tables instead of wine or cider. Clear brains will honor the family record more than drunkards. Marry into the Cheeryble family and keep clear of Grumblers. Pull the latch-string in for gossips, and hang it out for the poor, that yours may be a house of mercy. In a dying world don't spend too much time on ruffles and killing flies.

Your children's bodies are of more value than fine clothes, lace curtains, or Brussels carpets, and their minds and souls are of eternal worth. Don't starve to-day, to riot to-morrow; don't hoard and scrimp for years that you may be generous in your graves. Be your own almoner, and see your children's happiness while they are still under the parent roof. Better have a Sunday home-service of praise than break

your own and your neighbors' Sabbath by visiting and dining that day.

Nobody must be morally the worse for living under our roof, if we can possibly help it. It is the MINIMUM of our duties to make sure that the temptations to misconduct or intemperance are not left in any one's way, or bad feelings suffered to grow up, or habits of moroseness or domineering formed, or quarrels kept hot as if they were toast before the kitchen fire. As much as possible, on the contrary, everybody must be helped to be better; not made better by act of the drawing-room, remember; that is impossible, but *helped* to be better. The way to do this is not to scold or exhort, but rather to spread through the house such an atmosphere of frank confidence and kindliness with servants, and of love and trust with children and relations, that bad feeling and doings will really have no place, no temptation, and if they intrude, will soon die out.

Good humor is rightly reckoned a most valuable aid to happy home life. An equally good and useful faculty is a sense of humor, or the capacity to have a little amusement along with the humdrum cares and work of life. We all know how it brightens up things generally to have a lively, witty companion, who sees the ridiculous points of things, and who can turn an annoyance into an occasion for laughter. It does a great deal better to laugh over some domestic mishaps than to cry or scold over them. It is well to turn off an impatient question sometimes, and to regard it from a humorous point of view, instead of becoming irritated about it.

"Wife, what is the reason I can never find a clean shirt?" exclaimed a good but rather impatient husband, after rummaging all through the wrong drawer. His wife looked at him steadily for a moment, half inclined to be provoked, then with a comical look she said, "I never could guess conundrums; I give it up." Then he laughed, and they both laughed, and she went and got his shirt, and he felt ashamed of himself and kissed her, and then she felt happy; and so what might have been an occasion for unkind feelings and hard words became just the contrary, all through the little vein of humor that cropped out to the surface.

Surely since the wreck of Eden there has appeared among the children of men no picture so fair, so noble, so inspiring and so full of hope for both worlds, as a well-ordered and truly Christian family. Here indeed are repeated, from day to day, the miracles of Providence and the wonders of grace.

Though it may not be always easy to clearly define what constitutes a home, there is no difficulty at all in discovering what does not. A fine house, with all the most modern improvements, well-fitting doors and windows, smokeless chimneys, dry walls, convenient water supply, excellent drainage, a perfect immunity from draughts and insect life, good servants, and good tradesmen in our immediate vicinity, go far to constitute a comfortable residence; while tasteful furniture, rare pictures, beautiful ornaments, and a good collection of good books, add still greater charms; yet all these, and a thousand other attractions pleasant to the eye and very conducive to physical comfort, would

never constitute a really happy home, without two other grand qualities—qualities like, yet unlike; independent, yet each to a great extent dependent on the other for its usefulness; each insufficient of itself to do all; each beautiful, but doubly so when allied; each within the reach of the humblest as well as the highest—more lovely, as well as more useful, in the cottage than in the palace; each a cornerstone of happiness, and forming together the very foundation of peace—two grand, simple qualities, all-powerful in heaven and on earth—love and order!

Let any person who possesses a home of any sort or condition whatever look round and observe how far it is governed by those twin sisters; consider well if every action of every day is prompted by love, and carried out by order; if affection is the ruling principle, punctuality the ruling practice of every-day life.

Some homes are full of love and sunshine for strangers, and all ugliness and gloom for the ones for whom they exist. To constitute a truly happy home there should be pretty little personal adornments on the part of the wife, who hereby shows a desire to please her husband and to add to the general attractions of her home. A pleasant word on her part, when the over-worked man comes home, often eats away the raw edge of some trouble on his mind, and draws out a corresponding desire to be both agreeable and respectful, which characteristics are always accompanied by affection. If cheerfulness and amiability are not cultivated, rudeness, roughness and impatience will soon be followed by insolence; and when sweet

temper gives way to anger and discord, the home-circle is no longer attractive, and is almost certain to be shunned.

Nothing makes a home so happy as the perpetual sunshine of a contented disposition there. None of the little troubles of life arrest progress or pleasure in that home; there is always a rainbow to bridge the rift. The sky is always blue, and the wind blows from the southwest, where that disposition works its will; all things move in accordant music and measure where the happy nature's voice gives the dominant key. A person with the temperament which creates this fortunate disposition, or gives it full play, is not only a blessing to himself or herself, but to all society as well; everything is more gentle and direct in movement, all wheels and ways run more smoothly, for the treatment of such individuals, and their own habit of always looking on the sunny side obliges people in their immediate neighborhood also to see the silver lining of the cloud in spite of themselves.

What such happy people are to those about them it requires personal experience of them to know in the full extent, for words would completely fail to tell; they are the consolers of trouble, the spurs to endeavor, the sympathizers in joy, the beguilers of tedium. With their own buoyancy they bear every one's burdens, with their sunshine they banish every one's shadow, their own inner and almost inexhaustible happiness overflows on all within reach, and they know how to turn Pandemonium into Paradise.

It is not wealth, but taste, that can make a home

truly beautiful. A lady of refined instinct and training, by means of a few cheap, but of their kind good, pictures, book engravings, or cartoons, and such like, a bundle of strips and straws, some pretty Japanese or Chinese decorations, the judicious appliance and arrangement of such pretty things as an artistic taste will suggest, will do more toward making a little parlor charming, homelike and artistic, than thousands of dollars spent in vulgar display and inartistic arrangement.

Your home can be made beautiful by a little labor. A few trees set out here and there to give their cooling shadows when the fierce sunlight falls. A few flowers yonder to brighten with their contrasting colors the green grass you should have here. A little whitewash on that fence and barn. All these cost nothing, or next to nothing, and they vastly add to the appearance of your place as well as to its comfort. Make your homes beautiful.

I have peeped into quiet "parlors" where the carpet is clean and not old, and the furniture polished and bright; into "rooms" where the chairs are deal and the floor carpetless; into "kitchens" where the family live, and the meals are cooked and eaten, and the boys and girls are as blithe as the sparrows in the thatch overhead; and I see that it is not so much wealth, nor learning, nor clothing, nor servants, nor toil, nor idleness, nor town, nor country, nor rank, nor station, as tone and temper, that make life joyous or miserable, that render homes happy or wretched. And I see, too, that in town or country, God's grace and

good sense make life what no teachers, or accomplishments, or means, or society, can make it, the opening stave of an everlasting psalm, the fair beginning of an endless existence, the goodly, modest, well-proportioned vestibule to a temple of God's building, that shall never decay, wax old, or vanish away.

Do not be afraid of a little fun at home, good people. Do not shut up your houses, lest the sun should fade your carpets, and your hearts, lest a laugh should shake down a few of the musty old cobwebs that are hanging there. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere; if they do not find it at their own hearthstones, they will seek it at other and less profitable places. Therefore let the fire burn brightly at night in winter, and let the doors and windows be cheerfully thrown open in summer, and make the homestead delightful with all those little arts that parents so well understand. Do not repress the buoyant spirits of your children. Half an hour's merriment within doors, and merriment of a home, blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day; and the best safeguard that they can take with them into the world is the unseen influence of the bright little home sanctum.

Parents, worried and absorbed with the business of life, too often make home unattractive to their children by making them feel that they represent simply burdens in the household. The hearts of children are sensitive, and older ones should always be considerate in their actions towards them. They should be made to feel that they are of some importance at home, in

order that they may become so attached to it that it will be to them a safeguard and refuge from the many pitfalls that beset their youthful steps. The opportunity of parents in this direction is of vast and immeasurable importance, and if rightly improved will more than repay in years yet to come.

The children of the home circle, as they grow to years of accountability, are not left without responsibility in this direction. How often is the joy and comfort of home blighted by the unkind and disobedient acts of children who wholly disregard their great opportunities for good and heap dishonor on their parents. But there are those who shed light and joy wherever they go by their uniformly kind words and acts, whose chief aim it seems to be to make others happy; and what centers of joy they are in the home circle. The little things that they have observed have resulted in a grand aggregate of good, that is crowning their parents with honor and making their own hearts happier and better.

One of the greatest evils known in the family circle is the disrespect so frequently shown between members, one to another, in speech, action and dress. The gruff "yes" or "no" of husband to wife, in answer to a pleasant query, leads to unpleasant consequences, and begets a cold, calculating style of address on either side, which, sooner or later, is adopted by the younger members, and the love and affection which should reign within is dispelled like dew before the morning sun. The indifference often shown in little acts of duty, and the manner in which they are performed,

seem to carry the impression, "I'm glad that's out of the way; don't trouble me again." In dress and personal appearance the husband goes unkempt and unshaven, and the wife slipshod and shabby. Anything is good enough for home when there are no strangers about. Thus are habits of disrespect formed, and one of the greatest dangers of home bred and fostered.

We may not all have equal opportunities of doing good at home, but we have something to do to make that home happier, and if we are doing it to the best of our ability we are meeting all that is required. If, in the daily walk of life, we would pay more attention to the little things there would be fewer great things demanding our consideration.

No unhappiness in life is equal to unhappiness at home. All other personal miseries can be better borne than the terrible misfortune of domestic disunion, and none so completely demoralizes the nature. The anguish of disease itself is modified, ameliorated, even rendered blessed, by the tender touch, the dear presence of the sympathetic beloved; and loss of fortune is not loss of happiness where family love is left. But the want of that love is not supplied by anything. Health, fortune, success, nothing has its full savor when the home is unhappy; and the greatest triumphs out-of-doors are of no avail to cheer the sinking heart when the misery within has to be encountered.

Our homes are like instruments of music. The strings that give melody or discord are the members.

If each is rightly attuned they will all vibrate in harmony; but a single discordant string jars through the instrument and destroys its sweetness.

The Mother's Hand.

There are no persons in a community who need to be so wise and well-informed as mothers.

O! this work of culture in children for this world and the next! This child is timid, and it must be roused up and pushed out into activity. This child is forward, and he must be held back and tamed down into modesty and politeness. Rewards for one, punishments for another. That which will make George will ruin John. The rod is necessary in one case, while a frown of displeasure is more than enough in another. Whipping and a dark closet do not exhaust all the rounds of domestic discipline. There have been children who have grown up and gone to glory without ever having had their ears boxed.

O! how much care and intelligence are necessary in the rearing of children! But in this day, when there are so many books on the subject, no parent is excusable in being ignorant of the best mode of bringing up a child. If parents knew more of dietetics there would not be so many dyspeptic stomachs, weak nerves and inactive livers among children. If parents knew more of physiology there would not be so many curved spines, and cramped chests, and inflamed

throats, and diseased lungs, as there are among children. If parents knew more of art, and were in sympathy with all that is beautiful, there would not be so many children coming out in the world with boorish proclivities. If parents knew more of Christ, and practiced more of his religion, there would not be so many little feet already starting on the wrong road, and all around us voices of riot and blasphemy would not come up with such ecstasy of infernal triumph.

Every mother gets full pay for all the prayers and tears in behalf of her children. That man useful in commercial life; that man prominent in a profession; that master mechanic—why, every step he takes in life has an echo of gladness in the old heart that long ago taught him to be a Christian, and heroic and earnest.

Now, while I congratulate all Christian mothers upon the wealth and the modern science which may afford them all kinds of help, let me say that every mother ought to be observant of her children's walk, her children's behavior, her children's food, her children's looks, her children's companionships.

One hundred and twenty clergymen were together, and they were telling their experience and their ancestry; and of the one hundred and twenty clergymen how many of them, do you suppose, assigned as the means of their conversion the influence of a Christian mother? One hundred out of one hundred and twenty! Philip Doddridge was brought to God by the Scripture lesson on the Dutch tile of a chimney fireplace. The mother thinks she is only rocking a

child, but at the same time she may be rocking the fate of nations, rocking the glories of heaven. The same maternal power that may lift the child up may press a child down.

At home the mother is the center of attraction. Her influence for good or evil is immeasurable. Nations feel its effects. The good kings of Israel, such as Josiah, were sons of pious, God-fearing mothers. The bane of the nation was in the nursery of her kings. Look into the biographies of Polycarp, Edwards, Gregory, Dwight, and thousands of others who are hailed as the bold defenders of the truth, and you will find they were, without exception, the sons of pious, faithful mothers. The skeptic has been brought to the saving knowledge of the truth through the previous training and prayers of a sainted mother, who, though dead, yet speaketh effectually to his heart and conscience. The nursery of the family is the nursery of the church. Begin early. Let her watch every expression of the face before the lips begin to speak. I wish it were written on every mind and heart by the finger of God that the minds of children are like wax to receive, but like marble to hold, every impression made upon them for good or evil.

A daughter came to a worldly mother and said she was anxious about her sins, and she had been praying all night. The mother said: "O, stop praying! I don't believe in praying. Get over all these religious notions and I'll give you a dress that will cost $500, and you may wear it next week to that party." The daughter took the dress, and she moved in the gay

circle, the gayest of all the gay, that night; and sure enough, all religious impressions were gone, and she stopped praying. A few months after she came to die, and in her closing moments said: "Mother, I wish you would bring me that dress that cost $500." The mother thought it a very strange request, but she brought it to please the dying child. "Now," said the daughter, "mother, hang that dress on the foot of my bed," and the dress was hung there, on the foot of the bed. Then the dying girl got up on one elbow and looked at her mother, and then pointed to the dress, and said: "Mother, that dress is the price of my soul!" O, what a momentous thing it is to be a mother!

Who are the industrious men in all our occupations and professions? Who are they managing the merchandise of the world, building the walls, tinning the roofs, weaving the carpets, making the laws, governing the nations, making the earth to quake and heave and roar and rattle with the tread of gigantic enterprises? Who are they? For the most part they descended from industrious mothers, who, in the old homestead, used to spin their own yarn, and weave their own carpets, and plait their own door-mats, and flag their own chairs, and do their own work. The stalwart men and the influential women of this day, ninety-nine out of a hundred of them came from such an illustrious ancestry of hard knuckles and homespun.

And who are these people in society, light as froth, blown every whither of temptation and fashion—the peddlers of filthy stories, the dancing jacks of political

parties, the scum of society, the tavern-lounger, the store-infesting, the men of low wink, and filthy chuckle, and brass breast pins, and rotten associations? For the most part they came from mothers idle and disgusting—the scandal mongers of society, going from house to house, attending to everybody's business but their own, believing in witches, and ghosts, and horse-shoes to keep the devil out of the churn, and by a godless life setting their children on the very verge of hell. The mothers of Samuel Johnson, and of Alfred the Great, and of Isaac Newton, and of St. Augustine, and of Richard Cecil, and of President Edwards, for the most part were industrious, hard-working mothers.

D. H. Moody once said: "Many a young man in this city wants a mother more than he wants a preacher. It has been pleasant work for me to get hold of these young men. A business man in Chicago once introduced me to a young man, and as I spoke to him he seemed bowed down; he looked ashamed. My friend explained his appearance by telling me that he had just come from prison. I took this young man home with me and introduced him to my family. My little daughter came forward and kissed him. He burst into tears, and the child ran away wondering what she had done to hurt his feelings. He said, 'That is the first kiss I have received since my mother died.' It did not take long to reach the heart of that young man. There are thousands of young men in this city who are ready to be reached by kindness. Isn't the church guilty before God in this matter? Isn't it time to reach out after the young men in this city?"

No language can express the power and beauty and heroism and majesty of a mother's love. It shrinks not where man cowers, and grows stronger where man faints, and over the wastes of worldly fortune it sends the radiance of its quenchless fidelity, like a star in heaven.

It is not enough by our continual care and watchfulness to make our home desirable from parlor to kitchen, to dress becomingly, and above all wear a bright and cheerful face. These must be done, but do not leave the other undone. Let us, if possible, so simplify our living that we may have time to devote to other subjects than what we may eat, drink and wear. It is a battle won for a mother to be able to help a son, who looks upon himself as almost a man, over a perplexing problem, or a difficult translation. Her opinion has weight ever after. We must sacrifice our time and our ease, be interested in what interests them, and let them feel that they are part of the family circle, and really missed when absent from it. In our home a half-hour's reading with a talk after is found to give real pleasure, and music and games are always welcomed. It is a mother's prerogative to do all she can for the best interests of her children.

Every mother should bear in mind that it is easier to keep children well than it is to cure them after they become ill. A few simple rules faithfully and unflinchingly observed would banish nine-tenths of the sicknesses among children that too often lead to fatal results.

Give them in the first place plenty of love—ex-

pressions of love! Oftentimes fathers and mothers deeply love their children, yet show such little evidence of affection that the children are apt to have a forlorn feeling that it doesn't exist at all. An occasional word of praise, a caress, an expression of sympathy—these are as necessary to health and happy child-life as summer showers to growing vines. Especially bear this in mind—they should never go to bed cold, or hungry, or unhappy.

It is wise for a mother to take time to dress, and be fair in her children's eyes; to read for their sake, to learn to talk well, and to live in to-day. The circle the mother draws around her is more wholesome for the child than the one he has to make for himself, and she is responsible for his social surroundings. It is not easy to be the child's most interesting companion and to make home his strongest magnet, but the mothers who have done this have been the mothers of good men.

Let a woman's first sweet page in the book of education be the eyes of her child; let her commune with them till the mute, bright language of the eye becomes familiar and intelligible to both. At first she will be unanswered; but when the quickened spirit of infancy replies to her in a smile, let her receive it as a token. It is a light from heaven. It is then that her child first acknowledges her maternal character: then is she spiritually as well as physically a mother. From that bright moment education begins. Oh! what a work! How full of beauty! Instead of shunning, who would not seek it? As sympathy strengthens between

the child and mother, she will soon discover how infinite a power she may exercise by means of that sympathy. A saddened look, a sorrowful tone, will prove a correction, which the young thing that loves the light of kind looks and the gladness of gay tones will feel instantly, and answer to implicitly.

Maternal instructions and exhortations, however indispensable, will always be dependent for their efficacy, less upon earnestness or repetition than upon the belief which the whole character of the mother has impressed upon the child of her sincerity. With the pursuits, the objects, whatever they may be, in which she manifestly and habitually delights, they will be insensibly led to associate excellence; with those toward which she discovers a genuine distaste and hatred they will connect evil; and this independently of any exhortation or of any direct efforts on her part.

Surely then it behooves every mother who desires to mold aright the character of her children—and what mother does not?—to see that she has herself, and habitually exhibits before them, the example and character upon which maternal influence mainly depends; for without this she will, most assuredly, find herself deficient in that ascendancy over the minds of her children which, in the work of education, is so essential to success.

Home and Health.

Health is certainly more valuable than money, because it is by health that money is procured; but thousands and millions are of small avail to alleviate the protracted tortures of the gout, to repair the broken organs of sense, or resuscitate the powers of digestion. Poverty is, indeed, an evil from which we naturally fly, but let us not run from one enemy to another, nor take shelter in the arms of sickness.

In these days, half our diseases come from the neglect of the body in the overwork of the brain. In this railway age, the wear and tear of labor and intellect go on without pause or self-pity. We live longer than our forefathers, but we suffer more from a thousand artificial anxieties and cares. They fatigued only the muscles, we exhaust the finer strength of the nerves.

Health is the soul that animates all enjoyments of life, which fade and are tasteless, if not dead, without it. A man starves at the best and the greatest tables, makes faces at the noblest and most delicate wines, is poor and wretched in the midst of the greatest treasures and fortunes, with common diseases; strength grows decrepit, youth loses all vigor, and beauty all charms; music grows harsh, and conversation disagreeable; palaces are prisons, or of equal confinement; riches are useless, honor and attendance are cumbersome, and crowns themselves are a burden;

but if diseases are painful and violent, they equal all conditions of life, make no difference between a prince and a beggar; and a fit of the stone or the colic puts a king on the rack, and makes him as miserable as he can the meanest, the worst and most criminal of his subjects.

Carlyle in his address to students says: "Finally, gentlemen, I have one advice to give you, which is practically of great importance, though a very humble one. In the midst of your zeal and ardor—for such, I foresee, will rise high enough in spite of all the counsels to moderate it that I can give you—remember the care of your health. I have no doubt you have among you young souls ardently bent to consider life cheap, for the purpose of getting forward in what they are aiming at; but you are to consider throughout much more than is done at present—and what would have been a very great thing for me if I had been able to consider it—that health is a thing to be attended to continually; that you are to regard it as the very highest of all temporal things for you. There is no kind of achievement you could make in the world that is equal to perfect health. What to it are nuggets and millions? The French financier said: "Why is there no sleep to be sold?" Sleep was not in the market at any quotation.

One of the best foundations you can give your children for a life of usefulness and happiness is a healthy body. Perfect physical health induces mental and moral health and strength. If you would give to the world men and women sound in judgment, pure in

thought, with loving hearts, add to culture wholesome food, regular habits, plenty of sleep and outdoor exercise. An unimpaired digestion is a fortune to any child, and is a security for cheerfulness, and usually a long, happy and useful life. Therefore, as you value such a boon for your child, see that in youth he does not lose it all by indulgence in candy, pickles, cake and pastry, and "sitting up till mamma's bedtime."

Ralph Waldo Emerson says: "The best part of health is a fine disposition." It is more essential than talent. Nothing will supply the want of sunshine to peaches; and to make knowledge valuable you must have the cheerfulness of wisdom. Whenever you are sincerely pleased you are nourished. The joy of the spirit indicates its strength. All healthy things are sweet-tempered. It is observed that a depression of spirits develops the germs of a plague in individuals and nations.

Everybody should plan to have pleasant conversation at the table just as they have good food. A little story telling, a little reading, it may be of humorous things; anecdotes will often stimulate the joyous element of the mind and cause it to act vigorously. Try and avoid going to the table all tired out. Let all troublesome topics be avoided. Think and say something pleasant. Cultivate mirth, and laugh when anything witty is said. If possible never eat alone. Invite a friend of whom you are fond and try to have a good time. Friendship and friendly intercourse at the table whet the appetite and promote the flow of animal spirits.

Nothing is more unsatisfactory than to sit down day after day to the same bill of fare. There are houses where the mistress seems to have no inventive faculty, acquired or innate. Breakfast consists from Monday until Saturday of the same fried pork and potatoes, or sausage and cakes. Remnants of things come on again and again, growing small by degrees, till one grows tired of seeing the dish of apple sauce or the saucer of prunes, and is tempted to give them to the dog or pigs. All this can be remedied by a little pains. Manage for your own family as if you had guests, and vary the arrangements of your table and the articles of your diet. Health will be preserved thus, and dyspepsia averted.

At the railroad speed we live in the United States, says the New York *Times*, the mental strain men are put to requires that they should not only have good food, but variety is a necessity. It is not very certain that it is more expensive to prepare a dinner of five or six different kinds of foods than if only three were used. It is more troublesome, certainly, but the advantage to be derived from such extra pains cannot be calculated.

"I hold," remarks a physician, "that thirty minutes should be spent at each meal, and spent, too, in chewing the food a good portion of the time, and not in continued putting in and swallowing; and in pleasant chat and laugh, instead of the continuance of the intense nervous pressure of the office or library. If you lay out to spend thirty minutes in this way at your meals, you may rest assured you will not eat too much,

and what you do eat will be in the best condition for appropriation to the needs of your system."

Many feeble men or delicate women of to-day owe the helplessness of their lives to the ignorance of sanitary laws of the parents of forty or fifty years ago, even as fifty years hence our children may have to reproach us for that system of overfeeding, and especially overdrinking, which many doctors now advocate for the young generation. I doubt if even the calomel powders, jalap and gin, brimstone and treacle of our tormented childhood were worse than the meat three times a day, the brandy and the daily glass of wine, poured into the innocent little stomachs, which naturally would keep to the infant's food of bread and milk, and almost nothing besides. Certainly, not stimulants.

A child naturally cries when it is hurt, and it is cruel to try to hush its cries by threats. A thousand times better is it to soothe it by stories, by pictures, or by providing it with new toys. Says a famous doctor: "We have many a time, in our professional experience with children, found more benefit to be derived from a beautiful or interesting toy than from a dose of physic." The greatest humanity that a mother can exhibit, in respect to her sick child, is to divert it in all possible ways.

Plenty of glass is exceedingly important in the south side of a house. Much of the moral, as well as mental and physical, ill that human flesh is heir to, is attributable to lack of sunshine, especially in winter, in the homes of the people. An extra window or two in

the south side of the house would save many a heart-ache, as well as headache, by creating cheerfulness. It would likewise save many a brain from losing its balance. The beautiful in our homes and schools and sanctuaries is also the useful. It is the smile upon the face of the hard experiences of the world, the music that comes from heaven amid the discords of human life.

A well known American gentleman says: "When I was young, I remember, my father, from a conscientious feeling, I suppose, that he ought to do something positive for my mental and moral good and general æsthetic cultivation, made me learn Pope's 'Messiah' by heart, and a number of other masterpieces of the same character. He might just as well have tried to feed a sucking baby on roast beef and Scotch ale! Without understanding a word of it, I learned the 'Messiah' by rote, and I have hated it, and its author, too, from that day to this, and I hate them now. So, also, I remember well, when I was a boy of from ten to fourteen—for I was a considerable devourer of books—being incited to read Hume's 'History of England,' and Robertson's 'Charles V,' and Gibbon's 'Rome' even, and I am not sure I might not add Mitford's 'Greece.' I can't now say it was time thrown away; but it was almost that. The first thing in trying to stimulate a love for reading is to be careful not to create disgust by trying to do too much. The great masterpieces of human research and eloquence and fancy are to boys pure nuisances. They can't understand them; they can't appreciate them if they do. When they

have grown up to them, and are ready for them, they will come to them of their own accord. Meanwhile, you can't well begin too low down. The intellectual like the physical food of children can't well be too simple, provided only it is healthy and nourishing."

Young America.

As the boy begins, so the man will end. The lad who speaks with affectation, and minces foreign tongues that he does not understand at school, will be a weak character all his life; the boy who cheats his teachers into thinking him devout at chapel, will be the man who will make religion a trade and bring Christianity into contempt; and the boy who wins the highest average by stealing his examination papers, will figure some day as a tricky politician. The lad who, whether rich or poor, dull or clever, looks straight into the eyes and keeps his answers inside of the truth, already counts friends who will last all his life, and holds a capital which will bring him in a surer interest than money.

Then get to the bottom of things. You see how it is already as to that. It was the student who was grounded in the grammar who took the Latin prize; it was that slow, steady drudge who practiced firing every day last winter that bagged the most game in the mountains; it is the clerk who studies the specialty of the house in off hours who is to be promoted. Your brilliant, happy-go-lucky, hit-or-miss fellow usually turns out the

dead weight of the family by forty-five. Don't take anything for granted; get to the bottom of things. Neither be a sham yourself, nor be fooled by sham

The strong, splendid life of President Garfield, and his heroic conduct at the time of his intense suffering, suggest a lesson for our boys to which, I think, they will be glad to have their attention called. One day, while thoughts of the patient sufferer filled the mind of the entire nation, we read these words which were uttered by Major Bundy, of New York, and felt that in this fact lay the secret of the noble life and calm, steady bravery of the first man of our nation: "The Christian in man's soul restrained him every time, for he had been pious from his boyhood, and had methodized his influence, and got it down under control."

The noble manhood of the president is the fruit of a well-spent boyhood and youth. It would, no doubt, have been blighted had he attempted to bring into his youthful life that experience which we call "sowing wild oats."

These are your preparation days, boys. Will you strive to lay a sure foundation for a splendid manhood by drawing into your life *now* good and true and beautiful qualities? Or must the consequences of a season of sowing wild oats run all through your life, shutting out its possible nobility, perhaps scorching and withering every high and noble aspiration as with a moral simoom?

A distinguished author says: "I resolved when I was a child never to use a word which I could not pronounce before my mother without offending her."

His rule and example are worthy of imitation. Boys readily learn a class of low, vulgar words and expressions that are never heard in respectable circles. The utmost care on the part of the parents will scarcely prevent it. Of course we cannot think of girls being exposed to the peril. We cannot imagine a girl using words she would not give utterance to before her father or mother. Such vulgarity is thought by some boys to be "smart;" the "next thing to swearing, and yet not so wicked." But it is a habit which leads to profanity, and fills the mind with evil thoughts. It vulgarizes and degrades the soul, and prepares the way for many of the gross and fearful sins which now corrupt society.

Avoid that which you see amiss in others. Follow the examples only of the good. Keep your ears open to all that is worth hearing, and closed to all that is not. An older person's experience is of no value to you unless you profit by it. You are not building on the future, but on the past and present. Evil communications corrupt good manners. Nobody wants to deal with a double-minded boy. Be industrious; the world wants boys who are not afraid of hard and steady work. "The empty vessel makes the greatest sound."

If you would overcome difficulties when you become older, you must become persevering now. Some boys inherit golden fortunes, but no boy ever inherited a scholarship, a good character or a useful life. If you would be capable, cultivate your mind; if you would be loved, cultivate your heart. Never excuse

a wrong action by saying some one else does the same thing; this is no excuse at all.

Before the recent Franco-Prussian war, Baron Stoffel was deputed to report upon the state of opinion and morals in Prussia as compared with France. In the course of his remarks he says, "Discipline in the army depends on the discipline of society and private families. The young men in Prussia are trained to general obedience, to respect authority, and, above all, to do their duty. But how can this discipline exist in the French army, when it does not exist in French families? Moreover, look beyond the family circle, at lyceums, schools, and colleges,—is anything done to develop among the children respect for their parents, regard for duty, obedience to authority and the law, and, above all, belief in God? Nothing, or next to nothing! The consequence is, that every year we introduce into the army a contingent of young men who, for the most part, are entirely devoid of religious principles and sound morality, and who, from their childhood, have been used to obey no one, to discuss everything, and to respect nothing. And yet there are people who pretend that all at once we can, as soon as they get into the army, inure to discipline these undisciplined and unprincipled youths. These people do not suspect that discipline in the army is nothing but discipline in private life—that is, sense of duty, obedience to appointed superiors, respect for the principles of authority and established institutions."

Boys, don't hang around the corners of the streets! If you have anything to do, do it promptly, right on,

then go home. Home is the place for boys. About the street corners and at the stables they learn to talk slang, and they learn to swear, to smoke tobacco, and to do many other things which they ought not to do. Do your business, then go home. If your business is play, play and make a business of it. I like to see boys play good, earnest, healthy games. If I were the town, I would give the boys a good spacious playground. It should have a plenty of soft green grass, and trees, and fountains, and broad space to run and jump and to play suitable plays. I would make it as pleasant, as lovely as it could be, and I would give it to the boys to play in; and when the plays were ended I would tell them to go home. For when boys hang around the street corners and the stables they get slouchy and listless. Of all things I dislike a listless boy or girl. I would have a hundred boys like a hundred yachts, with every spar straight and every rope taut, the decks and sides clean, the rigging all in order, and everything ready to slip the cable and fly before the wind when the word comes to go. But this cannot be if you lounge about the streets, and loaf about the corners, and idle away your time at the stables and the saloons.

"You must remember it isn't only laying hold of a rope—you must go on pulling. It is the mistake you lads make that have got nothing either in your brains or your pockets, to think you've got a better start in the world if you stick yourself in a place where you can keep your coats clean and be taken for a gentleman. That wasn't the way I started, young man.

When I was sixteen my jacket smelled of tar, and I wasn't afraid of handling cheeses. That's the reason I can wear good broadcloth now."

The boy who spends an hour each evening lounging idly on the street corners, wastes in a year three hundred and sixty-five precious hours, which if applied to study would familiarize him with the rudiments of almost any science. If in addition to wasting an hour each evening he spends ten cents for a cigar, which is usually the case, the amount thus worse than wasted would pay for ten of the leading periodicals of the country. Boys, think of these things. Think of how much money you are wasting, and for what. The gratification afforded by the lounge on the corner, or the cigar, is not only temporary but positively hurtful. You cannot indulge in them without seriously injuring yourselves. You acquire idle and wasteful habits which will cling to you with each succeeding year and grow on you for life.

Physicians are well agreed that the use of tobacco by growing boys is full of danger. Recent investigations, especially in France, have demonstrated that a whole train of nervous diseases are to be traced to this practice. If you want to stop growing, if you want to have a set of nerves that are like those of the invalid old lady, if you wish to look sallow and puny, I do not know any better way than to smoke tobacco. It will make a drain on your nervous system which will be sure to tell after awhile. Let us hope that if a thousand boys read this some of them will be saved from forming a filthy habit which most men regret.

Says Dr. Henson, "I believe in a boy who has something of the *man* in him, and I believe in the man who has something of the *boy* in him." A conservative young man has wound up his life before it was unreeled. We expect old men to be conservative, but when a nation's young men are so, its funeral bell is already rung.

Dr. Beard states that from an analysis of the lives of a thousand representative men in all the great branches of the human family, he made the discovery that the golden decade was between forty and fifty; the brazen between twenty and thirty; the iron between fifty and sixty. The superiority of youth and middle life over old age in original work appears all the greater when we consider the fact that all the positions of honor and prestige—professorships and public stations—are in the hands of the old. Reputation, like money and position, is mainly confined to the old. Men are not widely known until long after they have done the work that give them their fame. Portraits of great men are delusions; statues are false! They are taken when men have become famous, which, on the average, is at least twenty-five years after they did the work which gave them their fame. Original work requires enthusiasm. If all the original work done by men under forty-five was annihilated, they would be reduced to barbarism. Men are at their best at that time when enthusiasm and experience are evenly balanced. This period, on the average, is from thirty-eight to forty. After this the law is that experience increases, but enthusiasm decreases. Of course there are exceptions.

Choice of Occupation.

Various are the reasons why the greater part of mankind cannot apply themselves to arts or letters. Particular studies are only suited to the capacities of particular persons. Some are incapable of applying to them from the delicacy of their sex, some from the unsteadiness of youth, and others from the imbecility of age. Many are precluded by the narrowness of their education, and many by the straitness of their fortune. The wisdom of God is wonderfully manifested in this happy and well ordered diversity in the powers and properties of his creatures, since, by thus admirably suiting the agent to the action, the whole scheme of human affairs is carried on with the most agreeing and consistent economy; and no chasm is left for want of an object to fill it, exactly suited to its nature.

In choosing a vocation in life do not depend too much upon your tastes. It may be possible that your tastes are not what they should be, and that effort on your part is needed to change them somewhat. Duty and inclination do not always run parallel.

There is nothing should be taught sooner than that this is a working world, and that labor, physical or mental, is a necessity for the whole progeny of the first tiller of the ground and sewer of the fig-leaves. Mothers try to spare their daughters the necessity of labor (by taking the burden on themselves) much more than

fathers do their sons. In fact, my experience is that men, as a rule, are lazier than women. The boys are made to work and earn for their fathers before the mothers think that the girls can do more than to hem their ruffles or trim their hats. Mothers take pride in their daughters' soft hands and round cheeks when their own hands have become hardened and their own cheeks hollow. The danger of this is that the soft hands and smooth faces become the first thought of the daughters, and a selfish and idle life is the result. Daughters, you have but one mother; care for her and spare her. "No love like mother's love," unselfish, thoughtful, unreasoning often for herself, but always taking thought for "the children." An idle life is always a selfish one. No heart is so naturally good as to escape the demoralizing effects of days without labor, that bring nights without weariness.

A lad once stepped into our office in search of a situation. He was asked:

"Are you not now employed?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why do you wish to change?"

"Oh, I want an easier place."

We had not the place for him. No one wants a boy or a man who is seeking an easy place; yet just here is the difficulty with thousands.

Will the boys let us advise them? Go in for the hard places; bend yourself to the task of showing how much you can do. Make yourself serviceable to your employer at whatever cost of personal ease, and when the easy places are to be had they will be yours. Life

is toilsome at best to most of us, but the easy places are at the end, not at the beginning, of life's course. They are to be won, not accepted.

The day will come—and may I do something to help it hither—when the youth of our country will recognize that, taken in itself, it is a more manly, and therefore, in the old, true sense, a more *gentle* thing to follow a good handicraft, if it makes the hands black as coal, than to spend the day in keeping books and making up accounts, though therein the hands remain white. Not but that from a higher point of view still, all work set by God and done divinely is of equal honor; but where there is a choice I would gladly see a boy of mine choose rather to be a blacksmith, or a watchmaker, or a bookbinder, than a clerk. Production—*making*—is a higher thing in the scale of reality than mere transmission, such as buying and selling. It is, besides, easier to do honest work than to buy and sell honestly.

The preference of farming over that of a city life should be made by all whose health or force of will power is not very strong. A weak man, a man who loves to take the world easy, has no business in the city, if he expects to make of his life a success. You must needs gird up your soul to a battle that will wear you down and out, and bring gray hairs prematurely, and turn your gentle nature into one of harshness, and make life a constant worry to you, if you resolve to attain success in a city life.

It is true there are some city people who succeed in their business and yet seem to retain the freshness

of youth, the sparkling eye, and the elastic step. But these are the exceptions and not the rule. There are thousands of men, and women too, in this broad land of ours, who have made failures of their city work, whether it was a profession they chose or a trade or merchandise, and perhaps wrecked their own and their friends' fortunes, and then retired to some country village or a farm, to make a livelihood. There are other thousands who have wrecked their health, and now lead miserable lives, although they may have made money in the city. Many of these resort to the country and work upon the farm to regain health, or make life tolerable.

There is no class of men that need more help to-day than business men. Their perplexities are innumerable, their temptations are infinite. These men are hurled into competition with those who have more means and less conscience. Opportunities of accumulation, if neglected for an hour, are snatched up by rivals. From January to December is one continuous struggle. The night brings no rest to limbs that toss with restlessness and a brain that will not stop thinking. The Sabbath cannot thoroughly dam back the tide of anxiety, for the wave of worldliness dashes clear over the churches, and leaves its foam on Bibles and psalm books and family altars. Worried and teased and disappointed and rasped, he bears in his countenance the shock of the conflict. Men who live by the culture of the soil cannot appreciate this wear and tear of body and mind to which the merchant and professional man are subjected, when their very liveli-

hood and business honor seem at the mercy of a sea in which thousands are sinking, and across which multitudes of others, with bending mast and slit sail, are bearing up against great stress of weather.

The world has been compared by some to a board covered with holes of many various shapes, and pegs fitted for each, but which are scattered about at random, so that it is a mere chance whether a peg falls into the hole that fits it. There are numbers of men who would never attain any extraordinary eminence in anything, who are yet so constituted as to make a very respectable figure in the department that is suited for them, and to fall below mediocrity in a different one.

There is many a Christian student now in our colleges who, if he will decide to enter the "high calling" of a laborer for souls, will keep a hundred thanksgiving days for having chosen the better part. The more a minister loves his work the more he enjoys it. We see the sad and depraved sides of human nature; but we also see its best and brightest sides; and we are kept in contact with the most rich and soul-elevating truths in the universe. Yes; we are brought into the daily fellowship of the Divine Teacher, the Elder Brother, the Holy Comforter. Jesus comes to us in our studies. His countenance shines on our Bibles. He glorifies by his smile the humblest cabin in which a frontier missionary is preparing his message of heavenly love. To save a soul is a luxury that Gabriel might covet. "Your heaven is two heavens to me," said Rutherford to his spiritual children whom he had led to the Saviour.

Appearances.

Nothing is more common than to mistake the sign for the thing itself; nor is any practice more frequent than that of endeavoring to acquire the exterior mark, without once thinking to labor after the interior grace. Surely this is beginning at the wrong end, like attacking the symptom and neglecting the disease. To regulate the features while the soul is in tumults, or to command the voice while the passions are without restraint, is as idle as throwing odors into a stream when the source is polluted.

The sapient king who knew better than any man the nature and the power of beauty, has assured us that the temper of the mind has a strong influence upon the features; "wisdom maketh the face to shine," says that exquisite judge; and surely no part of wisdom is more likely to produce this amiable effect than a placid serenity of soul.

Foolish men mistake transitory resemblances for eternal facts, and go astray more and more. We should never trust to appearances against our better judgment. Better be guided by experienced and disinterested advisers when we have only outward appearances on which to form our judgment. The notoriety of our work is of no consequence. The earnestness and accuracy with which we strike our blow is all important; but it matters nothing how far it echoes.

What waste, what misery, what bankruptcy, come from all this ambition to dazzle others with the glare of apparent worldly success, we need not describe. The mischievous results show themselves in a thousand ways—in the rank frauds committed by men who dare to be dishonest, but do not dare to seem poor; and in the desperate dashes at fortune, in which the pity is not so much for those who fail, as for the hundreds of innocent families who are so often involved in their ruin.

What is a good appearance? It is not being pompous and starchy; for proud looks lose hearts, and gentle words win them. It is not wearing fine clothes; for such dressing tells the world that the outside is the better part of the man. You cannot judge a horse by his harness; but a modest, gentlemanly appearance, in which the dress is such as no one could comment upon, is the right and most desirable thing. Be neat and tidy in your personal appearance. There is no excuse for carelessness in these matters in a country where water is plenty and free.

A St. Louis paper tells a touching story of school life. In one of the public schools, many of the children who came from a distance were accustomed to bring a lunch, and thus save the long walk home for dinner. They generally ate it together, and had a merry time.

Among those who stopped, one of the teachers noticed a little girl who never brought any lunch, but who looked wistfully at her playmates as they were eating their noon meal. But one day the little girl brought her bundle also, wrapped in paper. At noon

she did not go with the others, but remained at her desk, as if preferring to eat alone.

The teacher, thinking her unsociable, advised her to go to the lunch-room with her playmates, and walked toward the desk to take the bundle. But the little girl, bursting into sobs, said,

"Don't touch it, teacher; and O teacher, *don't tell*, please. It's only blocks."

The poor girl had no dinner to bring, but wished to keep up "appearances," so as not to seem unlike her school-mates. And she was one of the best scholars in the school. She was very dear to the teacher's heart after that incident.

A traveler once asserted to a Syrian shepherd that the sheep knew the dress of their master, not his voice. The shepherd, on the other hand, asserted it was the voice they knew. To settle the point he and the traveler changed dresses and went among the sheep. The traveler, in the shepherd's dress, called on the sheep and tried to lead them; but "they knew not his voice," and never moved. On the other hand, they ran at once at the call of their owner, though disguised in the traveler's dress.

But with human beings the case is different, and I more and more see this, that we judge men's abilities less from what they say or do, than from what they look. 'Tis the man's face that gives him weight. His doings help, but not more than his brow. It is the appearances that fill the scene; and we pause not to ask of what realities they are the proxies. When the actor of Athens moved all hearts as he clasped the

burial urn, and burst into broken sobs, how few then knew that it held the ashes of his son.

Each under his borrowed guise, the actor belongs to himself. He has put on a mask; beneath it his real face still exists; he has thrown himself into a foreign individuality, which in some sense forms a shelter to the integrity of his own character; he may indeed wear festive attire, but his mourning is beneath it; he may smile, divert, act, his soul is still his own; his inner life is undisturbed; no indiscreet question will lift the veil, no coarse hand will burst open the gates of the sanctuary.

Our best conjectures as to the true spring of actions are very uncertain; the actions themselves are all we must pretend to know from history. That Cæsar was murdered by twenty-four conspirators I doubt not; but I very much doubt whether their love of liberty was the sole cause.

It is common to talk of the humble poor man, and the proud rich man. Let not these ideas be inseparably blended together. There is many a man who sits down to a meal of bread and milk on a wooden table, whose heart is as proud as the proudest whose birth is royal. There is many a one whose voice is heard in the public meeting, loudly descanting on legal tyranny and aristocratic insolence, who in his own narrow circle is as much a tyrant as any oppressor who ever disgraced the throne. And there is many a man who sits down to daily pomp, to whom gold and silver are but as brass and tin, and who bears in the midst of it all a meek, simple spirit, and a "heart refrained

as a weaned child;" many a man who lives surrounded with homage, and hearing the applause and flattery of men perpetually, on whose heart these things fall flat and dead, without raising one single emotion of flattered vanity.

Work or Play.

Many seem to think it a great disgrace to labor, and are ashamed to be seen doing any kind of work. How unreasonable! How ignorant! How silly! Some think that the Creator, in wrath, condemned us to work, and that it is a curse upon us. If it is a curse, it is a most blessed curse. The laboring man or woman keenly enjoys mealtime, and can sleep soundly and sweetly. The idle have to force the best of food, and sleep is disturbed by restlessness or sleeplessness. The laboring man is strong and healthy. The idle are weak and enervated.

The constant laborer seldom has any difficulties with his neighbors, for he has no time. The most notorious robbers and cut-throats are idlers. Of the difficulties that occur, not one in a million is between constant laboring men—especially if they are thoroughly sober men. In every paper we read of murder, rape, theft, burglary and incendiarism, and they are almost always committed by vagabond idlers. Many are slain in midnight revels while the laborer is reposing. Many idlers gamble away all their property and are left lower than the beasts of the field. The

laborer attends to his own business; but the idler tattles, lies, steals, drinks, gambles, murders, and does all wicked acts.

God, our Maker, never intended for anyone to be idle. From the king on his throne to the beggar in his hovel, all should be required to work at something. Can any man find a lazy, idle Christian? No. Why not? Because there are none. Labor has kept many out of the grave for years. Labor and temperance are the two wings with which a man or woman flies to old age. Then let none be idle, none indolent, none careless of his time; but industrious, sober and thoughtful.

Work is one of the sublimest prayers. This doing the best one can is the keynote of all that we can do. It was the effort to do his best for his Master's sake that gave Leonardo da Vinci the inspiration and enthusiasm to paint "The Last Supper," which has made his name immortal; so that no tourist can pass through Milan without getting a glance at the sublime conception of the artist's pencil and brush. And thus it should be with the child of God. The spirit of his Master should inspire him to throw his life without reserve into his work and do his best.

Don't loiter, boys and girls. When you know what you ought to do, then go about it promptly; and work at it diligently, and finish it. Work first, and rest afterward. Never dawdle. Is there a garden to be weeded, corn to be hoed, hay to be raked, coal to be brought up, an errand to be done, a lesson to be learned? make that the first thing, and, if possible, the

only thing until it is finished. Your comfort and your success in life depend very much upon the habits you form in this matter.

You find some people who are always saying they have so much to do, and yet they seem to accomplish very little. They are not comfortable and they are not successful. Perhaps they have a letter to write: and they worry over it every day for a week, exhausting as much strength in this useless worry and "dread to go about it" each day as another would in writing and posting half a dozen letters.

The successful men — railroad presidents, bankers, manufacturers, merchants, farmers — are men who have what we call executive ability or "dispatch." It is the power of forming an accurate judgment quickly, doing a thing, or giving order for it, at once, and then dismissing it from the mind, so that the next thing may be taken up and dispatched. The hour's duties are done in the sixty minutes, the day's duties within business hours; and then the man may read, ride, talk, sleep, rest, with a mind free from care. If the boys and girls manage their work thus, then they will enjoy their play.

Work is the true philosopher's stone. But the work must be undertaken in the right spirit, and must be carried forward in the right way, to turn base metals to shining gold at last.

A humorous writer offers the following: "And then remember, my son, you have to work. Whether you handle a pick or a pen, a wheelbarrow or a set of books, digging, ditching, or editing a newspaper, ring-

ing an auction bell or writing funny things, you must work. If you look around you, you will see that the men who are the most able are the men who work the hardest. Don't be afraid of killing yourself with overwork, son. It is beyond your power to do that. Men cannot work so hard as that on the sunny side of thirty. They die sometimes, but it's because they quit work at six p. m., and don't go home until two a. m. It's the interval that kills, my son. The work gives you an appetite for your meals, it lends solidity to your slumber, it gives you a perfect and graceful appreciation of a holiday.

"There are young men who do not work, my son; young men who can make a living by sucking the end of a cane, whose entire mental development is sufficient to tell them which side of a postage stamp to lick; young men who can tie a necktie in eleven different knots and never lay a wrinkle in it; who can spend more money in a day than you can earn in a month, but who will go to the sheriff's office to buy a postal card, and apply at the office of the street commissioner for a marriage license. But the world is not proud of them, son. It does not know their name, even. Nobody likes them, nobody hates them; the great busy world doesn't even know they are there. Things will go on just as well without them. So find out what you want to be, and do this. Take off your coat and make a dust in the world. The busier you are the less mischief you will be apt to get into, and the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter and happier your holidays, and the better satisfied will the world be with you."

The mechanical boy should have a shop of his own. Let it be the attic, or an unused room, or a place in the barn or wood-shed. Give him a place, and tools. Let him have a good pocket-knife, a gimlet, chisels, gouges, planes, cutting nippers, a foot rule, saws, and materials to work. Let the boy have a chance. If he is a mechanic it will come out, and he will do himself credit. If he fails, he is to follow some calling that does not demand mechanical skill.

Hannah Moore says: "Idleness among children, as among men, is the root of all evil, and leads to no other evil more certain than ill temper."

Boys and girls, be careful to find something that will do you or some one else good to do.

Good healthful play will come under this rule, and is much more beneficial every way than having nothing to do, and getting into mischief.

Such are the vicissitudes of the world through all its parts that day and night, labor and rest, hurry and retirement, endear each other; such are the changes that keep the mind in action. We desire, we pursue, we obtain, we are satiated; we desire something else, and begin a new pursuit.

Bear in mind that whatever the work is you have to do, that work is given you by God. Are you a shopman? Well, behind your counter sell your goods and do your work as if it were God's work. Are you a lawyer? Well, work on in love to the great Lawgiver, defend the right and defeat the wrong, remembering that your calling is divine. Are you a laborer, a ploughman, a weaver? Well, steadily use your

shovel, merrily drive your horses to the field, cheerily make your shuttle fly till the pattern stands out before you in the web, remembering that you are engaged in a heaven-appointed task, and that you have a Master in heaven. If it were so, would not all trickery disappear from trade, all quirks and quibbles from the law, all eye-service, all unfaithfulness, all discontent from the ranks of the laboring population. Depend upon it, we in general take too low a view of our calling. We look upon our labor as merely drudgery. Well, it may be so, but it is a divine drudgery. While we work we are doing good; and everything that is good is God-like. Such a conception as this ennobles the meanest toil, and raises the poorest mechanic, the humblest tiller of the soil, into a servant of Almighty God.

A certain degree of tension is indispensable to the easy and healthful discharge of mental functions. Like the national instrument of Scotland, the mind drones wofully and will discourse most dolorous music, unless an expansive and resilient force within supplies the basis of quickly responsive action. No good, great or enduring work can be safely accomplished by brain-force without a reserve of strength sufficient to give buoyancy to the exercise, and, if I may say so, rhythm to the operations of the mind. Working at high-pressure may be bad, but working at low-pressure is incomparably worse. As a matter of experience, a sense of weariness commonly precedes collapse from "overwork;" not mere bodily or nervous fatigue, but a more or less conscious distaste for the business in hand, or

perhaps for some other subject of thought or anxiety which obtrudes itself. It is the offensive or irritating burden that breaks the back. Thoroughly agreeable employment, however engrossing, stimulates the recuperative faculty while it taxes the strength, and the supply of nerve-force seldom falls short of the demand. When a feeling of disgust or weariness is not experienced, this may be because the compelling sense of duty has crushed self out of thought. Nevertheless, if the will is not pleasurably excited, if it rules like a martinet without affection or interest, there is no *nerve*, and, like a complex piece of machinery working with friction and heated bearings, the mind wears itself away and a breakdown ensues.

Do your work earnestly, systematically, perseveringly, patiently, meekly, studiously, cheerfully, prayerfully. Attempt great things for God; expect great things from God; leave results with God.

For a long and successful career one should adapt himself to his new conditions. He cannot eat precisely the measure or the kind of food to-day that he did twenty years ago. We know a man who becomes nervous, agitated, and easily fatigued by studying in the afternoon. In early years this was not the case. It has come upon him latterly. But he has no difficulty with his work in the morning. It is a very plain case. He ought to adapt his studies to the conditions of his mind and body, and do his work when he can do it best. We knew a merchant who in early life was hard-working, and when about fifty found his business could no longer be done by him. He used every effort to

continue his labors, but he was unable to do it. He came to the conclusion that he was breaking down, and was about to retire from business altogether. But the thought came to him like an inspiration, that he might take up some new form of business of less burden to him. He was about a year in making the transition, and found that he was abundantly able for his new departure. He built up, in a more quiet way, his new business, and reached a vigorous and beautiful old age, without the tension of his earlier years, and died at last with his easy harness on. We fully believe that if many a man in business, instead of retiring from it. would rid himself of the strain, and continue moderate work, he would save himself from permature imbecility, and do work for which he is fitted until the end of his days. Abrupt cessation from labor is enough to break down the strongest mind. The elder Disraeli's inquiries into the habits of authorship reveal one fact very fully, that literary men have found their real recuperation and ease in labor, until the eighties are reached, by a wise adaptation to their needs of mind and body. Sismondi, the prolific Italian historian, found recuperation in change from one absorbing study to one less so. The same thing was the secret of the marvelous career of Alexander von Humboldt. The human mind is a subtle instrument, and the body not less capricious; and for the long and steady pull of a successful career we need to find out early what we need. For the body and the mind are our beasts of burden, and victory depends on how we drive them along the highway of life.

Good Breeding.

The more a man sees of the world, and the more he mingles with others, the smaller space is he inclined to claim for himself among his fellows. He sees that in the pushing struggle of life, other people's rights must be considered; and he must not take more ground than just enough to stand on. This is very marked in all crowds, and in all public places and conveyances. The man or woman who is best versed in society makes smallest demands, and occupies least space. The persons who take more room than belongs to them are those who have been least in company, least accustomed to adapt themselves to the needs of those about them. If you want to be thought well-bred, traveled, cosmopolitan, keep in your elbows in a crowd, and sit close in a street-car. If you want to be thought boorish and uncultivated, and to be recognized as one who was never much in good company, push both sides of you, as well as in front and rear, in a crowd, and spread yourself out in a car, or in a public hall. It is by such indications as these that we see that the demands of Christian regard for the rights and feelings of others secure the best results of good breeding. To be a well-rounded Christian man or woman includes the highest graces of true gentility.

Good manners are to a person what perfume is to a flower; something individual and charming; some-

thing which is necessary to make even beauty lovely. Their very essence is sympathy. I do not think a true Christian could be anything but well-bred, though there are plenty of gruff and uncivil members of churches. But no one who has taken the gospel of Christ into his heart, who loves his neighbor as himself and blesses even his enemy, can be anything but truly polite, however he might, through lack of social experience, offend against some of the canons of etiquette. To go into society with the distinct object of making other people happy is to ensure that you will be not only at ease, but well-bred.

Some men move through life as a band of music moves down the street, flinging out pleasure on every side through the air to every one, far and near, that can listen. Some men fill the air with their presence and sweetness, as orchards in October days fill the air with the perfume of ripe fruit. Some women cling to their own houses, like the honeysuckle over the door, yet, like it, sweeten all the region with the subtile fragrance of their goodness. There are trees of righteousness which are ever dropping precious fruit around them. There are lives that shine like star-beams, or charm the heart like songs sung upon a holy day. How great a bounty and blessing it is to hold the royal gifts of the soul so that they shall be music to some and fragrance to others, and life to all! It would be no unworthy thing to live for to make the power which we have within us the breath of other men's joy; to scatter sunshine where only clouds and shadows reign; to fill the atmosphere where earth's weary toilers must

stand with a brightness which they cannot create for themselves, and which they long for, enjoy and appreciate.

The coin of courtesy is current in every land and under every flag, and is frequently more valuable than gold. However, courtesy is the circulating medium between strangers as compliments pass between acquaintances, but when we deal with friends and lovers we should pour out with princely hand the sovereign gold of truth, of candor and of confidence.

Politeness is to goodness what words are to thought. It tells not only on the manners, but on the mind and heart; it renders the feelings, the opinions, the words moderate and gentle.

True politeness is perfect ease and freedom. It simply consists in treating others as you would love to be treated.

Do not carry on a conversation with another in company about matters which the general company knows nothing of. It is almost as impolite as to whisper.

Never hold any one by the button or the hand in order to be heard out; for, if people are unwilling to hear you, you had better hold your tongue than them.

Don't forget to say "good morning." Say it to your parents, your brothers and sisters, your schoolmates, your teachers—and say it cheerfully and with a smile; it will do you good, and will do your friends good.

There's a kind of inspiration in every "good morning," heartily spoken, that helps to make hope fresher

and work lighter. It seems really to make the morning good, and to be a prophecy of a good day to come after it. And if this be true of the "good morning," it is so of all kind, heartsome greetings; they cheer the discouraged, rest the tired one, and somehow make the wheels of life run more smoothly.

A low voice and soft address are the common indications of a well-bred woman, and should be the natural effects of a meek and quiet spirit; the whole outward expression should be in perfect harmony with a true nobility of character that will never torture its possessor with the constant fear of being thrown off her guard. She must ever be what she seems, and then there is no danger of humiliating accidents. That is true cultivation which gives us sympathy with every form of human life and enables us to work most successfully for its advancement. Refinement that carries us away from our fellowmen is not God's refinement.

Wherever else you fail to behave well, don't let it be at the table. Have your hair brushed and your hands bright and clean, and best of all, have every semblance of a scowl from off your face. Mind your manners, mind your tempers, and mind your tongue. It is only for a few moments that you are with the family, and it is an easy thing to make or mar the family comfort; and a little mar sometimes becomes a great one before its consequences are done with. Fold your napkin carefully, and set your chair back quietly. If there is a baby in the house, do not leave it screaming from an interrupted nap, just because you had to come in to dinner. Remember there are

other people in the world beside yourself, and do not take up more room than belongs to you. It is selfish to appropriate too much of the household's comfort. Remember the golden rule when at the table.

Perhaps one reason why boys and girls do not feel so comfortable and so at ease as they might on special occasions at the table, is because they do not take pains to be perfectly polite when there is no one present but the ordinary home folks. In the first place we owe it to ourselves always to look very neat and nice at our own tables. Nobody should presume to sit down to a meal without making a proper toilet beforehand. Boys ought to be careful that their hair is brushed, their hands and faces clean, their nails free from stain and soil, their collars and ties in order before they approach the table. A very few moments spent in this preparation will freshen them up and give them the outward appearance of little gentlemen. I hope girls do not need to be cautioned thus.

Good manners are not learned from arbitrary teaching so much as acquired from habit. They grow upon us by use. We must be courteous, agreeable, civil, kind, gentlemanly and womanly at home, and then it will soon become a kind of second nature to be so everywhere. A coarse, rough nature at home begets a habit of roughness which we cannot lay off, if we try, when we go among strangers. The most agreeable people we have ever met in company are those who are perfectly agreeable at home. Home is the school for all the best things, especially good manners. Cultivate kindness and good nature at home

and it will come readily at other times; if your home life is fretful and fault-finding it is easily known, wherever you are.

Many a girl is careless as to how much money a young man spends for her. Three and five dollars for a horse and carriage he can poorly afford, perhaps, yet she will go with him week after week, with no particular interest in him, unmindful, apparently, whether he earns the money or takes it from his employer's drawer. He makes her expensive presents. He takes her to a concert, in going to which, usually, save for her pride and his gallantry, a horse-car ride for ten cents would be far wiser than a carriage ride for several dollars. A young man respects a young woman all the more who is careful of the way in which he spends his money, and will not permit too much to be used for her. A thoughtful and well-bred girl will be wise about these matters.

We close this subject by quoting the sensible and beautiful words of Hannah More:

"How easily and effectually may a well-bred woman promote the most useful and elegant conversation, almost without speaking a word! for the modes of speech are scarcely more variable than the modes of silence. The silence of listless ignorance and the silence of sparkling intelligence are perhaps as separately marked and as distinctly expressed as the same feelings could have been by the most unequivocal language. A woman in a company where she has the least influence, may promote any subject by a profound and invariable attention, which shows that she is pleased

with it, and by an illuminated countenance, which proves that she understands it. This obliging attention is the most flattering encouragement in the world to men of sense and letters to continue any topic of instruction or entertainment they may happen to be engaged in; it owed its introduction, perhaps, to accident, the best introduction in the world for a subject of ingenuity, which, though it could not have been formally proposed without pedantry, may be continued with ease and good humor; but which may be frequently and effectually stopped by the listlessness, inattention, or whispering of silly girls, whose weariness betrays their ignorance, and whose impatience exposes their ill breeding. A polite man, however deeply interested in the subject on which he is conversing, catches at the slightest hint to have done; a look is sufficient intimation; and if a pretty simpleton who sits near him seems distrait, he puts an end to his remarks, to the great regret of the reasonable part of the company."

Think and Act.

He who forms a deeply set habit of thinking and doing right, moves with the current of a mighty tide of life, and has good hope, through grace, of making a happy landing at last. No one who adequately comprehends life can be otherwise than in downright, stormful earnestness about it.

The Christian must think, that he may do. If the

seed of his right thinking do not bring forth the fruit of action after its kind, it is of little worth. Said Savonarola, "One only knows what he practices." They asked Joan of Arc what virtue she supposed there was in her white standard, wishing to accuse her of magic. "I said to it," she answered, "go boldly among the English, and then I followed it myself." So, lifting the standard of white thoughts, must the Christian himself follow in white action. Thinking and doing, not thinking alone, nor doing alone, but both together, must go to make the genuine Christian life.

There is a world of work to be done in this our day —work that will stand glorious in the sight of God, and angels, and the millions of the redeemed, when the heavens have passed away as a scroll, and the earth itself has been burned up. Shall we help in this work or not? How shall we spend our time and money in this little earth-life? Shall we take all the money we worked so hard to get and use it for things that will pass away and be forgotten forever when we sleep in our graves? Rather would we not wish that when we "rest from our labors" our "works may follow us" and go on, and on, a blessing to mankind?

Over the earth rise daily the soul-cries of millions of earth's suffering ones—they are crying to Christians: "Teach us of Jesus, the way of Life Eternal. Give us light." For all that is being done to-day, there are still millions that are "quietly left by the church one generation after another to grow up in sin" and suffering and false religions—left to die! Where are the Christians that will hasten to the rescue of immortal

men and women? Indulge in needless luxuries when with the money thus used you might help on work that would save from eternal darkness men and women for whom Jesus died?

Reader are you doing all you can do? Remember the poverty of the Son of God. Is there nothing for you to give up that more souls may be taught of him? Value the things of this life as you will in the Judgment Day when you see the wailing multitudes on the left hand. Would you live well on earth? Would you have your life not lived in vain? Then do all you can to help on in the work of soul saving. Work hard; get more money to give for this greatest of all works. Work for eternity!

Good plans are not enough. There are some zealous people who are always wanting to know the methods pursued by successful workers. No doubt there is something in wise plans. There are ways of working that are better than other ways. There is a great power in an effective organization. But, after all, the very best plans alone amount to nothing. That which gives success is downright, honest, skilful work. The old painter said he mixed colors with brains, to give them such a beauty upon the canvas. Successful men win their success, not by dexterous arts and scientific maneuvering, but by brain and brawn. Make the best plans you can, but be sure you put your whole heart and soul into them. Do it for Christ, and depending upon his blessing, you will not fail.

The tree will not only lie as it falls, but it will fall as it leans. And the great question every one should

bring home to himself is, "What is the inclination of my soul? Does it, with all its affections and power, lean toward God or away from Him?" John Hall says, "Put your heart into Christ's hands; then a thousand speculations and doubts and guesses, born of self-love and conceit, will vanish into thin air."

Franklin says, "Work to-day, for you know not how much you will be hindered to-morrow."

"In every beginning think of the ending," says a well known author. "Action is generally defective, and proves an abortion without previous contemplation. Contemplation generates, action propagates." Marcus Antoninus writes, "The happiness of your life depends upon the quality of your thoughts, therefore guard accordingly, and take care that you entertain no notions unsuitable to virtue and unreasonable to nature."

We are not careful enough of those we love. We become used to their presence, and their real value becomes dulled; and often, in our carelessness, we are forgetful that though true gold—as we acknowledge our friends really to be—can not be tarnished, it may be scratched and dimmed by too rough handling. After the years are gone, and the friends, too, oftentimes, then it is we wish we had treated them more universally kind, and so with our own hand is the future planted with thorns.

Act as if you realized Jesus by your side, and as you will wish you had done when you stand to give your account before the dread bar of eternal justice at the last day. No matter how slight the thing to be

done—George Herbert tells us we can sweep a room to the glory of God.

"Who sweeps a room from love divine
Makes that and the action fine."

That is a wise old saying, "Spend not all you have; believe not all you hear; tell not all you know, and do not all you can." There is so much work to be done that needs our hands, that it is a pity to waste any of our strength. When the game is not worth the candle, drop it at once. It is wasting time to look for milk in a gate-post, or blood in a turnip, or sense in a fool. Never ask a covetous man for money till you have boiled a flint soft. Don't sue a debtor who has not a penny to bless himself with—you will only be throwing good money after bad, which is like losing your ferret without getting the rabbit. Never offer a looking glass to a blind man; if a man is so proud that he will not see his faults, he will only quarrel with you for pointing them out to him. It is of no use to hold a lantern to a mole, or to talk of heaven to a man who cares for nothing but his dirty money. There is a time for everything, and it is a silly thing to preach to drunken men; it is casting pearls before swine; get them sober and then talk to them soberly; if you lecture them while drunk, you act as if you were drunk yourself.

As to serving the Lord with cold hearts and drowsy souls, there has been too much of it, and it causes religion to wither. Men ride stags when they hunt for gain, and snails when they are on the road to heaven. Preachers go on see-sawing, droning and

prosing, and the people fall to yawning and folding their arms, and then say that God is withholding the blessing. Every sluggard, when he finds himself enlisted in the ragged regiment, blames his luck, and some churches have learned the same wicked trick. I believe that when Paul plants and Apollos waters, God gives the increase; and I have no patience with those who throw the blame on God when it belongs to themselves.

Time is not tied to a post like a horse to a manger; it passes like the wind, and he who would grind his corn by it must set the mill-sails. He that gapes till he is fed, will gape till he be dead. Nothing is to be got without pains except poverty and dirt. In the old days they said, "Jack gets on by his stupidity;" Jack would find it very different nowadays, I think; but never in old times, or any other times, would Jack get on by foolishly letting present chances slip by him; for hares never run into the mouths of sleeping dogs. He that hath time, and looks for better time, time comes that he repents himself of time. There's no good in lying down and crying "God help us!" God helps those who help themselves. When I see a man who declares that the times are bad, and that he is always unlucky, I generally say to myself, that old goose did not sit on the eggs till they were all addled, and now Providence is to be blamed because they won't hatch. I never had any faith in luck at all, except that I believe good luck will carry a man over a ditch if he jumps well, and will put a bit of bacon into his pot if he looks after his garden and keeps a pig.

Luck generally comes to those who look after it, and my notion is that it taps at least once in a lifetime at everybody's door, but if industry does not open it, away it goes. Those who have lost the last coach, and let every opportunity slip by them, turn to abusing Providence for setting everything against them: "If I were a hatter," says one, "men would be born without heads." "If I went to the sea for water," quoth another, "I should find it dried up." Every wind is foul for a crazy ship. Neither the wise nor the wealthy can help him who has long refused to help himself.

The Strong Man.

Paul's exhortation to the Corinthian Christians, "Quit you like men; be strong," never needed stronger urging than to-day. The command itself is a stirring one. It rings out like the authoritative utterance of a military chieftain. In imagination we can see the shadowy outline of the warlike hosts preparing for the work of defense or aggression; and as, in the dim distance, the banner of the advancing foe is seen fluttering in the breeze, and as the heavy strains of martial music are heard, indicating their advance movement, the voice of the commander in calm, measured tones is heard saying, "Be brave; be bold; stand to your places in the hour of conflict; quit you like men; be strong."

Thus on the field where Right is arrayed against Wrong, Truth against Error, Sin against Holiness, the Great Commander comes to the hosts of truth, right and holiness saying, "You see the banner of the enemy in the distance; you can see their number and might; the contest will be long and severe; but stand every man to his place in the ranks; quit you like men; be strong." Never in the world's history has there been a time when men—men of principle, of firmness, of strong, well-vertebrated character—were more needed than now. We have fallen upon a time of general godlessness.

To indifferentism—an absolute and total destitution of interest in the minds of the masses touching matters of eternal concernment—is superadded the influence of pernicious social customs and institutions that are surely dragging the young downward in the pathway of darkness. Of these we may mention the theatre, cards, the dance, horse-racing, and wine-drinking. And the chief danger attaching to these evils, and that which renders it a delicate matter for men to assume an attitude of hostility to them, is that among the patrons of, and apologists for, these social customs, are some of our good men as to moral and social worth. And were it not for the infusion of this element in the theatre, the dance and the card party, they would fall to pieces as a result of their own rottenness.

To antagonize these false social customs, sustained and upheld by the wealth and culture of many of our towns and cities—to brand that as wrong and corrupting which wealth and social position declare to be

right, chaste and elevating, requires a degree of heroism scarcely below that of the martyrs during the dark days of blood and persecution.

We are all but children of a larger growth. Boys do not like to be laughed at by their young companions. It requires a very strong and straight moral backbone to enable a boy to pursue an even course of right when his companions are continually calling out in his ears, "Tied to your mother's apron strings." So when men are ever ready to brand us as "old fogies," to jot us down as good-meaning fellows, but "forty years behind the times," we need a good deal of grit to stand firm. But here is just where the apostolic injunction, "Quit you like men; be strong," comes in with tremendous force and meaning. In defense of truth and right —for the honor and glory of him who gave his *life* for us—we are to be ready to have our names cast out as evil, if need be.

Rely on yourself; take it for granted that you can accomplish your plans. Never say "I can't"; they are ignoble words. He who does not feel within himself the power to conquer fate is not a man in the true sense of the word. Of course it is a misfortune for him, since he can never be of any benefit to himself or anybody else. Heaven help the woman who marries him! Somebody says, "O, I don't like these self-conceited folks!" My friend, self-conceit and self-confidence are two qualities as different as light and darkness; and though the self-conceited man may not be the most agreeable of companions, we infinitely prefer him to the creeping, cringing, mean-spirited fellow who

is never ready for an emergency, and who, like Uriah Heep, spends his life in trying to be "umble."

The man who says "I will do it!" — who says from his heart and means it too,— who bends his whole energy to the work almost always accomplishes it; and then people call him lucky, and successful, and all that sort of thing, when, in fact, his luck has been brought about by his own persevering efforts, and by his confidence in himself. Fortune detests cowardice, and the man who will not be conquered by trifles is a prime favorite.

Things which never could have made a man happy develop a power to make him strong. Strength and not happiness, or rather only that happiness which comes by strength, is the end of human living. And with that test and standard the best order and beauty reappear.

Man is capable of greater suffering than any other creature on earth, but he is capable of higher and intenser enjoyment, and that simply because he is a man and not merely an animal. He must conquer himself and the world in order to be forever mighty.

To achieve the greatest results the man must die to himself, must cease to exist in his own thoughts. Not until he has done this does he begin to do aught that is great.

No man has come to true greatness who has not felt in some degree that his life belongs to his race, and what God gives him, he gives him for mankind.

The soul knows what justice is; and in those who approve, and in those who resist, truth creates con-

science. Those who resist are irritated; those who obey grow strong within themselves.

Storms rage with more or less fury about every earnest man who seeks to follow Christ fully; but with his mind stayed on God he stands safe, undisturbed, in the calm of the master's benediction.

It is impossible to make a man of worth out of one who has no reliable character for a backbone. A youth without character will absorb whatever he comes in contact with that it is easy to absorb; and the very easiest thing there is to drink into one's nature is the sin that lies around us.

Mind is superior to things, not because it is free from law, but because it is law unto itself. The true man is he who freely and gladly obeys the laws of his being; who is not drawn hither and thither by every passing impulse or influence, but steadfastly follows the leadings of his conscience and his own ever-progressing standard of right-doing. Thus he is, first of all, true to himself; and in so being, he is true to all others. If he makes a promise, he is sure to keep it; if he enters into a contract, he will fulfill it both in letter and in spirit; if he assumes a relation, he will be certain to discharge its obligations; and this, not from outward compulsion, not from the fear of social or personal disfavor, not from the influence of circumstances or feelings; but from his own secret loyalty to the right, which is the essence of all true freedom.

Christian obligation cannot be made to accord with a law of expediency. The Christian's maxims are: "Do right, because you are bound to do right"; "Do

right, though the heavens fall." There is a world of difference between "You had better" and "You are bound to."

Dr. Holland was a strict temperance man. When asked as to his habits, he said: "I neither drink wine nor give it to my guests. Strong drink is the curse of the country and the age. Sixty thousand men in America every year lie down in the grave of the drunkard. Drink has murdered my best friends, and I hate it. It burdens me with taxes, and I denounce it as a nuisance, on which every honest man should put his heel."

The lesson is simple. Godliness with contentment is great gain. The Midianitish seer perished through covetousness. Be content with what things ye have. That keen wit, Douglass Jerrold, has said that he dines in state, though on a biscuit and an onion, if he dines out of debt; he wears a warm coat, no matter how threadbare, if there be a tailor's receipt in its pocket; there is gloss in a well-worn hat, and Tyrian purple in a faded waistcoat, if they both be paid for. A heart at peace in a whitewashed garret, an eye that sees wine in a pure, cold spring, and a mouth that can water at the sight of the stale bread of last week, will make its possessor a true son of liberty, and free as the singing lark above his head.

Common Sense.

Common sense is not a common thing. Common sense is as different from genius as perception is from invention; yet, though distinct qualities, they frequently subsist together. It is altogether opposite to wit, but by no means inconsistent with it. It is not science, for there is such a thing as unlettered common sense; yet, though it is neither wit, learning, nor genius, it is a substitute for each, where they do not exist, and the perfection of all, where they do.

Common sense appears to differ from taste in this, that taste is an instantaneous decision of the mind, a sudden relish of what is beautiful, or disgust at what is defective in an object, without waiting for the slower confirmation of the judgment. Common sense is perhaps that confirmation which establishes a suddenly conceived idea, or feeling, by the powers of comparing and reflecting. They differ also in this, that taste seems to have a more immediate reference to arts, to literature, and almost every object of the senses; while good sense rises to moral excellence, and exerts its influence on life and manners. Taste is fitted to the perception and enjoyment of whatever is beautiful in art or nature; common sense to the improvement of the conduct, and the regulation of one's every day life.

It is the peculiar property of genius to strike out in great or beautiful things; it is the felicity of common

sense not to do absurd ones. Genius breaks out in splendid sentiments and elevated ideas; common sense confines its more circumscribed, but perhaps more useful walk, within the limits of prudence and propriety.

Whatever is elegant is also rare: what is useful is more common. How many thousands are born qualified for the coarse employments of life, for one who is capable of excelling in the fine arts! yet so it ought to be, because our natural wants are more numerous, and more importunate, than the intellectual. But what the greater part of the world mean by common sense will be generally found, on a closer inquiry, to be art, fraud, or selfishness! That sort of saving prudence which makes men extremely attentive to their own safety or profit; diligent in the pursuit of their own pleasures or interests; and perfectly at their ease as to what becomes of the rest of mankind. Furies, where their own property is concerned; philosophers, when nothing but the good of others is at stake; and perfectly resigned under all calamities but their own.

Common sense will teach every man that the moral law is binding upon every intelligence in the universe. How can its precepts be annulled or relaxed? Is not every one, man or angel, bound to worship God, and God alone? Can any one be excused from honoring his parents? Will there ever be a time when the precepts against stealing, adultery, perjury, murder, covetousness, will be repealed? Will it not be the duty of every moral agent to love God with all his powers, and his neighbor as himself, to all eternity?

Man is not born to solve the problem of the universe, but to find out what he has to do; and to restrain himself within the limits of his comprehension. It is unwise to disbelieve any statement of God's word simply because we cannot understand that statement at a glance. Minds are not made larger or richer by indiscriminately sifting through them the facts of yesterday after yesterday.

The fountain of content must spring up in the mind; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove.

Christianity is a system of common sense as well as of grace. It places under prohibition those things, and those only, that are hurtful. The parent permits the child, in the exuberance of its glad, young, joyous life, to chase the beautiful and harmless butterfly; to pluck the pansy or the dahlia; but interdicts its approach to the den of rattlesnakes; forbids its playing with the brier and the thorn. Thus God permits men, aye enjoins upon them, to love truth, and right, and virtue, because, in the very constitution of his own moral government, these things produce a golden harvest of peace and happiness in the life. God commands holiness of heart and life, because it fits men for the enjoyment of holy delights beyond the skies. He forbids impurity, sin in all its forms, because the end thereof is death. And the man who has appetite, passion, lust under control, who is their master and not their slave, who uses these as sources of power to im-

pel him onward in the way of right doing, even as the engineer uses the steam to drive the ponderous machinery of the engine,—that man is the highest type of a freeman. And when he has conquered wholly, become the master of all that is evil in and around him, become a freeman in Christ Jesus, then God, at the close of life's great battle, will bring him up to the glory beyond, where all the Christian heroes are gathering, to wear the garlands of victory evermore.

Innumerable blessings surround us all the time, and these we should not forget in our ardent desires to reach those just in advance. The word of sympathy, the true friend, the sunshine, and all the other countless small joys of to-day, should not be allowed to pass unheeded. To-morrow may, indeed, bring unexpected pleasures if we improve and enjoy the present. To neglect the golden opportunities of to-day may bring to us nought but pain and remorse. Heed not the stories of fiction and romance, but let us do our duty in the present. While we are in the world we have to do with the world, but let us do with its living realities, and not with that which fancy paints, or the imagination depicts in such glowing and brilliant colors. Grasp the attainable, if it be a laudable object, and reach not after that which reason and intelligence declare can never be attained. Reject not the friend who reaches out a hand and offers his sympathy; it is better far than the friendship for which you pay a price.

There is a lack of ordinary business shrewdness on the part of some Christian men and some Christian

institutions which is simply amazing. It exhibits itself in loose management and want of provision—in letting things drift, and trusting in luck baptized with the name of Providence; and though by a wretched caricature of faith this is miscalled a "life of trust," it is nothing but a religious Micawberism, that folds its hands and expects something to "turn up."

"God helps those who help themselves." There is no warrant in scripture or in history for disregard of the ordinary laws of security and success. At the gathering of one of the great benevolent societies a few years ago, the exceedingly sensible proposition was made to effect life insurances in the case of its missionaries. The suggestion was vehemently opposed by one of the "fathers in grace," who argued that "those who were doing the Lord's work ought to trust the future of their families to the Lord's care," and not be guilty of such an impious forestalling of Divine Providence as an actual business arrangement for their possible wants. Shame to say it, the good brother's wretched logic prevailed, and the proposition was lost; but he himself soon after died, leaving his family without a dollar, dependent upon the charity of the world for the barest necessaries of food and clothing.

The world goes on year after year. We can use its forces, and shape and mould them, and perfect this thing or that, but we cannot make new forces; we only use the tools we find to carve the wood we find. There is nothing new; we discover and combine and use. Here is the wild fruit—the same fruit at heart as that

with which the gardener wins his prize. The world is the same world. You find a diamond, but the diamond was there a thousand years ago; you did not make it by finding it. We grow spiritually, until we grasp some new great truth of God; but it was always true, and waited for us until we came. What is there new and strange in the world except ourselves? Our thoughts are our own; God gives our life to us moment by moment, but he gives it to be our own.

"Ye on your harps must learn to hear
A secret chord that mine will bear."

The years which we spend here in doing our work depend to a great extent on the way we manage ourselves. If we lead a strained and jerky life, we soon wear out and drop by the wayside. If we look carefully about us, take full note of the work we are to do, and then do it calmly and deliberately, "never resting, never wasting," as Goethe used to sing, we shall live double the ordinary working years of the average spasmodic American. To suppose that a man is immortal until his work is done depends entirely upon three things: the kind of a man he is, the kind of work he is doing, and the way he does it. A bad or foolish man, or a capable man working unwisely, has no reason or scripture on his side that he will live out half his days.

In the pocket-book of the Hon. Stephen Allen, who was drowned from on board the "Henry Clay," was found a printed slip, apparently cut from a newspaper, a copy of which we give below:

"Keep good company, or none. Never be idle.

If your hands can't be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind. Always speak the truth. Make few promises. Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets, if you have any. When you speak to a person look him in the face. Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue. Good character is above all things else. Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts. If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be so that none will believe him. Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors. Ever live (misfortune excepted) within your income. When you retire to bed think over what you have been doing during the day. Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper. Small and steady gains give competency, with a tranquil mind. Never play at any game of chance. Avoid temptation through fear you may not withstand it. Earn money before you spend it. Never run into debt unless you see a way to get out again. Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it. Do not marry until you are able to support a wife. Never speak evil of any one. Be just before you are generous. Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy. Save when you are young, to spend when you are old. Read over the above maxims at least once a week."

I would rather that my boy possessed good common sense to start him in life than plenty of money. If he has not this common sense, no amount of training will greatly alter his condition in this respect. When I hear a father call his child a ninny, a blockhead, a simpleton, a stupid donkey, or a fool (as some

parents will when they forget themselves), it occurs to me that such remarks rather reflect on the head of the family. The child, however, usually knows very well that his father is only excited and does not mean what he says.

The next desirable requisite in my child's outfit would be a naturally cheerful disposition; not that I prefer the natural to the cultivated, for I do not. Cultivated cheerfulness is a charming part of any one's character, yet the natural is the surest, since I am very doubtful as to my being able to teach him how to acquire it. I should try to be cheerful myself, and thus induce him never to look on the gloomy side of life.

If the sun is going down, look up at the stars; if the earth is dark, keep your eyes on heaven. With God's presence, and God's promises, a man or a child may be cheerful —

> "Never despair when fog's in the air!
> A sunshiny morning will come without warning."

Mind what you run after. Never be content with a bubble that will burst, or a firework that will end in smoke and darkness. Get that which you can keep, and which is worth keeping —

> "Something sterling, that will stay
> When gold and silver fly away."

To wait before you bestow liberty, or political rights, until the recipients are fit to employ them aright, is to resolve not to go into the water until you can swim. You must make up your mind to encounter very many evils at first, and for some time, while men are learning to use the advantages that are con-

ferred on them. "But on the other hand," says a modern writer, "this error of taking some step prematurely, or of doing at one stride what would better have been done gradually, arises often, with sensible men, from a sense of the shortness and uncertainty of life (political or individual) and an impatience to '*see* of the labor of his soul and be satisfied,' instead of leaving his designs to be carried into execution, or to be *completed*, by others, who may perhaps, he fears, not do the work so well, or may be defeated by some rally of opponents."

Self-Control.

He that would govern others, first should be the master of himself.

The basis of a useful life must be a vigorous and wholesome discipline in youth. It does not matter much in what department of business a young man commences life. If he will only cultivate his faculties he may rise to the head of his profession, and if that profession be unworthy of him, he will at last escape from it altogether.

The heroic self-control which "dies and makes no sign" is a virtue of which very few are capable. As I once heard a small commentator remark on the poem of Enoch Arden: "Yes, it was very good of Enoch not to tell his story until he died; but, mamma, what a pity he didn't die and say nothing at all!"

The true Christian service is not rendered, primarily, because it is pleasant or brings honor to self, or even because our fellow-workers are agreeable, or those we benefit grateful; but because Jesus asks the service, and others need it. In this spirit let us meet friction. We shall be enabled, in a good degree, to do our duty and leave the event to God, without wearing care. Worriment is the worst friction, except evil passion. We shall learn to bear and forbear. Our object being to honor the Lord and bless souls, we shall disregard personal slights, little unpleasantnesses (and great ones, too, if need be), and work right on in the Master's spirit. Only in this way can we acquire that self-control which friction cannot excite to indiscreet speech or foolish act. Only so can we show that gentleness of manner which, when it covers resolute firmness, gives its possessor the power, not only to rule others, but to confer a favor on them by so doing.

Never show that you feel a slight. This is worldly-wise as well as Christian; for no one but a mean person will put a slight on another, and such a person always profoundly respects the person who is unconscious of his feeble spite. Never resent publicly a lack of courtesy; it is in the worst taste. What you do privately about dropping such an acquaintance must be left to yourself.

To a person of noble mind the contests of society must ever seem poor and spurious as they think of these narrow enmities and low political maneuvers; but we know that they exist and that we must meet

them. Temper, detraction and small spite are as vulgar on a Turkey carpet and in a palace as they could be in a tenement house; nay, worse; for the educated contestants know better. But, that they exist we know as well as we know that the diphtheria rages. We must only reflect philosophically that it takes all sorts of people to make a world; that there are good people, rank and file; that there is a valiant army and a noble navy; that there are also pirates who will board the best ships, and traitors in every army; and that we must be ready for them all; and that if we live in a crowd we must propitiate that crowd.

Never show a factious or peremptory irritability in small things. Be patient, if a friend keeps you waiting. Bear, as long as you can, heat or a draft, rather than make others uncomfortable. Do not be fussy about your supposed rights; yield a disputed point of precedence. All society has to be made up of these concessions; they are your unnumbered friends in the long run.

We are not always wrong when we quarrel; but if we meet our deadliest foe at a friend's house, we are bound to treat him with perfect civility. That is neutral ground. Never by word or look disturb your hostess; this is an occasional duplicity which is ordered by the laws of society. And, in all honesty, cultivate a graceful salutation, not too familiar, in a crowd. Do not kiss your friend in a crowd; be grave and decorous always. Burke said that manners were more important than laws. "Manners are what vex or soothe, comfort or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize

or refine us by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation, like the air we breathe."

Never say anything you would be ashamed to utter in the presence of ladies and gentlemen. We seek to control others, yet how few of us are masters of ourselves. Adversity borrows its sharpest sting from our impatience.

A bridle is very necessary in guiding and restraining an unruly horse; and it is very needful in controlling that unruly member, the tongue. "Don't go without the bridle, boys," was my grandfather's favorite bit of advice. If he heard any one cursing or swearing, or given to much vain and foolish talk, "That man has lost his bridle," he would say. "Without a bridle the tongue, though a little member, 'boasteth great things.' It is an unruly member, 'full of deadly poison.' Put a bridle on, and it is one of the best servants body and soul can have. 'I will keep my mouth with a bridle,' said King David. Be sure, too, to keep a bridle on your appetite. Don't let it be your master. And don't neglect to have one for your passions, or they will get unmanageable, driving you down a headlong course to ruin." My grandfather was speaking of the bridle of self-control. Good parents try to train and restrain their children; and you can generally tell by the children's behavior whether they have such wise and faithful parents. But parents cannot do everything. Boys and girls must have their own bridles; they must learn to check and govern themselves. Self-government is the most difficult and the most important government to teach us; but it

becomes easier every day if you practice it with a steady, resolute will, and a firm trust in Him who alone can teach us wisely to rule our own spirits.

If it is a small sacrifice for you to give up drinking wine, do it for the sake of others; if it is a great sacrifice, do it for your own sake. It is easier to suppress the first impure desire than to satisfy all that follow.

One of the most important, but one of the most difficult things for a powerful mind is, to be its own master. Minerva should always be at hand, to restrain Achilles from blindly following his impulses and appetites, even those which are moral and intellectual, as well as those which are animal and sensual. A pond may lie quiet in a plain; but a lake wants mountains to compass and hold it in.

He is a fool who cannot be angry; but he is a wise man who will not. The constancy of sages is nothing but the art of locking up their agitation in their hearts. There are few people who are more often in the wrong than those who cannot endure to be so.

Sometimes too much advice is given, but he or she lacks self-control and the true spirit, who does not take it kindly. Some boys and girls think they know a great deal more than they really do, and persons who have had experience should be courteously listened to, even if their ideas are old-fashioned, as they sometimes are.

A well-known Bostonian was writing about a place where he had never been, and thus got a matter wrong. A friend, in thorough kindness, called his attention to it, when he became very indignant. Such a man has

neither a big heart nor a well-balanced mind. A real gentleman or lady knows how to take all suggestions kindly.

Wanted, A Man.

The great need of the age, says a writer in our current literature, is men, business men, men of practical sense, men of push and energy, men who can grasp the details of business and carry it forward to a successful issue.

This is a just and reasonable demand; for it is *men*, in the highest sense, who are to make the world brighter and better in every way.

John Ploughman says: "A hard working young man with his wits about him will make money, while others will do nothing but lose it. 'Who loves his work and knows how to spare, may live and flourish anywhere.' As to a little trouble, who expects to find cherries without stones, or roses without thorns? Who would win must learn to bear. Idleness lies in bed sick of the mulligrubs, where industry finds health and wealth. The dog in the kennel barks at flies; the hunting dog does not know that they are there. Laziness waits till the river is dry, and never gets to market."

Young man, don't be afraid that honest, legitimate overwork will shorten your days. It is better to wear out in a home, built up by your own efforts, at the age

of sixty-five, than it is to rust out in the poor-house five years later.

A leading Baptist paper has the following: "The demand for ministers for the first places was never greater in our denomination than it is to-day. If one of our leading pulpits becomes vacant the country is canvassed from Maine to Florida for a worthy man for the place. There never was so much room upstairs in the Baptist denomination as now. Ministers abound, but not of the kind needed. For any average place vacant there are a dozen applications. But pulpit committees of the leading churches know that they have a hard task before them; they are virtually limited to a few men. The men they want they can't get; the men they can easily get they do not at all want."

The greatest want of this age is men. Men who are not for sale. Men who are honest, sound from centre to circumference, true to the heart's core. Men who will condemn wrong in friend or foe, in themselves as well as others. Men whose consciences are steady as the needle to the pole. Men who will stand for the right if the heavens totter and the earth reels. Men who can tell the truth and look the devil right in the eye. Men that never brag nor run. Men that neither swagger nor flinch. Men who can have courage without whistling for it, and joy without shouting to bring it. Men in whom the current of everlasting life runs still, and deep and strong. Men careful of God's honor and careless of men's applause. Men who know their duty and do it. Men who know their places and

fill them. Men who will not lie. Men who are not too lazy to work, nor too proud to be poor. Men who are willing to eat what they have earned, and wear what they have paid for. Men whose feet are on the everlasting rock. Men who are strong with divine strength, wise with the wisdom that cometh from above, and loving with the love of Christ. Men of God.

The large majority of men do not use a tithe of the power they possess. Their talents are mostly in a napkin. One of the wealthiest men in Wall street to-day broke down in business a good many years ago. He went into an office where he was well acquainted, and said to the members of the firm that he had no bread for his family. "I am ready to go messages for you, or perform any other service." He hung up his coat there, and commenced work around the lowest rung of the ladder. Previously this man's check was accepted anywhere on the street. You may be sure such a man gradually mounted up.

Over in Boston a like-minded man fell out. He was without bread, and soon would be without shoes, unless he wakened up and stirred his energies. He was a bookkeeper, and at one time earned a handsome salary. What did he do? This he did. He took a cotton-hook and went down to the wharf to load and unload cotton at so much an hour. Behold another man with grit. The owners of the cotton and the ship eyed this hero. Soon the decree went forth: Come up higher. He resumed his quill, and laid aside the cotton-hook. Discouragement never weakened the Boston boy. Whiners, with hanging

lips and chicken hearts who cure their troubles with the bottle or the pistol, are pitiful creatures, who should never have been born.

Ambition is a good thing if it act under moral limits and proposes to itself worthy ends. But success in a mere worldly career ought not to be enough for a young man's ambition. It is not improper for one to begin life with an ardent purpose to obtain wealth. But there should be something higher than that before every young man, and that is *character*. A man's own self is more valuable to him than any amount of riches. Wealth is not an auxiliary to happiness. A man's own nature is the primary agent in the production of satisfaction. Thousands of men get rich without happiness. Other thousands gain happiness without ever becoming rich.

You are placed in life to build up your manhood. All right industries, all care and enterprise, all hopes, fears and sorrows, are formative influences—lessons which Providence sets to men in the school of life; and while they may result in producing wealth, they have failed of their end if they do not produce manliness.

More men stumble for want of moral qualities than for want of business capacity. Men do not put their standard of integrity high enough. They do not cling to it with enough severity. A good character is to a man what a pontoon train is to an army. An army may march for days without needing it, and it may even seem a hindrance; but the first broad and deep river reveals its value.

The good old book cautions men about "making

haste to be rich." To do one any good, riches must be earned. We must render a fair equivalent of service for every dollar. Money got by gambling, by trick, by the lower forms of speculation, seldom stays by a man. Every young man should be willing to wait till he has fairly earned his money by good hard work, and enough of it.

Thousands of men breathe, move and live; pass off the stage of life and are heard of no more. Why? They did not a particle of good in the world; and none were blest by them; none could point to them as the instruments of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled, and so they perished—their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die? Live for something. Do good and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy.

Write your name by kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of the thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No; your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as bright on the earth as the stars of heaven.

The most splendid creation of God is a good, great man; higher is he than the sun, or the stars, or the shining glory of the firmament. The most perfect specimen of athletic training ever produced, if bone and flesh and sinew are his all, is but one third a man,

and useless to society. Send him to the schools and store his mind full, he is but two-thirds a man, and dangerous as well as useless. Put Christ in his heart, to control and urge his purpose, and you have an ideal man.

Penny Wise, Pound Foolish.

Of course, every virtue (like every coin) has its counterfeit. This holds true of frugality. There is a true frugality, and there is a false. Our saving may, perhaps, be more apparent than real. A man might walk from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, and save his car-fare; but his expenses for maintenance on his way would leave him but a small margin of profit. We may save a trifle in money, but at a great cost in time, and (in the long run) in money. One may save six cents in street-car fare, but may miss an engagement, and thus lose a vast amount of time and money. One may reject the idea of hiring a carriage as madness; he may walk through mud and rain, and in the end find that he has spoiled his clothes to an extent far beyond the expense of the carriage. If a man is caught in a shower, he may hesitate at the expense of buying an umbrella, yet the economy may be wasteful.

As to one's dress, there are economies that are economies and there are economies that are no economies. It may seem extravagant to have a multiplicity of dresses; and yet it may be real economy. It would certainly be very wasteful to have only one dress, and

to use this dress for all purposes. It would be too good for some occasions, and not good enough for others. A dress that will *wear* is better economy than a cheaper dress that comes to pieces. It costs no more to *make* a good dress than a poor one, and the former is worth more after it is done.

But there is much about one's dress that is merely matter of fancy and fashion, and that does not concern health or comfort. Here there is a good chance for economy. A coat or a dress at a low price may wear as well and may be as comfortable as one much more expensive.

The best investment, next to a good conscience, is health; and it is a very wasteful economy that saves at the expense of health. It is very foolish to delay employing a physician, and thereby to entail long sickness and measureless expense. It is very foolish to refuse to employ a nurse, and to try to save by having all the nursing done by the members of the family, or by volunteer friends, who, of course, are ignorant and inexperienced.

It is a very short-sighted saving for the mother of a family to be all day bending over the weekly mending, darning half a peck of stockings, and bringing on headache and backache, and at the same time being unable to see to the house. It would be much better economy for her to employ some one to do this mending and leave her free for things that no one but herself can do.

It is not wise economy for a man whose capital is in his brain, to stint and starve his brains. Five dol-

lars spent by a young professional man in books may add one thousand dollars to his income. Five dollars may be saved, with the result of keeping him a poor man all his life.

A father may save a few dollars by refusing to make the home inviting for his children; but he may spend ten times that, yes, a hundred times, in getting them out of troubles which they have brought on by roaming in the streets. We believe in economy; but it is well to know whether it is real economy or false.

A celebrated English author says: We have warped the word economy in our English language into a meaning which it has no business whatever to bear. In our use of it, it constantly signifies merely sparing or saving; economy of money means saving money—economy of time, sparing time, and so on. But this is a wholly barbarous use of the word—barbarous in a double sense, for it is not English and it is bad Greek. Economy no more means saving money than it means spending money. It means—the administration of a house; its stewardship; spending or saving, that is, whether money or time, or anything else, to the best possible advantage. In the simplest and clearest definition of it, economy, whether public or private, means the wise management of labor; and it means this mainly in three senses, namely: first, applying your labor rationally; secondly, preserving its produce carefully; lastly, distributing its produce carefully.

Economy does not mean simply carefulness in dress by making things last as long as they will, but has a

broader meaning than this. Time, accomplishments and opportunities are talents for which you will be held responsible to Him who has given them. For this reason try to economize them well.

The duty of the hour is plain. First in our own households should economy be practiced—not that economy which considers the wants of the pocket and forgets the needs of the soul, not that economy which satisfies the body but starves the spirit, but wise adjustment of the claims of the animal and the rational man, which, while it clothes the body, does not allow the immortal part to suffer. All retrenchment should not begin at the home of the soul. The Lord should not be cheated to enrich the worm. That is poor economy which fills the coffers of the carnal by bankrupting the spiritual man. Mental and moral education must not cease, for time unimproved here is time lost forever; moral forces must not be weakened in order to add power to the physical engines.

To do work for work's sake, moderately, levelly, rationally, so as to preserve the power of doing it for the longest term that nature allows—this, the noblest aim a man can start with, becomes often swamped in the ignoble one of working merely to be superior to somebody else. Thus many a man who has earned, or is earning, enough to live comfortably, and bring up his children well—and sufficiently well off, too, to begin with a fair start where their father did—goes on slaving and toiling, his wife aiding and abetting him, in order to maintain them in the luxury to which he has risen,—a paternal devotion which has its touching

phase; and yet it is as blind as it is foolish. The children would be much better left to make their own way, and earn their own bread, like their father before them.

And the father himself, by the time he has accumulated the thirty, forty, or fifty thousand which he has gradually learned to consider essential to happiness —she, sly jade! has slipped away from him. He catches her, but she is like the crushed butterfly that his boys catch under their caps; all her beauty is gone. Utterly worn out with work, he can neither enjoy life himself nor give enjoyment to other people. The strain of occupation gone, his weariness becomes intolerable. The irritability that an overtasked body and mind superinduces in most men, makes him, not a delight, but an actual nuisance, in his family. Those "often infirmities" which he had once no time to think much about now rise up like ghosts of the murdered to torment him wherever he goes. His handsome house, his country leisure or town pleasure, his abundance of friends, and his flourishing family, are to him no comfort, no resource. He has burned the candle at both ends, and now there is no light left in it; it just flickers awhile, and then—drops out.

I ask earnestly, Is this picture overdrawn? Do I not paint the likeness—not of one, but of hundreds—of rich men among our acquaintances in this "golden age?" Midas himself could not have more bitterly applied the word.

"The Presbyterian Banner," commenting upon the frequent failure of rich men's sons, says: "The great

defect in the families referred to has been neglect to train the children to habits of economy and industry. They have been permitted to grow up in idleness, to spend money freely, to suppose that fashionable enjoyments were the great end of life, and to be without any definite employment or aim, while dissipation very naturally came in and completed the work of ruin. But the evil did not stop with themselves; they easily attracted others without their wealth or social position to their circles, and by contact and example prevented them from rising in the world and made them even more insignificant and worthless than themselves."

Never do evil expecting to escape the consequent punishment because of the good that may be produced. The evil you sow will be sure to return an abundant harvest; good seed may be choked, but "ill weeds grow apace." People are prone to look at the evils which are at a distance through a telescope; but when they inspect those under their feet they turn the instrument the other end to, making objects near them appear small and insignificant indeed.

The following is related of Father Stephen Paxson:

"He was offered at one time, on account of his extensive acquaintance with the West, and his integrity of character, a partnership in the purchase of western lands. The offer was declined, because it would divert him from the Sabbath-school work. In after years, the gentleman who had made the offer showed him a memorandum that the lands had produced a revenue of fifty thousand dollars; but Father Paxson, drawing his note-book from his pocket, pointed

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YOUNG FARMERS.

to the record of fifty thousand children gathered by him into Sabbath-schools, and triumphantly exclaimed, 'I would not alter the record, nor change the investment.'"

A gospel that costs nothing is an absurdity. It costs. It cost the life of the Son of God. It costs Christians untold and nameless sacrifices. No one can afford to receive it without giving back to the world, because of the blessings received. The theory that movements for the salvation of men can be advanced by any such rallying cry as "No pews or no collections" is a mistake, if it is not worse. Poverty is the result of such surroundings. A gospel that costs nothing is worth nothing.

The Farmer's Home.

Seek not, ye sons of those who till the soil,
For other fields in life than those ye reap!
Better by far the sweat of honest toil,
The rest of honest labor's tranquil sleep,
Than all the bubbles of the worldling's dream —
The cares which rack the statesman's anxious brains —
The uncertain ventures of the merchant's scheme,
Or all the doubtful paths for fame and gain!

Agriculture is the basis of national strength and wealth, and a most certain and liberal support of all who follow it intelligently. The farmer will succeed who makes up his mind that the whole secret of success is in himself; that it is the man and not the

business that tells. He will succeed if he sticks close to his farm as the mechanic does to his shop, and not expect to work three or four months and then take his ease the rest of the year. That farmer will succeed who takes the papers and digests what he reads, and is not afraid of new ideas and new methods of industry. He will succeed if it is his intention that whatever he sends to market shall be the very best, and so made and put up that when seen it will be captivating for its freshness, cleanliness and purity, and will be unhesitatingly taken on account of his well-known character for honesty of weight, measure and count. Those who have farms may think themselves fortunate, for although they will not thereby find sudden roads to wealth, they will certainly prove that persistent farm labor will bring a sure reward. It is worthy of notice that the adventurer and speculator, with blasted hopes and shattered health and fortune, have in the end to come back to the farm for health and safety.

Happy is the boy who has been reared in the healthful, intelligent atmosphere of a country home. When he goes back to it after many days, how cordially he is greeted. Every hand is held out to him, from the white-haired grandfather to the smiling girl and bashful boy, whom *he* does not know, but who have heard of him.

In a moral point of view, the life of the agriculturist is the most pure and holy of any class of men; pure, because it is the most healthful, and vice can hardly find time to contaminate it; and holy, because it brings

the Deity perpetually before his view, giving him thereby the most exalted notions of supreme power, and the most fascinating and endearing view of moral benignity. The agriculturist views the Deity in His works; he contemplates the divine economy in the arrangement of the seasons; and he hails nature immediately presiding over every object that strikes his eyes; he witnesses many of her great and beauteous operations, and her reproductive faculties; his heart insensibly expands, from his minute acquaintance with multifarious objects, all in themselves original; whilst that degree of retirement in which he is placed from the bustling haunts of mankind keeps alive in his breast his natural affections, unblunted by an extensive and perpetual intercourse with man in a more enlarged, and, therefore, in a more corrupt state of society.

The risks in farming are comparatively few. There is no danger of ruin arising from the treachery of business associates. The farm, under ordinary circumstances, is sure to furnish enough to make the family comfortable, and extraordinary circumstances, which are of a providential character always, are very apt to exist. The farmer is engaged in the production of articles which the public must have. It makes no difference what else the people do without, they must have bread. They can wear their old clothes, but they must have new flour, and while a depression of the times may limit the demand, it cannot wholly destroy it. Thus is the farmer engaged in a business which is always active.

See the "young farmers" who have just moved

into their new home, and with conscious pride contemplate its beauties at the close of day. Although they are but "renters," beginning life with small store of this world's goods, their happy hearts and ready hands will bring them an abundance of peace and prosperity. There is something in the pleasures of the country that reaches much beyond the gratification of the eye—a something that invigorates the mind, that erects its hopes, that allays its perturbations, that mellows its affections; and it will generally be found that our happiest schemes and wisest resolutions are formed under the mild influence of a country scene and the soft obscurities of rural retirement.

Every farmer should manage to get the most out of his occupation; not only the most money, but the most real and substantial enjoyment; the most intellectual culture; the most happiness for him and his. It should be so managed as to render farm life attractive to his children, so as to make them contented tillers of the soil; contented to be among the producers of the wealth of the nation. Money hoarded is but a poor compensation for minds and souls dwarfed; for lives rendered unlovely; for tastes and the higher aspirations extinguished. And we trust the change which has been going on in this respect may continue until all of the large and valuable class of our population engaged in agriculture may be reached and benefited by it.

Dr. Haygood tells this suggestive story: "Last winter we passed a field where a fifteen-dollar plow was standing in the last furrow it made. There it had

been standing for months. It was red with rust—the stock and handles black with mildew. The man's wagons were out in the yard; a McCormick reaper was divided, part in the yard, part in the field, and part under shelter; and his farm under mortgage for the guano he had used to make cotton enough to pay for the tools and implements he bought last year! His smoke-house was in Cincinnati, his corn-crib in Chicago! The few hogs he had were in his garden; while his poor cows—their hair turned the wrong way in premonition of their death in the spring—were drawn up in a shivering group around a pile of straw that was rotting in the field! There were five dogs, and not a ram, ewe, wether or lamb, black sheep or white sheep, in sight!"

The hap-hazard, careless style of doing work so common among the largest class of farmers would ruin any business man within a year. The careless habits of farmers, and their lack of proper forethought, accounts for more than nine-tenths of the proverbial "hard times" from which they suffer. Little things are neglected and wasted that would be saved and cared for by the prosperous merchant or railroad employe, while the very profusion of his supply renders the farmer extravagant and indolent. Hours and days are spent in running to town or to the neighbors' for some forgotten thing or other that ought to have been remembered and provided for in advance. Time is the most valuable thing a farmer possesses, and yet is the least cared for.

Twenty years ago the state of Mississippi, always

famous for its cotton yield, contained about forty thousand plantations, averaging three hundred and seven acres each; now she has nearly twice as many, but the average size is only half that of 1860. The number of acres under cultivation is less than in 1860, for scarcely any rough land has been cleared and some plantations have been injured by broken levees, and yet the cotton crop is about twice as large as it was in the good old times. No better proof could be wanted to establish the desirability of decreasing the size of farms and increasing the number of owners; but the reason should be learned elsewhere as in the South. Whole counties in the United States are wretchedly poor because every farmer is trying to handle a "quarter section" — one hundred and sixty acres — with only enough capital and working force to properly till a quarter as much soil.

A farmer with two poor horses, two bad plows, a boy or two or a hired man, can get no more money out of a hundred and sixty acres of land than from forty, but year after year he will try to do it and succeed only in getting poorer. The big farms of California have been the subject of much envious talk, but the class of California farmers, aside from capitalists, that make most money is composed of men who have clustered in colonies, where scarcely a single estate exceeds forty acres.

A great deal has been said and written concerning the rights of farmers' boys, but nothing about the girls. It is a common thing for farmers to pay their sons fair wages for their work; yet the daughters do not

receive a dollar from month to month. Why should the difference exist between the farmer's girl and boy? The former is quite as much entitled to a reward for services as the latter. In truth the farmer's girl frequently is the more valuable of the two. She is expected in many cases to arise very early, get breakfast, clean up the house, and prepare the other meals required through the day, or if not, to at least largely aid in all these household duties. In addition she is looked upon by father, mother and brother to entertain company, to act as hostess, at least as a creditable second to the mother. While she may be the pride of the family, and regarded as a sort of privileged character, yet much is expected of her in ten thousand smaller features of home life. Why, then, should she not be encouraged with at least as much pay as the boy? In addition to that, the farm house should be as attractive as possible — with a piano, plenty of books, newspapers and pictures; cultivate a taste in the girls for flowers, etc. These features, with a moderate amount of work, should produce a happy home-farm life.

CITY PEOPLE.

I BLESS God for cities. Cities have been as lamps of life along the pathway of humanity and religion; within them science has given birth to her noblest discoveries. Behind their walls freedom has fought her noblest battles. They have stood on the surface of

the earth like great breakwaters, rolling back or turning aside the swelling tide of oppression. Cities, indeed, have been the cradles of human liberty. They have been the active centers of almost all church and state reformation. Having, therefore, no sympathy with those who, regarding them as the excrescences of a tree, or the tumors of disease, would raze our cities to the ground, I bless God for cities.

In cities where the competition in business and the professions is the greatest, it is coming to be more and more the rule that the successful men are those who are born and bred in the city, and thus start in the race for wealth and fame with every advantage. The boy from the country has generally two great advantages, robust health and industrious habits. But the city-bred boy may have these in just as great measure, and is sure to have the advantage in point of training and knowledge of the ways of the world. It takes his rival several years to reach the point from which he is able to start, other things being supposed to be equal.

What these facts and figures teach is simply this: that a boy in city or in country, who is trained to work, who gets the discipline of will that comes with that training, has eighteen chances of succeeding in life, where the boy who has not had this training has one chance.

They teach also, and this is the fact that I want you all to notice, that you cannot afford to go with the majority of your class, unless your class greatly changes its habits· that if you do about as the other

fellows of your class do, you will come out about where the other fellows of your class come out—and that is nowhere—crippled, beaten, distanced in the race of life.

"We have seen," says the "Christian Advocate," "an ingenuous youth changed in three years into a profane, vulgar, licentious man, consumed by his vices and discharged for dishonesty." And then the same goes on to say: "The larger portion of those who are coming now to our cities will be corrupted."

Can this be true? Let each youth who has his face turned cityward, as his eye meets this, pause, before taking another step forward. But this need not be true as regards yourself if you choose it shall be otherwise. You can meet and grapple with the difficulties even of a city life, and come off conqueror. The encounter may be a sharp one, but there are props of a Christian community upon every hand; warm hearts waiting to welcome you if you seek them; churches with wide open doors, if you choose to take refuge in them. Free as the air you breathe are the benefits of this Christian land, if you but see fit to make them your own. The youth come to our cities and find an hundred hells waiting to receive them; but so, upon the other hand are hundreds of churches, and hundreds of Christian homes, and hearts warm and true by the thousands. When did a young soul seek for Christian sympathy—mind, we say seek—and fail to find it? With the windows of our soul open toward heaven, what wonder that the light falls in; but when we stand with those windows barred,

while the apertures toward the world and the devil are left unguarded, is it strange that Satan gets possession of us? One cannot keep himself under the influence of the true things of life and not become benefited; neither can he handle pitch and not become contaminated. But because pitch exists, does that make it necessary that you must become contaminated? Leave it alone. Be a *man*, be an honest man—more, be a *Christian* man. Don't be afraid of mingling with the world. Go into its busiest scenes, and make them the better for your being there, and then as your soul grows strong by conflict, for so it must, feel assured that you are the better for being in the world—the great battle-field of life.

"The oak grows stronger
By the winds that toss its branches."

No man need wail that he was not born in some other country. All lands have their attractions, and every home, however humble, has associated with it some pleasant recollections. The thatched stone cottage of old England or Ireland is ever a picturesque object to the American eye, and if it does not contain all the modern comforts of the smart American house, it is, doubtless, just as dear to those who were born beneath its roof.

One-fifth of the American people are said to live in cities, they are town birds, acquainted with smoky eaves and tasting nature in the parks. Most of them come from the country, and when spring time comes, with its tender foliage, tranquil skies, soft breezes, birds and flowers, they must often turn to the woods

and fields with longing hearts and aching bosoms. We meet in the crowded street, the ill-ventilated theatre or the brilliant drawing-room, a thought-worn face. The time was, if an English lad, when he may have been leaning against a cottage lintel in small corduroys, and hungrily eating a bit of brown bread and bacon. Perhaps he wishes he had a chance to do so again.

Another man, no longer young, while wiping his brow and walking the hot pavements, thinks of the fair rounded hills, the blooming orchards, the merry river's bank, the field flowers, and the meadows of tall and cool grasses in his New England home. It is the summer time of life with him now, the burden of the day is upon him, and business cares give him little time for dreaming. The many anxieties of modern American life crush out much that is sweet and beautiful, leaving room, let us hope, for the good and wise in thought and action.

When a young man sneers at the backwoods town in which he was born, and its old-fashioned ways, he has lost the best part of his manhood. It is the ambition of many a city man to own a comfortable home some time in the country. Tortured with dispepsia and worry and work, the business man of the city dreams of a life of enjoyment in the sunny air of the country, and longs for the time to come when his hands and his face may be brown and his stomach strong; his head clear and his nerves settled.

In cities, people are brought up in total ignorance of, and blamable indifference for, country affairs; they

can scarce distinguish flax from hemp, wheat from rye, and neither from barley; eating, drinking and dressing are their qualifications; pastures, copses, after-grass, inning harvest, are Gothic words to them. If to some of them you talk of weights, scales, measures, interest and books of rates, to others of appeals, petitions, decrees and injunctions, they will prick up their ears. They pretend to know the world, and, though it is more safe and commendable, are ignorant of nature, her beginnings, growths, gifts and bounties. This ignorance is often voluntary, and founded on the conceit they have of their own callings and professions.

We close this subject with the following quotation from Mr. Spurgeon:

"I have heard tell of a man who did not know a great A from a bull's foot, and I know a good many who certainly could not tell what great A or little A either may mean; but some of these people are not the most ignorant in the world, for all that. For instance, they know a cow's head from its tail, and one of the election gentleman said lately that the candidate from London did not know that. They know that turnips don't grow on trees, and they can tell a mangold-wurzel from a beet-root, and a rabbit from a hare, and there are fine folk who play on the pianos who hardly know as much as that. If they cannot read they can plow, and mow, and reap, and sow, and bring up seven children on ten shillings a week, and yet pay their way; and there's a sight of people who are much too ignorant to do that. Ignorance of spelling-books is very bad, but ignorance of hard work is worse.

Wisdom does not always speak Latin. People laugh at smock frocks, and indeed they are about as ugly garments as could well be contrived, but some who wear them are not half such fools as people take them for. If no ignorant people ate bread but those who wear hobnail shoes, corn would be a fine deal cheaper. Wisdom in a poor man is like a diamond set in lead, only judges can see its value. Wisdom walks often in patched shoes, and men admire her not, but, I say, never mind the coat, give me the man; nut-shells are nothing, the kernel is everything. You need not go to Pirbright to find ignoramuses, there are heaps of them near St. Paul's."

Friends In Need.

"The man who has a thousand friends,
Has not a friend to spare;
But he who has one enemy,
Will meet him everywhere."

Friendship is a delightful theme. Philosophers have expatiated on it, and poets have caught its inspiration, while multitudes, neither philosophers nor poets, have felt its soothing influence. Who, in times of joy, has not taken pleasure in communicating his joyous emotions to a friend? And who, in the hour of sorrow, has not alleviated his grief by telling his tale of sadness to a friend? Thus friendship increases joy and diminishes sorrow.

Without friends, what is a man? A solitary oak upon a sterile rock, symmetrical indeed in its form,

beautiful and exquisitely finished, outrivaling the most lauded perfection of art in gracefulness and grandeur, but over which decay has shaken her black wing and left its leaves blighted; its limbs contract as they die; its roots rottenness, and its bloom death; a scathed, lifeless monument of its pristine beauty. When the rebuffs of adversity are crushing us earthward—when the clouds look black above, and the muttering thunder of misfortune growls along the sky—when our frame is palsied by the skeleton hand of disease, or our senses whirled in the maelstrom chaos of insanity—when our hearts are torn by the recent separation of some beloved object, while our tears are yet flowing upon the fresh turf of departed innocence—in that time it is the office of friendship to shield us from portentous storms, to quicken the fainting pulses of our sickly frame, to bring back the wandering star of mind within the attraction of sympathetic kindness, to pour the "oil and wine" of peace into the yet festering wound, and deliver the aching heart from the object of its bleeding affection.

When a man thinks nobody cares for him, and he is alone in a cold and selfish world, he would do well to ask himself this question: "What have I done to make anybody care for and love me, to warm the world with faith and generosity?" It is generally the case that those who complain the most have done the least. Never is virtue left without sympathy,—sympathy dearer and tenderer for the misfortunes that have tried it, and proved its fidelity.

The yearning of an honest heart for kind looks

and gentle words is implanted by nature. And the gentle associations of home, where at the close of the day we may meet our loved ones, gives the nearest approach to Heaven upon earth that is vouchsafed to mortals. But to the gentle youth that is thrown upon the rocks of a pitiless city, and stands "homeless amid a thousand homes," the approach of evening brings with it an aching sense of loneliness and desolation, which comes down upon the spirit like darkness upon the earth. In this mood, his best impulses become a snare to him, and he is led astray because he is social, affectionate, sympathetic and warm-hearted. If there be a young man thus circumstanced, who reads these pages, let me say to him, that books are the friends in your need, and that a library is the home in which you have free entrance.

Help one another. This little sentence should be written on every heart and stamped on every memory. It should be the golden rule practiced not only in every household, but throughout the world. By helping one another we not only remove thorns from the pathway and anxiety from the mind, but we feel a sense of pleasure in our own hearts, knowing that we are doing a duty to a fellow creature.

A helping hand or an encouraging word is no loss to us, yet it is a benefit to others. Who has not felt the power of this little sentence? Who has not needed the encouragement and aid of a kind friend? How soothing, when perplexed with some task that is mysterious and burdensome, to feel a gentle hand on the shoulder, and to hear a kind voice whispering,

"Do not be discouraged; I see your trouble; let me help you." What strength is inspired! what hope created! what sweet gratitude is felt! and the great difficulty is dissolved as dew beneath the sunshine.

Then let us help one another by endeavoring to strengthen and encourage the weak, and lift the burden of care from the weary and oppressed, that life may glide smoothly on, and the fount of bitterness yield sweet waters; and He whose hand is ever ready to aid us will reward our humble endeavors. Every good deed will be as "bread cast upon the waters, to return after many days," if not to us, to those we love.

There is no life so humble that, if it be true and genuinely human and obedient to God, it may not hope to shed some of his light. There is no life so meagre that the greatest and wisest of us can afford to despise it. We cannot know at what moment it may flash forth with the life of God.

One thread of kindness draws more than a hundred horses.

Our kind acts may seem to be in vain; but, as the dormant seeds waken in the spring-time, so they shall bud, blossom and bear abundant fruitage in God's own time.

Every one will remember the story of Androcles and the lion. Androcles had hid himself in a cave when he saw a lion approaching. He feared that he should be devoured. But the lion was limping, and appeared to be in great pain. Androcles approached with courage, took up the lion's paw, and took out a large splinter of wood which had caused the flesh to

fester. The lion was most grateful, and fawned upon him. Afterward, when Androcles was taken prisoner and sent to Rome to be delivered up to the wild beasts, a lion was let loose to devour him. It was the same lion that Androcles had relieved in his agony. The animal remembered with gratitude his deliverer, and, instead of devouring him, went up and fawned upon him. Appian declares that he witnessed with his own eyes the scene between Androcles and the lion in the Roman circus.

A good man will find friends everywhere. Joseph did in prison. So the prisoner Paul found a friend in the governor of the island. There is no better capital for a young man entering life than a faithful, though modest, Christian character. Even the noblest in rank respect such a man, and he finds friends.

Friendship is, strictly speaking, reciprocal benevolence, which inclines each party to be as solicitous for the welfare of the other as for his own.

Friends may cheer us in our suffering. If they can do nothing to relieve our pain, their presence and consoling words may help us bear it.

In adversity and difficulties arm yourself with firmness and fortitude. The firmest friendships have been formed in mutual adversity, as iron is most strongly welded by the fiercest fire. Be what you seem to be, and seem to be only what you are.

Choose your friends, and do not merely take up with whoever drifts up against you. In a great measure our thoughts and aims receive their coloring from the ones around us, and it is our duty to

place, as far as in our power lies, those near to us that will prove of help.

Among the various forms of Christian duty, that of sympathetic listening is certainly entitled to a high rank. The helping hand and the kindly word are both needed, and should never be spared; but there are times when the listening ear is more needed than either of them. There are men and women in the world who feel most keenly the lack of some wise and gentle and heartful person to whom they can simply tell their grief or their joy; and for lack of such a listener they endure deep suffering, or perhaps fall into actual sin. To listen wisely is no easy task, nor is it to be lightly undertaken; but it is not to be avoided on that account; and sometimes it may be the first duty which calls upon us.

Discretion.

Fortune often sells to the hasty what she gives to those who wait. Bacon says, "Fortune is like the market, when, many times, if you can stay a little, the price will fall; and again, it is sometimes like Sibylla's offer, which at first offereth the commodity at full, then consumeth part and part, and still holdeth up the price; for occasion turneth a bald noddle after she hath presented her locks in front, and no hold taken." There is certainly no greater wisdom than well to time the beginnings and onsets of things.

If we but saw how the gates of opportunity open and close; how the possibilities of to-day neglected become to-morrow the things which never can be done; how unused strength wastes away and brings up behind it no other strengths; how the grace that lies about all our occasions, ready to flow upon them at the touches of our diligence, slighted, lifts itself up into the heavens and leaves us in hardness and death; how on the other hand, when used it drops upon us like the rain and distills like the dew; how work done makes work easier; how the voluntary use of "all that is within us" and without us, too, of soul and sinew, of love and thought, of time and strength, and hours of prayer, will bring upon us the gentle pressures of God's newest, freshest grace;—if we but saw such things as these what girdings there would be among us.

The man who by some sudden revolution of fortune is lifted up all at once into a condition of life greatly above what he had formerly lived in, may be assured that the congratulations of his best friends are not all of them perfectly sincere. If he has any judgment, he is sensible of this, and instead of appearing to be elated with his good fortune, he endeavors, as much as he can, to smother his joy, and keep down that elevation of mind with which his new circumstances naturally inspire him. He affects the same plainness of dress, and the same modesty of behavior, which became him in his former station. He redoubles his attention to his old friends, and endeavors more than ever to be humble, assiduous, and complaisant.

But it is seldom with all this that he succeeds, and that man is a model of discretion who retains universal approval under such circumstances.

Pleasure is a shadow, wealth is vanity, and power a pageant; but knowledge is ecstatic in enjoyment, perennial in fame, unlimited in space, and infinite in duration. In the performance of its sacred offices it fears no danger, spares no expense; it looks in the volcano, dives in the ocean, perforates the earth, wings its flight in the skies, explores sea and land, contemplates the distance, examines the minute, comprehends the great, ascends to the sublime; no place is too remote for its grasp, no height too exalted for its reach.

There are many who never can forgive another for being more agreeable and more accomplished than themselves, and who can pardon any offense rather than an eclipsing merit. Had the nightingale, in the fable, conquered his vanity and resisted the temptation of showing a fine voice, he might have escaped the talons of the hawk. The melody of his singing was the cause of his destruction; his merit brought him into danger, and his vanity cost him his life.

Of all the qualifications for conversation, humility, if not the most brilliant, is the safest, the most amiable and the most feminine. The affectation of introducing subjects with which others are unacquainted, and of displaying talents superior to the rest of the company, is as dangerous as it is foolish.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the man who volunteers answers to all sorts of questions knows

what he is talking about. A strange fatality seems often to seal the lips of those who really know how to do things. But this is not so strange to us as the unfailing eloquence of those who do not know how to do anything.

It is generally safe to converse freely with an unreserved talker; but when a man lets you carry on all the conversation, it is well to be on your guard, for the probability is, he is taking your measure. Cheerfulness is always to be kept up, if a man is out of pain; but mirth, to a prudent man, should always be accidental. It should naturally arise out of the occasion, and the occasion seldom laid for it.

You will not be sorry for hearing before judging, for thinking before speaking, for holding an angry tongue, for stopping the ear to a tale-bearer, for disbelieving most of the ill reports, for being kind to the distressed, for being patient towards everybody, for doing good to all men, for asking pardon for all wrongs, for speaking evil of no one, for being courteous to all.

True silence is the rest of the mind, and is to the body nourishment and refreshment. It is a great virtue; it covers folly, keeps secrets, avoids disputes, and prevents sin.

Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise. Among the breakers is not the place to dismiss the pilot. If there is any person to whom you feel a dislike, that is the person of whom you ought never to speak. There is this difference between happiness and wisdom, he who thinks himself the happiest man really is so, but

he who thinks himself the wisest is generally just the reverse. Like every other faculty, imagination needs wise direction and vigorous culture; and if it receives this treatment, it will put a vital and energetic force into every part of life, and give a new impetus to the most practical of its realities.

"We must be cautious as to the thoughts we think. The scenes amidst which we dwell in fancy give form to our characters as truly as those through which we pass in bodily presence. The images with which the mind holds converse may uplift or degrade as truly as companions in bodily form. A thought may scar the soul as a weapon leaves its mark on the flesh. The fact that our imaginations are so closely akin to realities, is a reason why they should be guarded and controlled. Not even in thought must we mingle with the base and the impure. He only shall ascend into the hill of the Lord who hath clean hands *and a pure heart.*"

PAINSTAKING.

THE incalculable aid of an educated, painstaking habit, in the furthering of one's fortunes, can hardly be appreciated. The painstaking, accurate person will comprehend at a glance the details of work that to the dullard is an inextricable tangle. Little things are noticed, little scraps picked up, little notes made here and there, where others would pass them all by unnoticed and uncared for, but at the right time it all

comes of good use. One man would run on to disaster and defeat, where the other, grasping the situation at a glance, straightens the kinks, and produces success.

There was once a young man in a western railway superintendent's office. He held a position that four hundred boys in the city would have wished to get. It was honorable, and it paid well, besides being in the line of promotion. How did he get it? Not by having a rich father, for he was the son of a laborer. The secret was his accuracy. He began as an errand boy, and did his work accurately. His leisure time he used in perfecting his writing and arithmetic. After awhile he learned to telegraph. At each step his employer commended his accuracy, and relied on what he did, because he was just right.

And it is thus with every occupation. The painstaking boy is the favored one. Those who employ men do not wish to be on the lookout, as though they were rogues or fools. If a carpenter must stand at his journeyman's elbow to be sure that his work is right, or if a cashier must run over his book-keeper's column, he might as well do the work himself as employ another to do it in that way; and it is very certain that the employer will get rid of such an inaccurate workman as soon as he can.

A boy took out his knife to cut the twine about a package, in a large store. "Stop!" said his employer. "Do you see that man behind the counter up there? He is now working for me as a clerk, when he ought to own a store of his own like this one, and it is all

because he always cut the strings instead of untying them. I want you to have a store of your own some day, and so I want you to untie your strings, and take pains with every little thing, until it becomes a habit with you. It will be the means of making your fortune."

It is not enough for one to be able or willing to supply the things that others need. They must be made acquainted with the fact; and the valuable qualities of these things must be set before them. Nor, on the other hand, is it enough for one to need what others can furnish; he must know that the thing can be obtained, and where he can obtain it. Producers and consumers must be made acquainted with each other's wants and facilities for supplying their wants. Don't be afraid to talk and ask questions, when there is good reason for doing so. Gather up items and facts and lay them up in your memory; they will be of use to you some day.

Daniel Webster once told a good story in a speech, and was asked where he got it.

"I had it laid up in my head for fourteen years, and never had a chance to use it until to-day," said he.

My little friend wants to know what good it will do to learn the rule of three, or to commit to memory a verse of the Bible. The answer is this: "Sometime you will need that very thing. Perhaps it may be twenty years before you can make use of it in just the right place, but it will be just in place sometime. Then, if you don't have it, you will be like the hunter who had no ball in his rifle when the bear met him."

"Twenty-five years ago my teacher made me study surveying," said a man who had lost his property, "and now I am glad of it. It is just in place. I can get a good situation at a high salary." The Bible is better than that. It will be in place as long as we live.

It never pays to be a poor workman. If you are a young man, aim to do honest work, and, although your present employer may not be willing to pay any more for a well-made coat or a neatly-finished boot than he would for a botch, don't be discouraged. If you are a carpenter, make the best joint you can; if you are a machinist, see that every bolt and rivet is as firm as if your life depended upon its properly fulfilling its duties. How carefully the aeronaut examines his balloon, the tight rope performer his rope, before he trusts his life to it. Would a shipbuilder take passage on a vessel of his own building if he knew that he had willfully neglected or slighted any essential part of her hull?

Yet many a young mechanic has destroyed his own future and committed moral suicide by sending forth a poor piece of work. The old surgical professor's caution to a young medical student is not inapt here. Said he, "If you are ever called to set a broken leg, and your work is a failure, and the man becomes a cripple, you may be sure he will always come limping along just at the wrong time, when you are surrounded by your clients and friends. He is a walking advertisement of your incapacity."

The path of fame by honest merit is a slow and tedious one. A manufacturer who is so careful about his products that he has to put a higher price on them

than his less conscientious neighbor can sell for, may be repaid at first by small sales and smaller profits. It takes a long time to build up a reputation by excellence; but once acquired, its value cannot be estimated.

Remember that the secret studies of an author are the sunken piers upon which is to rest the bridge of his fame, spanning the dark waters of oblivion. They are out of sight, but without them no superstructure can stand secure. "Never mistake perspiration for inspiration," said an old minister in his charge to a young minister just being ordained. Sweetest nuts have hardest shells. Said Luther: "The greatest temptation the devil has for the Christian is comfort." More hearts are made to ache through thoughtlessness than through downright wickedness. Be careful of others.

The German sculptor Dannecker worked for eight years upon a statue of Christ. At the end of two years he called a little girl into his studio, and pointing to the statue asked, "Who is that?" She replied, "A great man." The artist turned away disheartened; he had failed. He began anew. After another year of patient work he brought the child again before the statue. "Who is that?" After a long, silent look, with tears in her eyes she said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me." And he knew that his work was a success. If you have talents, industry will improve them; if you have moderate abilities, industry will supply the deficiencies. Nothing is denied to well-directed labor; nothing is ever obtained without it.

That which we acquire with the most difficulty we retain the longest; as those who have earned a fortune are usually more careful of it than those who have inherited one. Samuel Johnson says that "interest is the mother of attention;" but attention is the mother of memory. To secure memory, therefore, secure its mother and grandmother. It is a very common and fatal error to neglect this grandparent. When one is absorbingly interested in a theme the mind becomes strangely receptive, and draws to itself, as a magnet gathers up iron filings, all information within its reach as to the topic in hand.

From the Ranks.

Examples are occurring every day, in all the departments of useful exertion, of men who, by dint of self help and native energy, have sprung from obscurity into shining lights, and whose names, now that they are known, the world will not willingly let die. Who was the late John Snyder, of Pittsburg, the well-known cashier of a bank in that city, a man whose name for long years was a synonym for commercial honor, promptness, probity and zeal? A *wagoner*. Who was the late Thos. Corwin, of Ohio, ex-Governor, ex-Senator, and ex-Secretary of the Cabinet of President Harrison? A *wagoner*. And so we might go on to cull from our single memory alone example upon example of men who, like the spider, have taken

hold with their hands, but who, long before their day was ended, or their web spun, were living in palaces that a king might envy.

The very nobility of Christian literature have sprung from the lowest walks of life. Thomas H. Horne, author of the "Introduction to the Bible," was once a journeyman bookbinder; and Whitefield, the Demosthenes of the pulpit, was once a poor boot-black in the University of Oxford. Indeed almost all the great men who have done *so much* for the advancement of science and the amelioration of mankind, were in early life engaged in some manual employment.

John Bunyan was a tinker, and miserably poor. Zwingle came forth from an Alpine shepherd's cabin. Melancthon from an armorer's workshop; Luther from a miner's cottage; the apostles, some of them, from fishermen's huts. And to the industrious and the humble come ever the greatest of blessings. Only the earnest heart can receive a great blessing; flabby natures cannot know the highest joys nor the keenest pleasures, for there is nothing within them to receive great blessedness.

Andrew Jackson was born in a log hut in North Carolina, and was raised in the pine woods for which the state is famous. James K. Polk spent the earlier years of his life helping to dig a living out of a new farm in North Carolina. He was afterwards a clerk in a country store. Millard Fillmore was the son of a New York farmer, and his house was a very humble one. He learned the business of clothier.

James Buchanan was born in a small town among the Alleghany mountains. His father cut the logs and built his own house in what was then a wilderness. Abraham Lincoln was the son of a very poor Kentucky farmer, and lived in a log cabin until he was twenty-one years of age. Andrew Johnson was apprenticed to a tailor at the age of ten years by his widowed mother. He was never able to attend school, and picked up all the education he ever got. Gen. Grant lived the life of a common boy in a common house on the banks of the Ohio river until he was seventeen years of age. James A. Garfield was born in a log cabin. He worked on the farm until the time he was strong enough to use carpenters' tools, when he learned the trade. He afterwards worked on the canal. Henry Clay was taught the rudiments of education in a log school-house, between his fifth and tenth years, and at the age of fifteen he entered the office of clerk of the chancery court.

Cornelius Vanderbilt began life with an old pirogue running between Staten Island and New York city, carrying garden stuff to market. With two or three thousand dollars raised from that source he entered upon steadily increasing enterprises, until he amassed the enormous sum of fifty million dollars. A. T. Stewart first bought a few laces at auction, and opened his way to success in a dingy little shop in Broadway, near the site of his present wholesale establishment. Years of rigid honesty, shrewd management, and wisdom in things both great and small, made him the monument merchant of the nineteenth century.

George Law, at forty-five years of age, was a common day laborer on the docks, and at present counts his fortune at something like ten million dollars. Robert L. and Alexander Stewart, the sugar refiners, in their boyhood sold molasses candy which their widowed mother had made, at a cent a stick, and to-day they are worth probably five to six million dollars apiece. Marshal O. Roberts is the possessor of four or five million dollars, and yet until he was twenty-five he did not have one hundred dollars he could call his own. H. B. Claflin, the eminent dry goods merchant, worth, it is estimated, from ten to fifteen million dollars, commenced the world with nothing but energy, determination and hope.

"Labor conquers all things." Metastasio, a friendless street singer, became one of the greatest authors in Italian literature. Gifford, a cabin boy, became one of the most powerful writers of his age. Epictetus, born a slave, became the boast of the Stoic philosophers, and was intimate with the best Roman emperors. Ferguson, a shepherd boy, became a leading astronomer, to whose lectures royalty listened. Murray, another shepherd boy, became a prominent instructor. Brown, still another shepherd boy, became author of a Bible commentary, concordance and dictionary. Terence, an African slave, elevated himself to the society and fellowship of Roman consuls. Franklin, bred a tradesman, became a leader in "the art preservative of all arts" (printing). Sir Humphrey Davy, an apothecary's apprentice, became the first chemist of his time. Roger Shermar a shoe-

maker, became a statesman in the American Revolution. Samuel Lee, a carpenter, became professor of Hebrew in Cambridge University. Adam Clarke, reared in a country school, rose to be one of the first Biblical scholars of modern times. Robert Hall, a very poor boy, became a leading preacher and writer in England. Cuvier, a charity school boy, became a prominent modern naturalist. Prideaux, who worked in the kitchen of Exeter College in order to obtain a classical education, became Bishop of Worcester. "Out of difficulties grow miracles."

One hundred and twenty-five years ago John Adams, school teacher—afterwards President—sat in his chamber at Worcester and wrote: "I have no books, no time, no friends. I must therefore be contented to live and die an obscure, ignorant fellow." Why be discouraged!

Herschel, a regular in the British army, studied the firmament while on sentry duty at night, and became a great astronomer, and afterwards earned his living by playing a violin at parties, and in the interstices of the play he would go out and look up at the midnight heavens, the field of his immortal conquests. George Stephenson rose from being the foreman in a colliery to be the most renowned of the world's engineers.

When David Livingston was a boy, he was obliged to be at the mills by six o'clock every morning, and he did not leave until eight o'clock in the evening. When he received his first week's pay, he forthwith purchased a Latin grammar with a portion of it, and within a very short time joined an evening school.

In early life Francis Wayland had to struggle against many difficulties and discouragements, such as would have broken the spirits and crushed the hopes of the irresolute and feeble, but which only roused him to diligent and persevering effort. To-day his writings are everywhere known, and his text-books are standards in some of the leading schools and colleges of the land.

The career of Peter Cooper may be cited in many aspects as an illustration of the beneficent effect of American institutions; and it is well for us to be reminded occasionally, in the midst of our conflicts with abuses, and our endeavors at reform, which tend to breed a spirit of cynicism or despondency, that the possibility of such a career among us is a testimony to the value and substantial success of free government, outweighing all its defects and dangers. When we read that Peter Cooper, during his active life, learned and practiced the trade of a hatter, then served his time as apprentice to a coach maker, then set up the manufacture of cloth shearing machines, invented by himself, then engaged in the grocery business, then established in succession a glue factory and several iron-works, we realize that such a record of manifold enterprise would scarcely be possible under any other political and social system than ours. The story is all the more significant because it does not include bankruptcy or business failure as a factor of change. It is simply the narration of quick perception, and sanguine, unconquerable courage, freely choosing and boldly pursuing the path that promises legitimate advantage.

It is almost impossible to speak of any renowned for eminence who have not been compelled to struggle under great difficulties, and only by their persevering efforts have they raised themselves from the ranks of those who were contented to remain in humble life; or at least unwilling to undergo the hardships necessary to raise them above their natural level. Emily C. Judson used to rise at two in the morning and do the washing for the family. Gambetta was poor and slept in an attic. Lucy Larcom was a factory girl. Dr. Holland was poor and a school teacher. Captain Eades was barefoot and penniless at nine years old. None of these people have been idle or whiled away their time on street corners, or in games of cards or billiards. They were too busy.

So, in every case, where there are high and right aims, and a resolute will, and diligent perseverance, let the young remember that they may, in the end, surely expect success. It may not come at once; for, as Montesquieu tells us, "Success, in most things, depends on knowing how long it takes to succeed," or, as DeMaistre says, "in knowing how to wait." A well known governor of Massachusetts ran for the office sixteen successive years in vain, but at last obtained it by a single vote. Von Moltke was unknown to the world until he was sixty-one years of age; and the immortal Havelock did not gain a name in history till but a few years before his death. But though it may not be at once, yet in the end success will come, always in the conscious possession of a high and noble

character, and generally, also, to the eye of the world, and in the estimation of men. "Resolution," says one, "is omnipotent."

Duty of Making Money.

We believe the winning of wealth to be a perfectly legitimate pursuit. Wealth has great and beneficent uses, and the world would go very slowly if money could not be accumulated in wise and enterprising hands; but wealth may be used to make all men near it prosperous and happy, or it may be used to make them poor and miserable. When a rich man is only excited by his wealth with the desire to be richer, and goes on to exact larger profits and to grind the faces of the poor, in order that he may be superfluously rich, he becomes inhuman and unchristian. The Christian use of wealth is what we need in this country and in all countries. It is not that wealth does not give in charity. It is not that wealth is not sufficiently taxed for the support of those who are wrecked in health or fortune, but it is that it does not give the people a chance to escape from poverty; that it does not share its chances with the poor, and point the pathway for the poor toward prosperity. As a rule, wealth is only brotherly towards wealth, and the poor man feels himself cut off from sympathy with those who have the power of winning money.

We may rest assured of one thing, namely, that the poor in the future will insist on being recognized.

If they are not recognized—if they are ignored in the mad greed for wealth at any cost to them—they will make the future a trouble and terrible one for our children and our children's children.

It *is* right to seek wealth, provided you do so with the purpose of serving God with it. A man may be as miserly being poor as being rich. There is no *sin* in being rich, in itself considered; there is no *virtue* in being poor. Consecrate yourself to God, be honest, and seek wealth; then, if it comes, make a noble use of it. We need rich men in the church. We need such men to build our colleges and churches. By doing good with his money, a man as it were stamps the image of God upon it, and makes it pass current for the merchandise of heaven.

John Wesley says, "Get all you can, save all you can, give all you can. Permit me to speak of myself as freely as I would of any other man. I gain all I can without hurting my body or soul. I save all I can; not wasting anything, not a sheet of paper, nor a cup of water. I do not lay out anything, not a snilling, unless a sacrifice for God; yet, by giving all I can, I am effectually secured from laying up treasures upon earth. Yea, and that I do this, I call upon both friends and foes to testify."

The way to keep money is to earn it fairly and honestly. Money so obtained is pretty certain to abide with its possessor. But money that is inherited, or that in any way comes without a fair and just equivalent, is almost certain to go as it came. The young man who begins by saving a few dollars a month and

thriftily increases his store—every coin being a representative of good, solid work, honestly and manfully done—stands a better chance to spend the last half of his life in affluence and comfort than he who, in his haste to become rich, obtains money by dashing speculations, or the devious means which abound in the foggy regions lying between fair dealing and actual fraud. Among the wisest and most thrifty men of wealth, the current proverb is "money goes as it comes." Let the young make a note of this, and see that their money comes fairly, that it may long abide with them.

If the poor-house has any terror for you, never buy what you don't need; before you pay three cents for a jews'-harp, my boy, ascertain whether you cannot make just as pleasant a noise by whistling, for which nature furnishes the machinery; and before you pay seventy-five dollars for a coat, young man, find out whether your lady would not be just as glad to see you in one that costs half the money. If she would not, let her crack her own hazel-nuts and buy her own clothes.

When you see a man spending two or three dollars a week foolishly, the chances are five to one that he will live long enough to know how many cents there are in a dollar; if he don't, he's pretty sure to bequeath that privilege to his widow. When a man asks you to buy that for which you have no use, no matter how cheap it is, don't say yes until you are sure that some one else wants it in advance. Money burns in some folks' pockets, and makes such a big hole that

everything that is put in drops through past finding.

Keep your weather eye open. Sleeping poultry are carried off by the fox. Who watches not catches not. Fools ask what's o'clock, but wise men know their time. Grind while the wind blows, or if not do not blame providence. God sends every bird its food, but he does not throw it into the nest; he gives us our daily bread, but it is through our own labor. Take time by the forelock. Be up early and catch the worm. The morning hour carries gold in its mouth. He who drives last in the row gets all the dust in his eyes: rise early, and you will have a clear start for the day.

I only want to say, do not be greedy, for covetousness is always poor; still, strive to get on, for poverty is no virtue, and to rise in the world is to a man's credit as well as his comfort. Earn all you can, save all you can, and then give all you can. Never try to save out of God's cause; such money will canker the rest. Giving to God is no loss; it is putting your substance into the best bank. Giving is true having, as the old gravestone said of the dead man, "What I spent I had, what I saved I lost, what I gave I have." The pockets of the poor are safe lockers, and it is always a good investment to lend to the Lord.

A saving woman at the head of a family is the very best savings bank established. The idea of saving is a pleasant one; and if the women imbibed it at once, they would cultivate it and adhere to it; and thus when they are not aware of it they would be laying the foundation of a competent security in a stormy time, and shelter in a rainy day. The best way to

comprehend it is to keep an account of all current expenses. Whether five hundred or five thousand dollars are expended annually, there is a chance to save something if the effort is made. Let the housewife take the idea, act upon it, and she will save something where before she thought it impossible. This is a duty, yet not a sordid avarice but a mere obligation, that rests upon women as well as men.

Activity is essential to man. The great Creator has made it a law of our being, physical, mental and moral. He designed that all our faculties should be diligently employed, and has given us rules of life corresponding with this design. The sluggard, in the Scriptures, is constantly denounced, and the diligent man is constantly commended. Obedience to the law of industry would improve the state of human society in every respect, and make man comparatively happy. It is not creditable to be satisfied with the results of a limited activity. Large natures have usually large desires, and only small are satisfied with small.

Some who have grown up strangers to any useful employment put forth their first efforts to familiarize themselves with the tricks of something they call speculation, but if properly named would be called systematic stealing, or it may be legal theft,—carried on in a manner to evade the law—a process by which honestly gained wealth is filched from its less wary owner, and put into the pocket of a lounging trickster. Akin to these are those who study politics for its loaves and fishes, or worm their way into some muni-

cipal office, to the expense of every trust that may fall into their hands—anything but honest industry, for to that they are strangers, and always will be.

Why not do business in the name of the Lord, and in reliance upon his strength and guidance, just as we perform our more direct religious duties? Then could we endure the toil and perplexities of business, under the support of a consciousness of its importance, the same as though we were missionaries among the heathen, or doing any other work connected with the eternal interests of men. How men in our country, with but a part of their surplus annual income, might build a church or churches, or support a missionary, or several of them, in heathen lands! If they had a heart for such work, how they might enjoy it, and how certainly multitudes would arise and call them blessed! And it might be said to them in the last day, "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of these my brethren, ye did it unto me."

Secrets of Success.

The busy world shoves angrily aside
The man who stands with arms akimbo set
Until occasion tells him what to do;
And he who waits to have his task marked out
Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled.

Prosperity's right hand is industry, and her left hand is frugality.

Perseverance is the great agent of success.

"If you wish success in life, make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counsellor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius."

Every man must patiently abide his time. He must wait, not in idleness, not in useless pastime, not in querulous dejection, but in constantly, steadily, filling and accomplishing his task, that when the occasion comes he may be equal to it. The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, without a thought of fame. If it comes at all, it will come because it is deserved, not because it is sought after. It is a very indiscreet and troublesome ambition which cares so much about what the world says of us; to be always anxious about the effect of what we do or say; to be always shouting to hear the echo of our own voices.

Before such a spirit, especially when inspired by right motives, not only do obstacles give way, but they are so met and used as to be made helps and instruments of progress and success, by the power of high aims and an earnest and resolute will. And the individual, by the way he meets and overcomes and uses them, reminds us of the fabled specter ships that were said to sail fastest in the very teeth of the wind!

"I have really nothing for a boy to do, madam."

The lady turned away; she was too shy to beg for work for her boy, yet if he could earn nothing what were they to do? Will Seaton lingered hehind his mother a moment.

"I'll see mother to a car, sir, and then I want just a few words with you."

Mr. Bentley was astonished at the manly, respectful, yet confident tone; the boy's looks were against him, and he had not been prepossessed in his favor.

"Certainly," he said kindly.

In five minutes the young fellow was back.

"You said you had nothing for me to do, sir, but perhaps you don't think all I could do for you."

"What, for instance?"

"I can make your interests my own; I can be *faithful.* I never tell a lie, and I would think nothing too mean or small for me to do; I can black boots, sir, or I can write a good letter. I wouldn't boast if it wasn't for mother, sir. She has very little, and I'm her only boy."

Mr. Bentley smiled, but was touched.

"What recommendations can you bring?"

"Why, mother spoke for me, sir." Then, as if understanding that a mother's judgment may be partial, he added: "And here is proof that I'm pretty regular at my duty."

He handed Mr. Bentley a pocket Testament, open at the fly-leaf: "A reward for punctual attendance at morning and afternoon Sunday-school for two years." Mr. Bentley held the book open and looked up at the eager face.

"I don't really need you, unless you should prove a perfect treasure. I would give you a very low salary till I proved you."

"All right, sir. I told mother I meant you should take me, so she won't be worried if I'm not back till night. What shall I do?"

This settled the matter; the boy did not ask one word about salary, and in two months' time he had so clearly proved himself "a treasure" that Mr. Bentley

doubled his salary; and the gentleman's intimate friends know that that plain, ungainly boy, by his faithful attention to duty, bids fair to be a partner in the firm in future years.

Every boy wishes to be successful; and he thinks if he only could find a sure road to success in any undertaking, he would not hesitate to enter it. It is the fear of failure at the last that keeps many from pushing on.

There are three qualities that will insure success in any walk of life, namely, ability, integrity, and industry; and though at first it might seem as if the first of these must be a gift and cannot be cultivated, you will find that it is a fact that every boy has ability, if he only finds out in which line of study or action it lies. Ability is the power of doing a thing well. A boy should learn early that he cannot have ability in everything; that is, few boys have a great deal of general ability. The first rule should be that "whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well." A boy who does his best in whatever he undertakes will soon find in what direction his efforts meet with most marked success; and having discovered that, let him bend all his energies to be first in that particular branch of study or work. Better be a first-class carpenter than a fourth-rate lawyer; a good machinist than a poor doctor.

But many boys cannot judge of their own abilities, and the father, who should study his son's peculiar temperament and characteristics, gives them little thought. Don't give it up; be on the watch to make a

good friend; choose your associates among those who aim high, not as to money or social standing, but as to learning and earnest Christian living.

A boy should have at least one friend several years his senior, who can guide him as to a choice of what branch of work or study to set his best efforts to. He will, by earnest endeavor, gain ability; but let him guard well his integrity. There is more than truthfulness; it is the whole-heartedness.

A boy of integrity is like a stout, staunch ship sailing through the ocean; the waves may sway her from side to side, but she will remain whole and firm. Boys, make up your minds to be true. If you have deceived, say so to yourself, and say, "By God's help I'll stop short from this day. I must earn an honorable name, and I will;" and at whatever cost to yourself, be true; let no temptation spring a leak in your heart.

Now about industry: A boy with good ability, and integrity, even if he is rather lazy and shiftless, will perhaps get along; but what opportunity is lost for usefulness!

Boys, remember that the most successful men have been the most industrious. It is easy to point out some rich man and say, "He began as a poor boy." Yes, but he worked hard, year in and out. One word about this industry. Don't let it be simply being industrious to be rich. Aim higher than riches; store your mind with gleanings from the best writers, cultivate a taste for reading, and let the success at which you aim be the approval of a good conscience. Riches are not to be despised; but it is only when they are

united to learning and religion that they are to be envied.

I wish boys would realize more that every little event of their boyhood is shaping their future character. The boy who is more anxious to understand perfectly what he learns than to appear to make great progress, who cares more for acquiring knowledge than to shine as a student, will be a man of more ability and integrity than one who cares for the mere surface show.

Knowledge, to be of service, must be so ready for use as to promptly respond when required. Certain persons are in the habit of jotting down in a memorandum book, under appropriate heads, what they learn. They encounter, however, two annoyances: the memorandum book is not always at hand when an occasion arises for consulting it; and the mind, untrained to retain and bring forth knowledge, refuses to respond to the demand. A writer in the "Boston Transcript" gives out wise suggestions as to this habit:

After all, the brain is the best and most reliable memorandum book; it is always at hand, use enlarges its capacity and increases its usefulness and reliability, and no one can read it but its owner.

Once let the brain get into a receptive and retentive way, and it will go on gathering and holding information without any effort on the part of him who carries it about, and before he knows it he will have a stock of valuable and immediately available facts that will distance the best kept set of memorandum books ever written.

A trained hand is a good thing, but a trained head is a better and a scarcer. People talk about being "blessed" with a good memory. Any man who has ordinary mental capacity can "bless" himself with that useful article if he will but try.

Don't rely on fictitious aids. Don't try to remember a thing by remembering something to remember it by. That is clumsy and roundabout. Strive to remember the thing itself, and if you will but persevere, you'll find that it is not so difficult after all.

It is the close observation of little things which is the secret of success in business, in art, in science, and in every pursuit in life. Human knowledge is but an accumulation of small facts, made by successive generations of men — the little bits of knowledge and experience carefully treasured up by them growing at length into a mighty pyramid.

When a man speaks with ease, or writes with ease, or paints with ease, or does anything with ease and gracefulness, you may be assured it does not come natural for him to do so. He has been hard at work fitting himself for this very performance. And his preparatory work has by no means been pleasant to him. He has drudged, because without drudgery he could have no hope of success. "Of all the work that produces results," says a sensible writer, "nine-tenths must be drudgery. There is no work, from the highest to the lowest, which can be done well by any man who is unwilling to make that sacrifice. Part of the very nobility of the devotion of the true workman to his work consists in the fact that a man is not daunted by

finding that drudgery must be done; and no man can really succeed in any walk of life without possessing a good deal of what is called, in ordinary English, pluck. That is the condition of all work whatever, and it is the condition of all success."

A man rarely succeeds in after life who fails during his boyhood to form habits of industry. No matter how great his natural endowments of mind and body, if he fails here he fails everywhere. Almost every young man has at least one chance for success. If he has the right stuff in him he seizes it and hangs on with the grip of a bulldog, and never lets go until success is his. It is just this capacity for hanging on, for sheer hard work, that distinguishes the successful from the unsuccessful man.

The young man who expects to find any profession or business a bed of roses makes a grand mistake. There is no end to the disagreeable, tiresome, plodding work that is necessary to succeed in any calling, and the young man who does this work most faithfully is the man who in prime of life wins the prize.

There is no reason why a young man should not succeed in a country like this, where every one has a fair field and no favor—at least, there is no reason outside of himself. If he is willing to pay the price, the future is his own. He needs only three things, integrity, industry and economy, so wrought into his habits as to be a part of himself. These habits are usually acquired early, if at all, so that with most men the battle of life is fought and won before they are out of their teens.

Just here is the lesson to parents. Every father hopes that his boy will be the eighteenth one who is to succeed. The way to make the result a moral certainty is to train the boy, while his character is forming, in habits of honesty, industry and economy. This may be done either in the city or in the country, and if it is done, the boy is as certain to succeed as a balloon is to rise. Such a boy can't be kept down.

Look most to your spending. No matter what comes in, if more goes out you will always be poor. The art is not in making money, but keeping it. Little expenses, like mice in a large barn, when they are many, make great waste. Hair by hair heads get bald; straw by straw the thatch goes off the cottage, and drop by drop the rain comes in the chamber. A barrel is soon empty, if the tap leaks but a drop a minute. When you mean to save, begin with your mouth; many thieves pass down red lane. The ale jug is a great waste. In all other things keep within compass. Never stretch your legs further than the blankets will reach, or you will soon be cold. In clothes chose suitable and lasting stuff, and not tawdry fineries. To be warm is the main thing; never mind the looks. A fool may make money, but it needs a wise man to spend it. Remember that it is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one going. If you give all to back and board, there is nothing left for the savings bank. Fare hard and work hard while you are young, and you will have a chance to rest when you are old.

Don't wait for windfalls: gather your own apples.

The master's eye puts flesh on the horse's bones. Patient, self-denying work is the price of success. Ease and indolence eat away not the price of capital only, but worse still, all a man's nerve power. Present gratification tends to put off duty until to-morrow or next week, and so the golden moments slip by. It is getting to be a rare thing for the sons of rich men to die rich. Too often they squander in a half score of years what their fathers were a lifetime in accumulating. I wish I could ring it in the ear of every aspiring young man that work, hard work, of head and hands, is the price of success.

It was stated not long ago, in the newspapers, that the already enormous estate of one speculator in stocks in New York was further increased last year by the sum of thirty million dollars. Several other great New York estates were swelled by speculation in degrees only less colossal.

Such figures are calculated to stir and dazzle ambitious young men, to whom the possession of a great fortune often appears to be the greatest height of earthly happiness. That money in such vast amounts should be so apparently easily and rapidly made, stimulates the young minds to seek similar methods of enriching themselves.

The increased fortunes which have been mentioned were made, for the most part, by pure speculation. The men whose pockets were thus glutted did not thus add to their millions by hard and useful labor, productive and of added value to the community at large. Nor did they receive this increase by the

natural and normal income of their already vast properties.

The sum thus piled up came from wholesale dealing in stocks; by influencing the money market, pressing one stock down, and another up, not for the financial good of their city or country, but for their own personal profit.

This is really little or no better than pure gambling; in one aspect, indeed, it is worse, since the operators already held, in great sums of money, winning cards in their hands against their blind opponents and victims.

It is not thus, after all, that the great and enduring fortunes of the world are made and accumulated. Speculation is a wild and dangerous game. It creates a perpetual, restless fever; every day, the largest fortunes involved in it are in peril.

Even the largest speculator may wake, any morning, to find his millions vanished. Such fortunes rest on no secure foundation. An unexpected event may cause a crash, when all seems hopeful and secure. That is, fortunes made by speculation in stocks may, and often do, disappear as rapidly as they are built up.

The solid and lasting fortunes are those which are established gradually, step by step; by serving some useful function in the world; by prudence, economy, and good judgment in making sound investments; by putting by, little by little, each month and each year; nay, by making a resolve never to risk the hard-earned sums in the hazardous practice of gambling in stocks.

If we observe the facts which history teaches us,

we find this method of raising lasting fortunes the one confirmed by events. It was by attending to their business, by slow and careful increase, by proving themselves trustworthy and faithful to their clients, and by never, on any account, entering into bubble speculations, that such princes of wealth as the Rothschilds, the Barings, George Peabody, Peter Cooper, John Jacob Astor attained their great financial influence and their huge incomes.

All these men were engaged in doing something, or selling something, for the benefit of mankind. Their good fortunes came justly from the confidence with which they inspired those with whom they had relations. Through several generations, the two greatest banking firms in the world—the Rothschilds and the Barings—have sustained this reputation for honesty and probity, and their strictly legitimate business thrift. Were it ever known that either engaged in the wild speculations of the stock exchange, there can be no doubt that a large portion of their power, and very likely their fortunes also, would soon be dissipated.

The best way is to acquire money by hard, honest work. It stays longer by those who so obtain it; and its possession is far sweeter when earned by the toil of the brow, than when it is got by the feverish transactions of stock gambling.

Squandering Energies.

Carlyle once asked an Edinburgh student what he was studying for. The youth replied that he had not quite made up his mind. There was a sudden flash of the old Scotchman's eye, a sudden pulling down of the shaggy eyebrows, and the stern face grew sterner as he said: "The man without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder—a waif, a nothing, a no man. Have a purpose in life, if it is only to kill and divide and sell oxen well, but have a purpose; and having it, throw such strength of mind and muscle into your work as God has given you."

"What are you making, Tom?" asked a lounger in a blacksmith's shop of the new apprentice, who was hammering away vigorously upon a piece of iron.

"I don't know," replied the embryo Vulcan, "but I reckon if I keep working on it, it will make something."

So he put the bit of iron again into the fire, and blew the bellows until the ruddy, glowing light reached every corner of the little dingy shop, and a bright shower of sparks fell around. Then when it was red hot he put it again upon the anvil, and hammered it this way and that, expending a great deal of time and muscular energy. At length he threw it aside, exclaiming:

"There! I didn't make anything after all."

I have often thought that many young people are

living like the young blacksmith. They have materials, time, health and talents, of which something noble and useful should be made, but they just live along, without an aim at anything in particular, and with no idea of what they will be or do. And so, before they are aware, the close of life comes upon them, and they find that they have "not made anything, after all." There are some who have an object in view, but it is a low one, unworthy the toil of immortal beings. It may be the heaping together of riches, sensuous pleasures, or the gratification of some more laudable ambition. But if it is pursued without taking our duty to God and our fellow-creatures into account, and gained, it will prove so poor, so unsatisfying in the end, that the same regret will be felt, that "nothing has been made, after all."

A man may be an eternal failure, although his footsteps glitter with gold and his words sparkle with knowledge. That man is the most successful in the divine kingdom who sets in motion the greatest amount of spiritual power for the glory of God, whatever may be the opinions or rewards of fallen mortals.

For our part. we believe in system, order, method, to the full extent of our capacity to understand their value, we know that learning, genius, zeal, often waste themselves in fruitless self-destructive exertions, for the lack of method. We have no confidence in blind force. Crooked and gnarled oaks cannot be split in straight lines, or by the blunt end of the wedge with ever so great an outlay of power. Power working in the wrong direction is at a ruinous disadvantage, and

the greater the power, in such a case, the greater the danger, damage and disaster.

Men do not like to face their circumstances, and so they turn their backs on the truth. They try all sorts of schemes to get out of their difficulties, and like the Banbury tinker, they make three holes in the saucepan to mend one. They are like Pedley, who burned a penny-candle in looking for a farthing. They borrow of Peter to pay Paul, and then Peter is let in for it. At last people fight shy of them, and say that they are as honest as a cat when the meat is out of reach, and they murmur that plain dealing is dead, and died without issue. Too much cunning overdoes its work, and in the long run there is no craft which is so wise as simple honesty.

I would not be hard on a poor fellow, nor pour water on a drowned mouse; if through misfortune the man can't pay, why he can't pay, and let him say so, and do the honest thing with what little he has, and kind hearts will feel for him. It is hard to sail over the sea in an egg-shell, and it is not much easier to pay your way when your capital is all gone. Out of nothing comes nothing, and you may turn your nothing over a long time before it will grow into a ten pound note. The way to Babylon will never bring you to Jerusalem, and borrowing, and diving deeper into debt, will never get a man out of difficulties. Let the poor, unfortunate tradesman hold to his honesty as he would to his life. The straight road is the shortest cut. Better break stones on the road than break the law of God.

There are other ways of using the old saying. It is hard for a hypocrite to keep up his profession. Empty sacks can't stand upright in a church any better than in a granary. Prating does not make saints, or there would be plenty of them. Long prayers and loud professions only deceive the simple, and those who see further than the surface soon spy out the wolf under the sheepskin.

If we could only sooner give up thinking to "gather grapes from thorns and figs from thistles," we would be spared some of life's sorest disappointments. But we can never quite believe that in *our* garden like will invariably produce like: and so we go on and on industriously cultivating the ugly, thorny stalks we have so long cherished, sure that *some day* they will bud and blossom, and bear delicious fruit. We dig and plant, and water and wait — for a *full harvest of thorns*.

There is something in this phrase, which we hear every day, that set us to thinking this morning as a young man passed out of a shop of one of our friends. "I am sorry for that poor fellow; it seems that he can't get along," said the proprietor of the store.

Why not? That young man was a good accountant, an elegant penman, did not drink nor gamble, and his integrity was undoubted, and yet he fails to get along. He has neither wife nor child, no poor relation, no crippled brother nor bed-ridden aunt to support, but he fails to get along. What were his defects? He lacked punctuality. He wanted neither industry nor ability, but that nature given instinct of

the western world—energy. He was always a little behind time. Appoint his own hour to meet him, and you were sure to be detained from ten minutes to half an hour waiting for him. He had some excuse always on the tip of his tongue, but you never felt sure of your man.

In the business world an unpunctual man is simply a robber, for he not only consumes his time when belonging to other people, but wastes theirs by his delays.

The watched pot never boils; there are people forever in search for happiness who never find it. Happiness oftenest comes by indirection. You are intent on duty, and are surprised to find you have stumbled on more than you sought! To make happiness an end of your seeking is an easy way not to find it. It is a coy blessing. Hovering about your path it yet eludes your grasp. Attempt to put your hands on it, and, like the wild gazelle upon the mountains, it bounds away. The search for happiness is like the search for the end of the rainbow—it recedes as you advance. You cannot capture it. After all your planning and straining after happiness, you will have to give up the pursuit and content yourself with following the plain and plodding path of duty, and to find your joy in fidelity to conscience and in obedience to the divine will. Once in this state, happiness comes to you unsought, dropping down, as it were, from the skies—a surprising benediction in the midst of your cares and burdens, as though it would say to you: "You could not capture me, but lo! I am here, and at

your service." In attaining this blessing imitate the boatman who, in crossing the stream, directs his prow above the point of destination, and so makes sure of it. Aim at something higher than happiness; aim to be good, holy, pure and true, and the higher will be sure to include the lower.

"The weakest living creature," says Carlyle, "by concentrating his powers on a single object, can accomplish something; whereas the strongest, by dispersing his over many, may fail to accomplish anything." Have we difficulties to contend with? Then work through them. No exorcism charms like labor. Idleness of mind and body resembles rust. It wears more than work. "I would rather work out than rust out," said a noble worker. Schiller said that he found the greatest happiness in life to consist in the performance of some mechanical duty.

With the civilized man, contentment is a myth. From the cradle to the grave he is forever longing and striving after something better, an indefinable something, some new object yet unattained. Our Master has fitted our work to our hands, knowing our ability, understanding our difficulties, considering our weakness, but not indolence, and leaving no place in all Zion for idle hands to fold themselves to slumber.

The Christian who is always finding difficulties in his own way is pretty certain to be an effectual block in somebody else's way. There ever seem to be difficulties in plenty for one who spends the time in hunting after them; but they either vanish before the resolute soul that presses forward toward the mark of

the high calling of God which is in Christ Jesus, or else grace is given to overcome them as they are met. The point is simply to press forward; and above all things, to make sure that oneself is not a difficulty.

The thing which an active mind most needs, is a purpose and direction worthy of its activity. The dread that we have that precious hopes will never be realized is more than half of the burden that we have to bear. Better fail a thousand times, and in everything else, than attempt to shape for yourself a life without God, without hope in Christ, and without an interest in heaven. But those who have a high, pure aim in life, some noble end to be accomplished for the benefit of our fellow creatures, and the advancement of the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom, if such an object is labored and striven for, in the strength of the Lord, something precious and beautiful in the sight of God and the angels will be formed, a full and completely rounded life, answering the end for which it was created.

Strength of Character.

It is often said that knowledge is power, and this is true. For faculty of any kind carries with it superiority. So, to a certain extent, wealth is power, and genius has a transcendent gift of mastery over men. But higher, purer, and better than all, more consistent in its influence and more lasting in its sway, is the

power of character; that power which emanates from a pure and lofty mind.

Take any community—who is the man of influence? To whom do all look up with reverence? Not the "smartest" man, nor the cleverest politician, nor the most brilliant talker, but he who in a long course of years, tried by the extremes of prosperity and adversity, has approved himself to the judgment of his neighbors, and all who have seen his life, as worthy to be called wise and good.

The best advertisement of a workshop is first-class work. The strongest attraction to Christianity is a well-made Christian character.

Character is a plant of the slowest growth. A completely fashioned will is the achievement of such grand and beautiful proportions that infinite care and pains may well be spent on its foundations, and its gradual building up, part after part, into commanding height and spacious breadth and noble symmetry. Truly, the foundations of this structure are deeper than our visible and conscious individual life. They are many generations deep.

If you would build a good character, don't expect to do it in a day, a month, or even a year; for you will be disappointed, as it will take a lifetime. Commence by laying a good and broad foundation, and then let the structure rise slowly and surely. Christ must be the foundation stone. It takes years and years to obtain a good education, and then a student is always acquiring more knowledge. To acquire a pure, strong character is the holiest and grandest work of man.

One speaks as follows of character: It makes friends, creates funds, draws patronage and support, and opens a sure way to honor, wealth and happiness. Dr. Vincent says: "An ounce of *heart* is worth a ton of culture; the mightiest force in the world is heart-force." "Like November roses blooming in the midst of winter's bleakness; like green oases in the sandy desert; like the great gulf stream, which flows from the Western world through the ocean, yet distinct from it in color and warmth; so should Christians be in the world—of it, but not confounded with it. As the Jews have ever been a peculiar people by their manners, appearance and religion, so should Christians, by the holiness of their lives, be distinguished from all the world besides."

Only what we have wrought into our characters during life can we take away with us. The patient pursuance of a high ideal is the crucial test of nature; desperately to miss it may be the final discipline of character. The trials and temptations of this life are making us fit for the life to come—building up a character for eternity. You have been in a piano manufactory; did you ever go there for the sake of music? Go into the tuning-room and you will say; "This is a dreadful place to be in; I cannot bear it; I thought you made music here."

Composure is very often the highest result of strength. Did we never see a man receive a flagrant insult, and only grow a little pale and then reply quietly? That was a man spiritually strong. Or did we never see a man in anguish stand, as if carved out of

solid rock, mastering himself? or one bearing a hopeless daily trial remain silent, and never tell the world what it was that cankered his home-peace? That is strength. He who with strong passions remains chaste; he who, keenly sensitive, with manly power of indignation in him, can be provoked and yet refrain himself, and forgive:—these are strong men, spiritual heroes.

The human soul, as it exists, can be made perfect only through struggle and suffering. Nowhere else have these elements so beneficent an office as in the case of man. The higher manifestations of character spring almost entirely from the soil of sorrow. If we should strike out from human history the heroic and saintly characters which have been born from suffering, all that is noble and reverent in it would depart. If we should strike from literature all to which sorrow has given birth, its inspiration would perish forever, Even the presence of death has brought a solemn tenderness and dignity into human affection, which had otherwise been impossible. Virtue, too, acquires sturdiness only from resisted temptations; and even mind itself grows only through obstacle and resistance.

"Can you judge a man's character by his desires?" I answer, yes. I will give you the other side of the question, that you may see your own side all the more clearly. You may certainly judge a bad man by his desires. Here is a man who desires to be a thief. Well, he is a thief in heart and spirit. Who would trust him in his house now that he knows that he groans to rob and steal? Here is a man who desires to be an

adulterer—is he not in God's sight already such? Did not Jesus tell us so? Here is a man who desires to be a Sabbath-breaker, but he is compelled by his situation to attend the house of God: he is really in God's sight a Sabbath breaker, because he would follow his own works on God's holy day if he had an opportunity. The desire to commit a fraud, and especially the earnest desire to do it, would prove a man to be a villain at heart. If a man were to say, "I want to cut my enemy's throat, I am full of revenge, I am groaning to murder him," is he not a murderer already before God? Let us, then, measure out justice in our own case by the rule which we allow towards others.

The habit of willing is called purpose, and, from what has been said, the importance of forming a right purpose early in life will be obvious. "Character," says Novalis, "is a completely-fashioned will;" and the will, when once fashioned, may be steady and constant for life. When the true man, bent on good, holds by his purpose, he places but small value on the rewards or praises of the world; his own approving conscience, and the "well-done" which awaits him, is his best reward.

The first Lord Shaftesbury, in a conversation with Locke, broached a theory of character and conduct which threw a light upon his own. He said that wisdom lay in the heart and not in the head, and that it was not the want of knowledge but the perverseness of will that filled men's actions with folly, and their lives with disorder. Mere knowledge does not give vigor to character. A man may reason too

much. He may weigh the thousand probabilities on either side, and come to no action, no decision. Knowledge is thus a check upon action. The will must act in the light of the spirit and the understanding, and the soul then springs into full life and action.

It is, therefore, of the utmost importance that attention should be directed to the improvement and strengthening of the Will; for without this there can neither be independence, nor firmness, nor individuality of character. Without it we cannot give truth its proper force, nor morals their proper direction, nor save ourselves from being machines in the hands of worthless and designing men. Intellectual cultivation will not give decision of character. Philosophers discuss; decisive men act. "Not to resolve," says Bacon, "*is* to resolve"—that is to do nothing.

No man can rise above the constraining considerations which spring from interest, feeling, safety, pleasure, in reference to all minor questions of duty, save as he resolves religion into some great general principles and purposes, from the decision of which there is no appeal. These principles, wisely adopted and well understood, will marshal all the chances and changes of life, all its untoward events, all its interfering agencies, so that they shall fall into ranks like well-trained soldiers under the command of a superior officer. They simplify religion, disentangle it from all purely selfish influences, from the bias of worldly interests, from the guile of passion, and leave a man free to glorify God according to the Scriptures.

How simple and sublime the character, deriving its

greatness and worth from God and duty! How grandly independent is he who knows no fear but the fear of God, who seeks no favor but the smile of Jesus, and whose single eye scans all things, great and small, in the light which no shadow can eclipse! His life regulated by one great pervading law and purpose, he escapes all the trials by which feebler and less decided Christians are tormented and impeded. His heart, consecrated in all its plans and purposes, falters not at sacrifice, or peril, or suffering. Difficulties and doubts he has none. His religion is to him a law that never changes. His heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord. His plan of life settled scripturally, advisedly, and in the fear of God, he is not to be bought or bribed, frightened or defeated.

Turning neither to the right nor left, he moves right on. If, along his pathway, the den of lions opens, he lies down and lodges for the night, and in the morning tells how the angel kept him. If the furnace be kindled to test or to destroy him, he walks unburned in the flame, and comes forth without the smell of fire upon his garments. Escaped from the shallows and the breakers where so many toil with unavailing oar, he has launched on the deep, and, favored by wind and tide, looks with lively hope for an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Nothing of character is really permanent but virtue and personal worth. These remain. Whatever of excellence is wrought into the soul itself belongs to both worlds. Real goodness does not attach itself

merely to this life; it points to another world. Political or professional reputation cannot last forever; but a conscience void of offense before God and man, is an inheritance for eternity. *Religion*, therefore, is a necessary and indispensable element in any great human character. There is no living without it. Religion is the tie that connects man with his Creator, and holds him to his throne. If that tie be all sundered, all broken, he floats away, a worthless atom in the universe; its proper attractions all gone, its destiny thwarted, and its whole future nothing but darkness, desolation, and death. A man with no sense of religious duty is he whom the Scriptures describe, in such terse but terrific language, as living "without God in the world." Such a man is out of his proper being, out of the circle of all his duties, out of the circle of all his happiness, and away, far, far away, from the purposes of his creation.

Strength of Influence.

Bound together, as we are, by the ties of a common nature and of mutual dependence, every man is a fountain of influence, good or bad, conservative or destructive. Whether he will or not, he is an example. His language, spirit, actions, habits, his very manners, all tell—forming the taste, moulding the character, and shaping the course of others, to the end of time. *No man liveth to himself.* He cannot. Ap-

parently he may, but really he does not. His plans and his aspirations may all revolve around himself as a common centre, but within and without their orbits will be concentric circles, enclosing other agents and other interests. He may rear walls around his possessions, call his lands by his own name, and his inward thought may be, as the world phrase it, to take care of himself and his dependents; but he can neither limit the effect of his plans nor forecast the inheritance of his estate. Another enters even into his labors. Disruptive changes abolish his best-concerted schemes, and scatter to the winds all the securities by which he sought to fence and individualize his own peculiar interest.

"Gather up my influence and bury it with me," were the dying words of a young man to the weeping friends at his bedside, as stated to the writer a while since by one to whom he was dear. What a wish was this! What deep anguish of heart there must have been as the young man reflected upon his past life! a life which had not been what it should have been. With what deep regrets must his very soul have been filled as he thought of those young men whom he had influenced for evil!—influences which he felt must if possible be eradicated, and which led him, faintly but pleadingly, to breathe out such a dying request, "Gather up my influence and bury it with me."

My young friends, the influence of your lives, for good or evil, cannot be gathered up by your friends after your eyes are closed in death, no matter how earnestly you may plead in your last moments on

earth. Your influence has gone out from you; you alone were responsible; you had the power to govern, to shape; your influence no human being can withdraw. Such a request cannot be fulfilled. It is impossible.

We are either scattering abroad, or gathering in the great harvest field of souls. A word, a look, an apparently unimportant act, may affect the eternal interests of some young man who is quietly looking to us for example. They easily see if we are hankering after the follies and amusements of this world, or if we are living what we profess. A young man some time ago, in accepting an invitation to an evening's entertainment, found himself unexpectedly in a company where all were engaged in card-playing and wine-drinking. He could not leave the circle, nor express his disapprobation of the condition of things, but sit quietly by and lift a prayer for the dear friends around him, which he did, and departed for his home at the close of the evening.

Years passed, the circumstance had nearly left his memory. One day a friend inquired, "Do you remember being present at an evening party when all but yourself were engaged in card-playing and wine-drinking? You sat silently by, saying nothing on the subject, but refusing to participate. A. was among the guests. Your silent disapproval smote his heart and was the means of his conversion." Reader, what influence are you exerting day by day in your walk in life, as a professed follower of the Lord Jesus Christ? Are you as a light set upon a hill, that others may

take knowledge of you, that you are living and acting day by day as you have professed to believe? What is your silent influence among the young men of your acquaintance?

We are touching our fellow-beings on all sides. They are affected for good or for evil by what we are, by what we say and do, even by what we think and feel. May-flowers in the parlor breathe their fragrance through the atmosphere. We are each of us as silently saturating the atmosphere about us with the subtile aroma of our character. In the family circle, besides and beyond all the teaching, the daily life of each parent and child mysteriously modifies the life of every person in the household. The same process on a wider scale is going on through the community. Others are built up and strengthened by our unconscious deeds; and others may be wrenched out of their places and thrown down by our unconscious influence.

If we have been denied those extraordinary talents which ever give their possessors such influence, we are apt to imagine there is nothing for us to do. But this is not so:

> Every one though poor and humble,
> Has a mission to fulfill,
> Every hand though small and feeble,
> Can work out some good or ill.

We, then, who may mourn over the want of talents, the inability to accomplish great things, should take courage. Though we be not distinguished for brilliant acquirements, though the worldly and the gay seek not our society, though listening senates and

crowded assemblies hang not upon the eloquence of our tongue, yet we may exert an influence, unobserved save by an all-seeing eye, an influence gentle as the dew-drop, sweet as the fragrant flower—which will live when the vain and frivolous are forgotten, when the statesman and the orator are stilled in death. If we have soothed one aching heart, if we have spoken one word of encouragement to an erring brother, if we have given even a cup of cold water to one of the household of faith, we are not living in vain. Such deeds though seemingly trifling, are precious in the sight of God, and are recorded in his jeweled ledgers in characters as imperishable as eternity.

The mother of the Rev. John Newton, a pious woman of the south of England, died when he was but seven years old, leaving him only the memory of her religious teaching and goodness. At an early age he became a dissipated sailor. The memory of his mother brought him to himself and started a stream of incalculable influence. Through him Claudius Buchanan was converted, who became a missionary to India. He wrote "The Star in the East," which made Adoniram Judson a missionary to India. Newton was also the means of converting Thomas Scott, the commentator. Through him Cowper was rescued from despondency, and his harp tuned to the key of religion. His influence upon the career of Wilberforce is asserted, and also that the abolition of the slave trade was one of its remote results. Wilberforce wrote "A Practical View of Christianity," a useful book, the instrument of converting Leigh Richmond, the author

of "The Dairy-man's Daughter," which has saved thousands. Back of it all stands the faithful mother of John Newton.

Many a man has not got so far from your sympathy but that one word, kindly said in his ear, "My friend, you are going wrong," will check him. The difficulty is that we let men go so far from our sympathy that we cannot reach them. Now, it is this individual work that I believe is to reform the world, and bring it back to God.

Indeed, the learning of letters and words and sentences is not of the importance that some think it to be. Learning has nothing to do with goodness or happiness. It may destroy humility and give place to pride. The chief movers of men have been little addicted to literature. Literary men have often attained to greatness of thought which influences men in all ages; but they rarely attain to moral greatness of action.

Alexander Knox says, "Feeling will be best excited by sympathy; rather it cannot be excited in any other way. Heart must act upon heart: the idea of a living person being essential to all intercourse of heart." True manliness can only exist when the good is sought for its own sake, either as a recognized law of pure duty, or from the feeling of the constraining beauty of virtue. This alone reacts upon the human character.

Men are regenerated, not so much by truth in the abstract, as by the divine inspiration that comes through human goodness and sympathy. That is the touch of nature which "makes the whole world akin." The man

who throws himself into the existence of another, and exerts his utmost efforts to help him in all ways—socially, morally, religiously—exerts a divine influence. He is enveloped in the strongest safeguard. He bids defiance to selfishness. He comes out of his trial humble, yet noble.

Be as careful of the books you read as of the company you keep; for your habits and character will be as much influenced by the former as the latter.

Nothing takes place without leaving traces behind it; and these are in many cases so distinct and various, as to leave not a doubt of their cause. We all understand how, in the material world, events testify of themselves to future ages. Should we visit an unknown region, and behold masses of lava covered with soil of different degrees of thickness, and surrounding a blackened crater, we should have as firm a persuasion of the occurrence of remote and successive volcanic eruptions as if we had lived through the ages in which they took place. The chasms of the earth would report how terribly it had been shaken, and the awful might of long extinguished fires would be written in desolations which ages had failed to efface. Now conquest, and civil and religious revolutions, leave institutions, manners, and a variety of monuments, which are inexplicable without them, and which, taken together, admit not a doubt of their occurrence.

No human being can come into this world without increasing or diminishing the sum total of human happiness, not only of present, but of every subsequent age of humanity. No one can detach himself from

this connection. There is no sequestered spot in the universe, no dark niche along the disc of non-existence, to which he can retreat from his relations to others, where he can withdraw the influence of his existence upon the moral destiny of the world; everywhere his presence or absence will be felt—everywhere he will have companions who will be better or worse for his influence. It is an old saying, and one of fearful and fathomless import, that we are forming characters for eternity. Forming characters! Whose? our own or others? Both; and in that momentous fact lies the peril and responsibility of our existence. Who is sufficient for the thought? Thousands of my fellow-beings will yearly enter eternity with characters differing from those they would have carried thither had I never lived. The sunlight of that world will reveal my finger-marks in their primary formations, and in their successive strata of thought and life.

CONSTANCY.

Without constancy there is neither love, friendship nor virtue in the world.

PLODDING zeal is better than spasmodic zeal. You can count on it, but you never know when spasmodic zeal will burn out. It is the difference between a good solid stove thorougly warmed for a long winter night with anthracite coal, and a sheet-iron stove red hot with a handful of shavings. How soon the red glare fades into darkness when the shavings are gone! And how

soon they are gone! Give us the plodding tortoise every time rather than the over-confident, frivolous hare.

How it stirs the nobler feelings of one's nature to think even for a moment of that grand host who in all ages, and oftentimes aimed cruel persecutions, have battled for the right!

At the mention of their names the heart leaps as at the sound of majestic music. We bless God that the world, sin-smitten as it is, has yet been trodden by Enoch, Moses, Elijah, Daniel, and all the glorious band of prophets, apostles and martyrs; and that even in these latter days noble men and women who adhere to truth, justice and charity, have swelled the numbers of that illustrious host, "part of whom have crossed the flood and part are crossing now."

Hope may be drenched, but it cannot be drowned. The world is filled with objects of interest and improvement; see all you can and gain knowledge from every thing you see. Deep convictions setting in the right direction hold the soul steady in its course against the comparatively lighter influences and passions which fret the surface of life.

Write your name by kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of the people you come in contact with, and you will never be forgotten. If you would rise in the world, you must not stop to kick at every cur that looks at you as you pass along. A vapid mind continually struggles, the feeble one limps, but a great mind selects the surest points, and upon these it stands. There is a time when thou mayest say nothing and a

time when thou mayest say something; but there never will be a time when thou shouldest say all things.

Do we, who have been surrounded from babyhood by strong religious influences, realize how hard it must be to stand up straight and honorable without such surroundings?

In a nursery, a young elm, sheltered by its fellows, finds it easy to grow straight up to the blue sky above. But take it and plant it out on a prairie, where winds coming forward in one unbroken sweep for miles strike against it,and have it blow with more force from one particular quarter than from any other, and how is it then? Almost impossible for it not to be bent by the pressure of circumstances. But a youth has an advantage over an elm. The latter has no cable to hold it firm, the youth has. One that reaches to the All Powerful. It is *possible*, with this aid, for the youth to stand against the greatest storm of adverse winds that ever blew. And to stand firm. The words that are infallible have been spoken! "Lo I am with you always, even unto the end."

"There is no greater mistake," said Dr. Bushnell, "than to suppose that Christians can impress the world by agreeing with it. No; it is not conformity that we want; it is not being able to beat the world in its own way; but it is to stand apart and *above* it, and to produce the impression of a holy and separate life. This only can give us a true Christian power."

Xenophon relates that when an Armenian prince had been taken captive with his princess by Cyrus, and was asked what he would give to be restored to his

kingdom, he replied, "As for my kingdom and liberty, I value them not; but if my blood would redeem my princess, I would cheerfully give it for her." When Cyrus had liberated them both, the princess was asked what she thought of Cyrus. "I did not see him," she said; "I noticed only him who offered to die for me."

I may faint and be weary, but my God cannot. I may alter and fluctuate as to my frames, but my Redeemer is unchangeably the same. I might utterly fail and come to nothing if left to myself; but I cannot be so left to myself, for the Spirit of truth hath said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

Evil thoughts may come to us, but we are not obliged to entertain them. Some one has aptly remarked, "We cannot hinder the birds flying over our heads, but we can prevent their making nests in our hair."

Bearing the cross for Christ's sake does not involve the sacrifice of any legitimate joy, but we must resist the fascinations of the world, and we are promised grace in our weaker moments. Trials must needs come to make us strong and to prepare us for our work. Christ was made perfect through suffering.

God has so arranged it that nothing is really ours and only becomes ours when, by strength of will, we force it out of the world's unwilling arms. Bear with yourself, but do not flatter yourself. Work effectually and steadily at the correction of your faults, yet calmly and without the impatience of self-love.

Power of Habit.

Habit is a cable. We weave the thread of it every day, and at length we cannot break it. The chains of habit are generally too small to be felt, until they are too strong to be broken. To one who murmured because he rebuked him for a small matter, Plato replied: "Custom is no small matter. A custom or habit of life does frequently alter the natural inclination for good or evil." After a series of years, winding up a watch at a certain hour, it becomes so much of a routine as to be done in utter unconsciousness; meanwhile the mind and body are engaged in something different.

Habit constantly strengthens all our active exertions. Whatever we do often, we become more and more apt to do. A snuff-taker begins with a pinch of snuff per day, and ends with a pound or two every month. Swearing begins in anger; it ends by mingling itself with ordinary conversation.

Habits of speech, when formed in early life, are the most ineradicable of all habits; and this one, I believe, is absolutely beyond the reach of any discipline, and even of prolonged association with good speakers. In England I observed many people in a constant struggle with their *h*, overcoming and being overcome, and sometimes triumphing when victory was defeat.

Bad habits are the thistles of the heart, and every

indulgence of them is a seed from which will come forth a new crop of rank weeds. There are habits contracted by bad example or bad management, before we have judgment to discern their approaches, or because the eye of reason is laid asleep, or has not compass of view sufficient to look around on every quarter.

It was a quaint and singularly wise remark, by a modern essayist, that no one's example is so dangerous to us as our own; for when we have done a certain thing once, it is so much easier to do it again. It is the first step which counts, in evil as well as in good. The tendency of human nature to form habits, to run in grooves, is one of its most marked characteristics. Fortunately for us, it has its good side as well as its bad side. If we can only too easily form a habit of petulance, of ill-temper, we can also, by trying, form a habit of self-control; and each fresh victory over ourselves is easier than the first.

A habit of application is, it would be safe to say, of as much importance to almost any great man as is his genius. Not that any amount of application can make a dull man brilliant; but that without steady application a brilliant man might almost as well be dull, as far as anything that he is likely to accomplish is concerned. "Perseverance is genius," several great men have said, in slightly varying phrase; but this is not true. Perseverance is only the right hand of genius. Something is breathed into a man at his birth—a divine fire, a gift of God—which makes great things possible to him, while to his brother in the next cradle they

would be impossible forever. But having received this divine fire, he must give it fuel. It is the sign that he must work more, and not less than his fellows; and so there is no one thing so remarkable in the history of our great men as their habits of prodigious application.

The serpent of appetite does not begin to hurt until it has wound itself around its victim, then it tightens, strangles, and crushes, until the bones crack, the blood flows, eyes start from sockets, brain reels and tongue leadens; yet with all these examples before him, the victim goes on, till too late to stop his passage over the dark, fitful river.

The New York "Herald" says that four-fifths of the five thousand bodies that reach the Morgue in that city every year are sent there by drunkenness. It is related of the poet Burns, that, after he became a slave to his great enemy, strong drink, he once said that "if a barrel of rum was placed in one corner of the room, and a loaded cannon in another pointing toward him, ready to be fired if he approached the barrel, he had no choice but to go for the rum." If the chain which binds a man, when wound about him in its full strength, is so great, what shall be said of those who thoughtlessly forge the first links? Are you forging any?

Of all the kings of the earth, there is not one who rules so many people as King Habit. Almost every man, woman and child obeys him, both the good and the bad, the wise and the foolish. It is strange that each person creates this King Habit for himself first,

and then bows before him. And this is the way in which King Habit is created. A man does something or other one day, without thinking much about it; for instance, he plays with his watch-chain while he is talking to a friend; a few days afterwards he meets another friend, and as he talks to him, again his fingers get to the same place, while he is thinking of something to say; next day he is chatting with another friend, and again he twitches and twirls his chain, and after a little while he can hardly get a word out unless he is fidgeting with his watch-chain. He has by degrees made a King Habit for himself, which he may have great trouble in driving from his throne.

There was once a member of Parliament who had got into a habit of always putting his hand under his coat, and pulling at the strings at the back of his waistcoat while he was speaking. A rival who had noticed this trick, one day when the other was going to make a great speech, managed to cut the strings off. It is said that the poor man got up, began his speech, put his hands to pull the waistcoat strings, found they were gone, lost the thread of his argument—began again, coughed, stammered, stuck, and at last sat down, covered with confusion. King Habit was too strong for him. He had got into the way of pulling his waistcoat strings when he spoke, and without them he could not get on. This was only a silly habit, but habits that are good and habits that are bad are formed in the same way, and rule over us in like manner; therefore we ought to take care what kind of kings we are setting upon the throne.

Nearly all the disagreeable habits which people take up, come at first from mere accident, or want of thought. They might easily be dropped, but they are persisted in until they become second nature. Stop and think before you allow yourself to form them.

The Orientals portray the growth and power of a bad habit by the following fable: "As Abdallah lingered over his morning repast, a little fly lighted on his goblet, took a sip and was gone. It came again and again, increased its charms, became bolder and bolder, grew in size until it presented the likeness of a man. It consumed Abdallah's meat, so that he grew thin and weak, while his guest became great and strong. Then contention arose between them, and the youth smote the demon, so that he departed, and the youth rejoiced at his deliverance. But the demon soon came again, charmingly arrayed, and was restored to favor. On the morning the youth came not to his teacher. The mufti, searching, found him in his chamber, lying dead upon his divan. His visage was black and swollen, and on his throat was the pressure of a finger, broader than the palm of a mighty man. His treasures were gone. In the garden the mufti discovered the foot-prints of a giant, one of which measured six cubits."

Bentham says, "Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change. No single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character; but as the tempest hurls

the avalanche down the mountain, and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief, which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue.

"Habit," says St. Augustine, "if not resisted, becomes necessity." Dr. Johnson has well expressed the same truth, "The diminutive chains of habit are seldom heavy enough to be felt till they are too strong to be broken." As Archbishop Whately has said, "It is important to keep in mind that habits are formed, not at one stroke, but gradually and insensibly; so that, unless vigilant care be employed, a great change may come over the character without our being conscious of any."

What power there is in habit! Are not all men, for the most part, controlled by their habits? True, a man can will to cross the current of his habits, but it is rarely done. And when one does summon courage to make the attempt, it is then very like crossing a swollen stream with a frail canoe—there is a mighty drift, and the landing is not straight across from the starting point, but far below it.

It is the habitual thought that frames itself into our life. It affects us even more than our intimate social relations do. Our confidential friends have not as much to do in shaping our lives as the thoughts have which we harbor.

A very profane man was once overtaken in a furious storm. The forest trees were falling upon every side, and in alarm he looked around for a place of

refuge. Just then a giant oak fell across his path, and he crept beneath its protecting roots, where he lay trembling with fear until the storm abated.

On reaching home his pious neighbor said to him:

"My friend, what were thy thoughts while under the tree?"

"Well," he replied, "I could think of nothing but an oath, but I didn't dare to *speak* it for fear of the Almighty."

What a fearful state in which to face death!

His heart full of the blackness of profanity, which in this hour of deadly peril rose up with the overpowering impulse of a life-long habit.

How different would have been his feelings had he always taught his heart and lips to love and praise the God whom he so greatly feared!

MAN AND CIRCUMSTANCES.

If you cannot find a place to fit you, strive to fit the place in which you find yourself.

> Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
> When our deep plots do pall; and that should teach us
> There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will.

IT is not the situation which makes the man, but the man who makes the situation. A freeman may be in chains. A slave may sit on a throne. He who fills the situation exalts or debases it. Martyrs glorified

the scaffold. Christ transformed the cross from a gibbet into the most glorious symbol of the ages.

Never complain of your birth, your employment, or your hardships. Never murmur and think that it would have been better for you to have had a different position in life. God understands his own plan, and he knows what you need a great deal better than you do. It is nothing new that the patient should dislike his medicines, or any proof that they are poisons. Bring yourself to receive God's will, and do his work in your lot and sphere, under your cloud of obscurity, and against all your temptations.

Let us learn that to be engaged in lowly employment is no hardship. If a great king should put his lowest subject to doing a task he had set before his most trusted friend, think you the subject could complain of harsh treatment? God called Moses his friend, and honored him with an intimacy he has allowed no other human being, talking with him face to face; and yet this very Moses was set to tending sheep for forty years. Who are we, that we should think lowly toil a hardship, and murmur against it?

Your neighbor, no better nor abler than you, is left in wealth and high position, while you are set to lowly toil; will you conclude that God honors him and dishonors you? Oh, when will Christians learn to look at circumstances no longer through the distorting medium of the world's glasses, but through the clear lens of God's word of truth?

To deny that man is, in a sense, the creature of circumstances, is equal to the denial that two and two

make four; and to deny that man cannot make circumstances, is equal to affirming that two and two make five. It is a painful fact, but there is no denying it, the mass are the tools of circumstances; thistledown on the breeze, straw on the river, their course is shaped for them by the currents and eddies of the stream of life; but only in proportion as they are things, not men and women. Man was meant to be not the slave, but the master of circumstances; and in proportion as he recovers his humanity, in every sense of the great obsolete word—in proportion as he gets back the spirit of manliness, which is self-sacrifice, affection, loyalty to an idea beyond himself, a God above himself, so far will he rise above circumstances and wield them at his will.

Place a young girl under the care of a kind-hearted woman, and she, unconsciously herself, grows into a graceful lady. Place a boy in the establishment of thorough-going, straightforward business men, and the boy becomes a self-reliant, practical business man. Children are susceptible creatures, and circumstances, scenes and actions always impress. As you influence them, not by arbitrary rules, not by stern example alone, but a thousand other ways that speak through beautiful forms, pictures, etc., so they will grow.

Providence throws about us an intricate network of circumstances, influences and responsibilities from which we cannot honorably escape, and before we are ready to begin the survey of life's pathway, it is already marked out for us; ay, and footworn in some directions we never meant to follow. A light supper,

a good night's sleep, and a fine morning have often made a hero of the same man who, by indigestion, a restless night, and a rainy morning would have proved a coward.

Spare moments are the gold-dust of time; and Young was writing a true as well as a striking line, when he taught that "Sands make the mountain, and moments make the year." Of all, the portions of our life, spare moments are the most fruitful in good or evil. They are the gaps through which temptations find the easiest access to the garden of the soul. Quick is the succession of human events. The cares of to-day are seldom the cares of to-morrow, and when we lie down at night we may safely say to most of our troubles, "Ye have done your worst, and we shall meet no more."

Sometimes men leap from obscurity to fame in a day. One of this rare sort was Leon Gambetta. On a certain day in 1868 Jules Favre, the renowned advocate, statesman and academician, had a great cause to plead; a cause, however, more political than legal. But that day he was ill; some one must take his place; and at a somewhat rash venture, he chose as his substitute an almost absolutely unknown, out-at-elbows, loud-talking Bohemian *cafe*-orator. M. Favre knew Gambetta but little; and mainly knew him as an ardent and out-spoken Republican. The mere issue of the trial, which was that of certain editors for opening their columns to the Baudin subscription, was nothing. At a time when, under the Empire, free speech was forbidden the Republicans on the platform,

such trials were seized upon by Republican orators as the occasions of fierce attacks upon the Napoleonic *regime*. What was needed, then, was a bold, eloquent, red-hot Republican, who would stand up and lash the Empire without mercy before a bench of Imperial judges. Gambetta electrified all France by his speech. It was a tremendous indictment against Napoleonism. Never did an orator produce more immediate or more overwhelming effect. The broad road of political fortune lay open before him.

Under the murky threats of the years ahead of us, it is the duty of the pastor, the pulpit, the press, politics, and the police — the five giant powers of these modern ages — to join arms and go forward in one phalanx for the execution of all those just public enactments which shut places of temptation, and leave a man a good chance to be born right the second time, by being born right the first time.

Few people, I imagine, realize the extreme dullness of the life of the poor. Cut off from the many interests which education or the possession of money gives, they have little left but the "trivial round, the common task," which indeed furnishes them with "room to deny themselves," but it is hardly, in their case at least, "the road to bring them daily nearer to God." This is especially true with regard to those men who cannot read. Unable to comprehend the ever-living interest of watching public affairs, prevented by ignorance, from following even in outline the action of nations, they are thrown back on the affairs of their neighbors, and center all their interest in the sayings and

doings of quarrelsome Mr. Jones or much-abused Mrs. Smith.

It is difficult for those of us to whom the world seems almost too full of interest to realize the deadening dullness of some of these lives. Let us imagine for an instant all knowledge of history, geography, art, science and language blotted out; all interests in politics, social movements, discoveries, obliterated; no society pleasures to anticipate; no trials of skill nor tests of proficiency in work or play to look forward to; no money at command to enable us to plan some pleasure for a friend or dependant; no books always at hand (the old friend waiting silently till their acquaintance is renewed, and the new ones standing ready to be learned and loved); no opportunities of getting change of scene and idea; no memories laden with pleasures of travel; no objects of real beauty to look at. What would our lives become?

And yet this is a true picture of the minds of thousands of the poorer classes whose time is passed in hard, monotonous work, or occupied in the petty cares of many children, and in satisfying the sordid wants of the body. In some cases precarious labor adds the element of uncertainty to the other troubles, an element which, by the fact of its bringing some interest, is enjoyed by the men, but adds tenfold to the many cares of the house-wife.

You are a manufacturer, or a merchant, or a mechanic, or a man of leisure, or a student, or a sewing-woman. God wants each one of you to serve him where you are. You have your business, use it for

God. Order it in a godly manner. Do not allow any wickedness in it. Give godly wages; preach Jesus to your clerks, not by a long face, but by being like him, doing good. Use your profits for God, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, visiting the sick, comforting the wretched, spreading the gospel far and wide. What a field you have to glorify God in, just where you are! If you have nothing, use your tools for him; he can glorify himself with them as easily as he could with a sheperd's stick, an ox-goad, a sling, or two mites. A poor girl who had nothing but a sewing-machine used it to aid a feeble church; all her earnings above her needs were given towards building a house of worship, and in a year she paid more than others a hundred times richer than she. So you can do if you will. Think of the widow with her two mites, the woman with the alabaster box, and Dorcas and her garments; you can do as much, and have as great a reward.

An Ounce of Prevention.

"He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will see the defect when the weaving of a lifetime is unrolled."

An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, says the old proverb. It is human nature to shirk and postpone, but true wisdom teaches a man to look before he leaps. Better try to find out what the end will be before you begin a doubtful undertaking. Look at the consequences of a sin before you decide

to yield to temptation and present gratification. Many a life-long struggle and final despair would have been saved if an ounce of prevention, forethought, had been used, and common experience accepted in time.

Many people think that the old adage, "Prevention is better than cure," applies to everything except intemperance, but that with drink, our philosophy is to wait until we discover we are fond of it, and then, and not till then, to relinquish it. Foster a bad habit till we become its slaves, and then break the shackles. Is it not better never to let the shackles get on?

There are no troubles that wear upon the temper and sap the foundations of all peace and comfort as do borrowed troubles; because there is no provision made in the divine economy for help to bear them. We have no promise that strength will be given to sustain us under the weight of imaginary burdens. Real trials, bravely and patiently borne, are moral tonics, strengthening and purifying in their influence, lifting the soul to higher levels and broader outlooks. But it is only by receiving them as they come, one at a time, and taking no thought for those of the morrow, that they will yield us the full measure of good with which they are fraught.

An ounce of keep-your-mouth-shut is better than a pound of explanation after you have said it. An elderly farmer had a squeaky door in his house. It annoyed him. He tightened the screws in the hinges without avail. He planed off the threshold without making it any better. He told his neighbor about it, whose doors never squeaked, and asked his advice.

"*Ile it*," said his neighbor. He did, and the door stopped squeaking. There are some people who pass through this life like a squeaky door. The hinges of life need "ileing." Christianity will do it. There are infinite resources in the grace of God.

The system that prevention is better than cure is infallible with little children—no one doubts that. Any parents who for want of rational precaution allowed their children to fall into the fire or the water, or to do one another some serious bodily harm, would be stigmatized as either wicked or insane. Yet, when the young people are growing up—and just at the most critical point of their lives—how often do these parents shut the stable-door *after* the steed is stolen?

"Sir," said a shrewd old gentleman, when questioned as to the character of one of his guests—"Sir, do you think I would ever let a young man inside my doors who was not fit to marry my daughter?"

If it be true, as a consummate judge of human nature has observed,

"That not a vanity is given in vain,"

it is also true that there is scarcely a single passion that may not be turned to some good account if prudently rectified and skilfully turned into the road of some neighboring virtue. It cannot be violently bent, or unnaturally forced towards an object of a totally opposite nature, but may be gradually inclined towards a correspondent but superior affection. Anger, hatred, resentment and ambition, the most restless and turbulent passions which shake and distract a human soul, may be led to become the most active opposers of

sin, after having been its most successful instruments. Our anger, for instance, which can never be totally subdued, may be made to turn against ourselves, for our weak and imperfect obedience; our hatred, against every species of vice; our ambition, which will not be discarded, may be ennobled—it will not change its name, but its object,—it will despise what it lately valued, nor be contented to grasp at less than immortality.

Thus the joys, fears, hopes, desires, all the passions and affections which separate in various currents from the soul, will, if directed into their proper channels, after having fertilized wherever they have flowed, return again to swell and enrich the parent source.

That the very passions which appear the most uncontrollable and unpromising may be intended, in the great scheme of Providence, to answer some important purpose, is remarkably evidenced in the character and history of the apostle Paul. A remark on this subject by an ingenious old Spanish writer, which I will here take the liberty to translate, will better illustrate my meaning:

"To convert the bitterest enemy into the most zealous advocate is the work of God for the instruction of man. Plutarch has observed that the medical science would be brought to the utmost perfection, when poison should be converted into physic. Thus in the moral disease of Judaism and idolatry, our blessed Lord converted the adder's venom of Saul the persecutor into that cement which made Paul the chosen vessel. That manly activity, that restless

ardour, that burning zeal for the law of his fathers, that ardent thirst for the blood of Christians, did the Son of God find necessary in the man who was one day to become the defender of his suffering people."

To win the passions, therefore, over to the cause of virtue answers a much nobler end than their extinction would possibly do, even if that could be effected. But it is their nature never to observe a neutrality; they are either rebels or auxiliaries; and an enemy subdued is an ally obtained. If I may be allowed to change the allusion so soon, I would say that the passions also resemble fires, which are friendly and beneficial when under proper direction, but if suffered to blaze without restraint, they carry devastation along with them, and if totally extinguished, leave the benighted mind in a state of cold and comfortless inanity.

But, in speaking of the usefulness of the passions as instruments of virtue, envy and lying must always be excepted. These, I am persuaded, must either go on in still progressive mischief, or else be radically cured, before any good can be expected from the heart which has been infected with them; for I never will believe that envy, though passed through all the moral strainers, can be refined into a virtuous emulation, or lying improved into an agreeable term for innocent invention. Almost all the other passions may be made to take an amiable hue; but these two must either be totally extirpated, or be always contented to preserve their original deformity, and to wear their native black.

PERSISTENCY.

"HE who works and waits, wins." Is there anywhere a truth settled on a broader foundation of fact; stretching out into a wider area of experience; or rising up into a higher and more radiant atmosphere of calm and certain hope, than this?

We say, *stick to your work.* Perseverance will conquer—always has conquered. And don't get out of heart if you fail at first. Most people have failed twice where they have succeeded once. Those who ever do anything worthy fail first. In fact, we can't learn to do some things till we fail. You are not the first man that has failed; you will not be the last. Remember your old copy—"Rome was not built in a day." And that is not all; Rome was never built aright until it was burned down several times. Fail and learn why. The lesson will redeem the failure. This leads to success.

There was no feature more remarkable in the character of Timour than his extraordinary perseverance. No difficulties ever led him to recede from what he had once undertaken; and he often persisted in his efforts under circumstances which led all around him to despair. On such occasions, he used to relate to his friends an anecdote of his early life. "I once," he said, "was forced to take shelter from my enemies in a ruined building, where I sat alone for many hours. Desiring to divert my mind from my hopeless condi-

tion, I fixed my eyes on an ant, that was carrying a grain of corn, larger than itself, up a high wall. I numbered the efforts it made to accomplish this object. The grain fell sixty-nine times to the ground; but the insect persevered, and the seventieth time it reached the spot. This sight gave me courage at the moment, and I never forgot the lesson."

For the best results there needs be the longest waiting. The true harvest is the longest in being reached. The failures come first, the successes last. The unsatisfactory is generally soonest seen. Everything that is good has to fight for existence and continuance in this world; and the gospel of Christ, which is supremely good, has the hardest fight to wage.

A man needs pluck as well as piety. And pluck will sometimes accomplish what piety will not. But pluck and piety, grit and grace, always go well together. "A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck." Men who sit down upon the stool of do-nothing, waiting for something good to turn up are doomed to disappointment. But those who have the pluck to take hold of the best thing at hand and work with a will, are on the high road to success. Young men, try it.

I would bid you stand up to your work, whatever it may be, and not be afraid of it; not in sorrow or contradiction to yield, but pushing on towards the goal. And don't suppose that people are hostile to you in the world. You will rarely find anybody designedly doing you ill. You may often feel as if the world is obstructing you, more or less; but you will find that to be because the world is traveling in a different way

from you, and rushing on its own path. Each man has only an extremely good will to himself—and is moving on towards his object.

It is said that an ant holds on longer and tighter to his burdens than any other living creature. When this little insect undertakes to do anything, he never gives up until dead. I have been thinking, little friends, what a good thing it would be if all boys and girls were like the hard-working, busy ants. Not in looks, I don't mean, but in actions. If when they have a hard lesson they would sit down to learn it with as much determination as a weak little ant goes to work to carry home a load as large as himself, how surely would the lesson be learned. The ant does not sit sighing and fretting because it is so heavy, but he takes fast hold and drags it if he cannot carry it, or he gets another ant to help him, and they both work just as fast and as hard as they can until it is done. What good lessons you would all have if you did the same way. Are you not as wise and smart as a little common black ant?

There is a tree in Jamaica called the life tree, whose leaves grow even when severed from the plant. It is impossible to kill it, save by fire.

Says Mr. Moody: "In St Louis I went into a place to see a man on business. One of these commercial travelers came in. He wanted to sell some jewelry. 'Get out,' said the proprietor, 'I don't want to see your samples.' 'But you must,' said the man; 'I won't get out.' 'Get out,' said he again. 'I won't,' said the man, and he began to unpack. The man became

interested, and so did I. He showed him a fine lot of goods, diamonds, pearls and precious stones set in gold, and he sold the man seven hundred dollars' worth.

"'Well,' I thought, 'that fellow is smart.' When he had sold his little bill he said to the merchant: 'Now I have one more thing to show you; the best thing I've got,' and he began to go down deeper into his cases, and I began to wonder what could he mean. Better than gold, diamonds, and pearls! and I got up closer, and the merchant did too. The drummer took out a little case and opened it, and there was a Bagster bible, and he began to turn it over, and said: 'This is the pearl of great price; this is better than all earthly possessions; it is God's Word. Sir, are you a Christian?' I never heard anything like that."

The force of will is a potent element in determining longevity. This single point must be granted without argument, that of two men, every way alike and similarly circumstanced, the one who has the greater courage and grit will be the longer lived. One does not need to practice medicine long to learn that men die who might just as well live if they resolved to live, and that myriads who are invalids could become healthy if they had the native or acquired will to vow they would be so. Those who have no other quality favorable to life, whose bodily organs are nearly all diseased, to whom each day is a day of pain, who are beset by life-shortening influences, yet do live by will alone.

Socrates at an extreme old age learned to play on

musical instruments. Cato at eighty years of age began to study the Greek language. Plutarch, when between seventy and eighty, commenced the study of Latin. Bocaccio was thirty years of age when he commenced his study in light literature; yet he became one of the greatest masters of the Tuscan dialect, Dante and Plutarch being the other two. Sir Henry Spellman neglected the sciences in his youth, but commenced the study of them when he was between fifty and sixty years of age. After this time he became a most learned antiquarian and lawyer. Dr. Johnson applied himself to the Dutch language but a few years before his death. Ludovocio Mondaldesco, at the great age of one hundred and fifteen years, wrote the memoirs of his own times. Ogilby, the translator of Homer and Virgil, was unacquainted with Latin and Greek, till he was past fifty. Franklin did not commence his philosophical researches till he had reached his fiftieth year. Dryden, in his sixty-eighth year, commenced the translation of the Æneid, his most pleasing production. Thousands of examples of men who commenced a new study either for a livelihood or amusement at an advanced age could be cited. But every one familiar with the biography of distinguished men will recollect individual cases enough to convince him that none but the sick and indolent can say, "I am too old to learn."

He who keeps himself strained up to his highest running speed all the time does not make the best progress on a long journey. There is much difference between a spurt and a four-mile course. And

when you come to make a long journey "Dobbin" and his "jog-trot" will beat "Eclipse" or any other racer at his best. Do not mistake morbid nervousness for persistency. The difference between perseverance and obstinacy, is that one oftener comes of a strong *will*, and the other of a strong *won't*.

Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his thread twenty times, twenty times will he mend it again. Make up your mind to do a thing and you will do it. Fear not if trouble comes upon you; keep up your spirits, though the day be a dark one:

"Troubles never stop forever,
The darkest day will pass away.

DECISION.

DECISION of character is one of the most important of human qualities, philosophically considered. Speculation, knowledge, is not the chief end of man; it is action. "Give us the man," shout the multitude, "who will step forward and take the responsibility." He is instantly the idol, the lord and the king among men. He, then, who would command among his fellows must excel them more in energy of will than in power of intellect.

In Nebuchadnezzar's image, the lower the members, the coarser the metal: the farther off the time, the more unfit. To-day is the golden opportunity, to-morrow will be the silver season, next day but the

brazen one, and so on, till at last I shall come to the toes of clay, and be turned to dust.

No man ever served God by doing things to-morrow; if we honor Christ and are blest, it is by the things we do to-day. Whatever you do for Christ throw your whole soul into it. Everybody's work is nobody's work. Begin now to carry out the good resolutions you *intended* putting into operation last year.

There is always a joy in duties performed; and promptness in the execution heightens that joy. To wait and look on a business we ought to do at once, enervates and disheartens; to arise and do it immediately, strengthens and enlarges the heart. Delay begets hesitancy and timidity; direct performance brings zeal and courage. They that wait upon the Lord renew their strength, but they that postpone present duties till to-morrow, are weaker for them than to-day. Promptness in duties, then, gives greater strength for new duties. Enduring hardness as a good soldier in one campaign qualifies the Christian for more manly feats in the next. Christian promptitude helps to develop that noble, full stature of character and life which the gospel enjoins—gives grace to discipleship, and energy and efficiency to the churches.

Earnestness commands the respect of mankind. Decision of character is a virtue to be sought after with ever increasing diligence. A wavering, vacillating, dead-and-alive Christian does not get the respect of the church or the world. This yielding spirit, this "doing as the rest did," has ruined thousands. A

young man is invited by vicious companions to visit the public-house, the theatre, the gambling-room, or other haunts of licentiousness. He becomes dissipated, spends his time, loses his credit, squanders his property, and at last sinks into an untimely grave. What ruined him? Simply "doing what the rest did." The sweetest child that ever looked up from a fond mother's arms, if left to itself, if unrestrained by parental authority—unrenewed and unblessed by the grace of God—may become as reprobate as Hophni and Phinehas. May the curse that fell on Eli's house be far from each one of us forever.

Opportunity, like the Sibyl, diminishes her offering, and increases her price, at each visit. Speed is the helmet of Pluto, says an old writer. It is important to keep in mind that in some cases, where, as Bacon expresses it, "not to decide is to decide," a delay may amount to a wrong decision; and in other cases may at least produce serious evil. There was once a very learned and acute lord chancellor, none of whose decisions were ever reversed, but who very often decided, virtually, against both parties, by delaying his decision until both were beggared by law expenses, and broken down in mind and body by anxious care.

The effect of mind upon body is, as to experiment, a matter within the reach of every one. It does not demand costly apparatus or expensive chemicals. So that more or less metaphysical knowledge is within the reach of all.

It is here suggested that the habit of indecision is injurious to body as well as to mind. And also that

the habit of decision strengthens body as well as mind. An undecided person is, so long as he is in the undecided state, in a worry and fret of mind. Mentally he is on a see-saw, now half descending on this hand, now half on that, until, wearied and disgusted, he sickens of the matter altogether.

An hour of such mental agitation wearies the body. Something has been used up. It is an invisible something, but it is none the less potent for steadying nerve and strengthening muscle. Let us remember that the strongest known elements in nature—electricity, caloric and all explosive gaseous forces—are invisible. Indeed, visibility constitutes but a small part in the sum of what is.

Without some object or purpose on which to concentrate this mental as well as physical force the body soon tires. Why is mere waiting so wearisome? So well as it can be expressed in words, mind force, while demanding something to concentrate its power on, is at the same time losing such force uselessly. But suppose in such weary waiting an interesting companion appears, and the effort of conversation and interchange of thought concentrates this mind power in a single channel on one given point. The result is both mind and body are rested through the very exercise of this force.

It has been stated that the mortality among the London policemen is greater than among laboring men, and one reason given for this is that their walking their beats is an employment almost objectless and purposeless in its nature, and like waiting is one which

wastes its mental force, and with mental its physical force.

It may be better then in perplexing circumstances to make up one's mind to decide and "go it blind" rather than not make it up at all. Or, perhaps, it may be better, if there be time, to summon up sufficient will power so as to drive the subject for a time out of one's head and wait for circumstances and a clearer brain to decide.

This point involves also the necessity of doing but one thing at a time. Or, in other words, of concentrating all will and strength for the time being on the single purpose. Indecision involves the attempted doing of too many things at once. Hesitation half ties its shoestring and thinks of something else. Hesitation speaks but half its mind and stammers in doubt whether to speak out the other half. Hesitation is slovenliness. Chronic hesitation seems to imply weak or unexercised will, weak mind and weak body. The firm grasp on the assailant's collar is as much a mental as a physical act. The holding oneself in the face of danger when all the danger is known and the head is cool, is entirely a mental act and a decided act. It is suggested, then, that the cultivation of decision is a means of developing not only mental force but physical health.

Let it here be understood that these are but partial statements. Let it be understood that this is a subject which can only be discussed in part. By decision is not meant pig-headed obstinacy, which keeps on a certain course right or wrong. This is not firmness at all.

It is the weakness of anger, spite and stupidity. A truly decided man may not be a consistent man, as many understand consistency. He may alter his mind and change his course from time to time as with new light and new knowledge he gains new convictions.

In this connection it may be suggested that there are thousands who never really make up their minds at all. Circumstances or others decide for them. They do at the last moment the only thing left for them to do. If on a burning ship, it is doubtful if they possessed the will and energy to construct a life raft, but when finally driven to bay by the flames they would jump overboard. Men who really control themselves control others. Many more are led than are leaders. It's the main road of custom and habit which is most traveled. Few have the courage to start new paths for themselves. Yet it is among the possibilities that every complete life must have a peculiar path of its own, but a path only to be cut out.

TOLERATION.

"Pity and need
Make all flesh kin. There is no caste in blood,
Which runneth of one hue, nor caste in tears,
Which trickle salt with all; neither comes man
To birth with tilka-mark stamped on the brow,
Nor sacred thread on neck. Who doth right deeds
Is twice-born, and who doeth ill deeds vile."

LONG ago my experience taught me not to dispute with anybody about tastes and whims; one might as well argue about what you can see in the fire. It is of

no use ploughing the air, or trying to convince a man against his will in matters of no consequence. It is useless to try to end a quarrel by getting angry over it; it is much the same as pouring oil on a fire to quench it, and blowing coals with the bellows to put them out. Some people like rows—I don't envy their choice; I'd rather walk ten miles to get out of a dispute than half a mile to get into one. I have often been told to be bold, and take the bull by the horns, but, as I rather think that the amusement is more pleasant than profitable, I shall leave it to those who are so cracked already that an ugly poke with a horn would not damage their skulls. Solomon says, "Leave off strife before it be meddled with," which is much the same as if he had said, "Leave off before you begin." When you see a mad dog, don't argue with him unless you are sure of your logic; better get out of his way, and if anybody calls you a coward you need not call him a fool—everybody knows that. Meddling in quarrels never answers; let hornets' nests alone, and don't pull down old houses over your own head. Meddlers are sure to hurt their own characters: if you scrub other people's pigs, you will soon need scrubbing yourself. It is the height of folly to interfere between a man and his wife, for they will be sure to leave off fighting each other and turn their whole strength upon you—and serve you right too; if you will put your spoon into other people's broth and it scalds you, who is to blame but yourself?

Of Mr. John Henderson it is observed that the oldest of his friends never beheld him otherwise than

calm and collected. It was a state of mind he retained under all circumstances. During his residence at Oxford, a student of the neighboring college, proud of his logical acquirements, was solicitous of a private disputation with the renowned Henderson. Some mutual friends introduced him, and having chosen his subject, they conversed for some time with equal candor and moderation; but Henderson's antagonist, perceiving his confutation inevitable (forgetting the character of a gentleman, and with a resentment engendered by his former arrogance), threw a full glass of wine in his face. Henderson, without altering his features, or changing his position, gently wiped his face, and then cooly replied, "This, sir, is a digression; now for the argument."

The Emperor Antoninus said, "It becomes a man to love even those that offend him." Epictetus said, "A man hurts himself by injuring me: what, then, shall I therefore hurt myself by injuring him?" Seneca observed, "In benefits it is a disgrace to be outdone; in injuries, to get the better."

"Politeness," says Witherspoon, "is real kindness kindly expressed,"—an admirable definition, and so brief that all may easily remember it. This is the sum and substance of all true politeness. Put it in practice, and all will be charmed with your manners.

The apostle to the Indians, Rev. John Elliot, was characterized by his great love of peace. His advice to one in difficulty was, "Brother, compass them; learn the meaning of those three little words—bear, forbear, and forgive." Nothing so increases reverence for

others as a great sorrow to one's self. It teaches one the depths of human nature. In happiness we are shallow, and deem others so.

That man shall be immortal who liveth until stoned by another without fault. The blessed work of helping the world forward happily does not wait for perfect men. The tale of divine pity was never believed from lips that were not felt to be moved by human pity.

The last, best fruit, which comes late to perfection, even in the kindliest soul, is tenderness towards the hard, forbearance towards the unforbearing, warmth of heart towards the misanthropic. It is only necessary to grow old to become more indulgent. I see no fault committed that I have not committed myself.

An ill argument introduced with deference will procure more credit than the profoundest science with a rough, insolent, and noisy management. We do not like our friends the worse because they sometimes give us an opportunity to rail at them heartily; their faults reconcile us to their virtues. Censure is like the lightning which strikes the highest mountains.

Let that table which God hath pleased to give thee please thee. He that made the vessel knows her burden, and how to ballast her. He that made all things very good, cannot but do all things very well. If thou be content with a little, thou hast enough; if thou complainest, thou hast too much.

One day you will be pleased with a friend and the next day disappointed in him. It will be so to the end; and you must make up your mind to it, and not quarrel unless for very grave cause. Your friend, you

have found out, is not perfect. Nor are you; and you cannot expect to get much more than you give. You must look for much weakness, foolishness and vanity in human nature; it is unhappy if you are too sharp in seeing them.

CONSISTENCY.

CICERO spoke it as the highest commendation of Cato's character, that he embraced philosophy, not for the sake of disputing like a philosopher, but living like one.

The shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world is to be in reality what we would appear to be; and, if we observe, we shall find that all human virtues increase and strengthen themselves by the practice and experience of them. The only true wisdom for boy or man is to bring the whole life into obedience to Christ, whose world we live in, and who has purchased us with his blood. Or as Dr. Bushnell has said of the putting on of Christ as a garment of the needy soul: "There can be no choosing out here of shreds and patches from his divine beauty; you must take the whole suit, else you cannot put him on. The garment is seamless, and cannot be divided."

If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be such that no one will believe him. Consistency is to speak as we think, to do as we pretend and profess to perform, and make good what we promise, and really to be what we would seem and appear to be.

Among Noah's hearers none were more regular in attendance, nor more outspoken in sympathy and respect, than Sebed-lo-Sabad. Others reviled; he confessed his acceptance of the truth. His conversation with the preacher often turned upon the approaching Deluge.

At first his neighbors believed him in earnest; but they soon noticed that he bated not a jot of interest in his farm or his merchandise. He builded, he planned, he lived as though there were no threatening storm. In vain the preacher warned him to make suitable preparation. He always gave some ready excuse; and meanwhile flattered himself for accepting the truth and honoring the preacher.

At last the storm burst. "Ah!" said he to his neighbors, "I knew it would come! I told you the preacher spake truth!"

"Why then," they answered, "did you not flee to the ark, and we, perchance would have followed your example?"

He breasted the storm and reached the ark's door. "Father Noah!" he cried "open to me! I knew, I always said you spake the truth. Open to me!"

"Not so, Sebed-lo-Sabad" (Servant of no service), was the reply. "Others disbelieved and are condemned therefor. You believed, but confirmed them in their unbelief by your own disobedience. Yours is the great guilt. The Almighty hath closed the door."

A Christian when he makes a good profession, should be sure to make his profession good. It is sad to see many walk in the dark themselves who carry a

lantern for others. The whole complexion of a negro is less noticed than a single stain on the features of a white countenance.

When you cast into the crucible of your laboratory a bit of mud and extract gold from it, you may be able to extract from the crucible of the materialism of your times, the law of conscience and the inflexible authority of duty. There are but three classes of men: the retrograde, the stationary, and the progressive. The man who is not living aright is sour within; and the sour works out. He who lives aright is your sympathetic and generous man. Let your zeal begin upon yourself, then you may with justice extend it to your neighbors.

Says an eminent Christian, "I have more trouble in my professional life with a certain class of conscientious persons than almost any other. Consciences, like men, are reasonable and unreasonable. It is hard to reason with an unreasonable conscience. When you beat such an individual with logic, he angrily falls back upon his conscience and clings to his dogma like a saint to a God."

If we would do as Jesus did, we must be his servants; if we would help to heal the evils of the world, we must ourselves be free from them; if we would tend the plague-stricken, there must not be the plague in our own hearts. We must be consistent, and give proofs of our consistency. It was in vain for Seneca to declaim against luxury in villas which excited the envy of an emperor, or against greed with millions out at extortionate usury. Such declamations sound

hollow; such appeals ring false. He who would help others, must not only show the way, but lead the way.

God helps us in our prayers, but he does so in proportion as we admit his aid in the rest of our life. We cannot pray as we ought, unless we live as we ought. Our prayers will partake of our other infirmities. We cannot at once collect ourselves and become other men in the presence of God from what we were just before. The test of our love is obedience. This is the touchstone; it sweeps away a whole mass of natural feeling, and shows what is gold and what is brass.

It is really painful to be compelled to impute disingenuousness to persons who manifest much religious zeal. But when men are found using such arguments and maintaining such principles, on some points, as on others they reprobate, it is impossible to give them credit for sincerity in the *means* resorted to, however sincere may be their belief in the goodness of their end.

What is the true test of piety? Plain matter-of-fact, unecstatic obedience as of a child to a father; that is the test. The only true joy is born of such obedience. Ecstasies that come from any other source do not belong to the legitimate family circle of heavenly joys. They are the result of that which it does not take heaven to explain. They can be produced at any time and on any occasion by a combination of earthly forces. Singing can produce them. A sympathetic voice can charge the mystic thrill along the nerves till they tingle. Eloquence can

produce them. How often under the orator's power men and women weep, groan and shout in loud acclaim! The mesmeric influence which hovers over a vast audience as electric lights hover over marsh lands during a summer heat can communicate by subtle and untraceable potency its deceptive and transitory excitement, so that the vast multitude shall be charged full of the current whose expression might deceive the very elect.

Many suppose that this kind of feeling is legitimate, spiritual, and represents the real power of God. Yea, many gauge their piety by the presence or absence of these feelings; which are feelings that reach no farther than the muscles, and have their home in nothing more divine than the nervous tissues. The piety of Jesus consisted in obedience. His great aim was to do the will of God. He loved God perfectly, and he loved man perfectly, and so perfectly fulfilled the law; and so had perfect happiness. Obedience to God lies in natural duties as truly as what are known as technically spiritual. The perfect life stands parent to the perfect joy.

An inconsistent person may be as inconsistent in his charities as he is in his luxuries; for charity is, in truth, a sort of luxury. Many a man called benevolent is simply wasteful, and the cause of waste in others; for to give away money without considering how far the recipient has a right to it, or will benefit by it, is no more an act of benevolence than is throwing down a handful of coppers to be scrambled for in the street.

PRECISION.

PRECISION—The habit of being precise in all that you do or say, is one of the most valuable traits of character. It contributes more to a success in life, moral as well as financial, than any other quality except honesty. It is an attainment that can only be acquired after long years of careful training and self-education. The habit of noticing little things, permitting nothing to escape your attention, is directly in the line of the acquirement of the faculty of preciseness. First, to take notice of everything, and then to know how to use to best advantage every such thing,—this is a large part of precision.

One of the most important duties, connected with the prosecution of any business, is the habit of punctuality, and it can only be attained by the exercise of rare judgment on the part of the heads of departments. On this subject we cannot forbear quoting from Mr. De Vinne's excellent Price List for Printers: "Be punctual with all customers. To do this much discretion is needed. The work that one thinks may be done in two hours often takes three. Some allowance must be made for accidents and detentions. Allow for these and make promises accordingly. To oblige a customer, it is frequently to the interest of the office to tax its resources severely, to do some work at great sacrifices, or even at positive loss. The willingness to oblige a customer is not always accompanied with a

corresponding ability. He who good-naturedly promises more than he can perform, is much more likely to offend by his failure, than by his decided, but courteous refusal."

Southey says, "If you would be pungent, be brief; for it is with words as with sunbeams — the more they are condensed the deeper they burn." Long visits, long stories, long exhortations and long prayers seldom profit those who have to do with them. Life is short. Time is short. Moments are precious. Learn to condense, abridge and intensify. We can endure many an ache and ill if it is soon over, while even pleasures grow insipid and pain intolerable if they are protracted beyond the limits of reason and convenience. Learn to be brief. Lop off branches; stick to the main facts in your case. If you pray ask for what you would receive, and get through; if you speak tell your message, and hold your peace; boil down two words into one, and three into two.

A cannon ball feebly propelled may fall short of the mark and be in vain, while a rifle ball urged on by a measureless force may bury itself deep in the heart of the obstacle. A fit and timely word, a warm God-speed to a struggling, desponding, half-despairing soul, a cheery commendation, a helping hand extended to a human brother or sister staggering under a burden of toil and care, or under a heavier burden of sin and shame, a brotherly exhortation, breath of prayer for some sick or needy one, has each behind it the Power of God, and may issue in results which Time cannot weigh — which only eternity can measure.

It is a vast error to suppose that it takes large words to state large thoughts, or that great truths require to be stated in a startling form. Nothing can be more simple, nothing can be more self-evident, more axiomatic, yet nothing can be more impressive, nothing (rightly viewed) can be more startling, than the statement: "Things and actions are *what they are*, and the consequences of them will be *what they will be;* why, then, should we desire to be deceived?" These plain, almost common-place, words come directly home to the conscience; they strip away the pretexts by which we have disguised ourselves from ourselves; They bring us face to face with eternal realities. If men would but lay this to heart, that "Things and actions are what they are," that falsehood is falsehood; stealing is stealing, no matter by what name you call it; lust is lust; sin is sin; and "the consequences of them will be what they will be;" it is not in created power to reverse or change or evade the result.

The greater part of all the mischief of the world comes from the fact that men do not sufficiently understand their own aims. They have undertaken to build a tower, and spend no more labor on the foundation than would be necessary to erect a hut. Micawber-like, they live on from day to day, waiting for something to turn up, hoping that some one else will do for them what they ought themselves to have done long since. They wonder why their own hearts are not filled with the blessings of grace, or their lives crowned with material success, and yet they shirk

every care, and dawdle away their time in the most unconcerned manner conceivable. Others throw an abundance of energy into their work, but for want of precision and accuracy, defeat their own object, and waste their energies as effectually as the idle and vicious.

"That tenon does not fit the mortise by a quarter of an inch," said an employer to a young carpenter who had just begun to work for him.

"I thought that for a garden gate you would not be particular, and it would make no difference," answered the young man.

But it did make a difference. It made just the difference between the young man having a steady summer job at good wages, and having his time unoccupied upon his hands. The employer found no further fault; but when the gate was finished he paid the maker, without a word, and dismissed him.

The next day there was another man in his place. He happened to be a man who thought it did make a difference how everything was done; he always did his best and he kept his situation till the end of the season.

So it happens. Frequently some little thing which was not expected to attract attention is noticed by some one to whom the excellence of the work has commended itself, and the man who has made painstaking the rule of all his labor is surprised by a sudden and unlooked-for accession of good fortune. He has been brought into notice by some unconsidered trifle, which was well done, merely because it was his to do everything as well as possible.

On the other hand, how many a man who is lamenting his ill fortune, and doesn't know what to attribute it to, might trace it to some such carelessness in the way of doing his work as that which doomed the young carpenter to a summer of profitless idleness. Men are by no means always told by what particular act they are judged; but any bad performance is always liable to mar a fortune.

TACT.

True politeness is to say
The kindest thing in the kindest way.

LORD BACON advises that, in things that are tender and unpleasing, it is good to break the ice by some words of less weight, and to reserve the more weighty voice to come in as by chance, so that he may be asked the question upon the other's speech, as Narcissus did, in relating to Claudius the marriage of Messalina and Silius.

A joke never gains an enemy, but often loses a friend. It is the part of a prudent man to conciliate the minds of others, and to turn them to his own advantage. A writer puts the case wisely when he advises as follows: Never join with your friend when he abuses his horse or his wife, unless the one is about to be sold, and the other to be buried. Kind words cost nothing; they are better to use than any other.

It is extremely hard at times for us to give the "soft answer," but the harder it is the more sure may

we feel that a soft answer is what our own chafed spirit at least needs. Hasty words not only rasp the one they are thrown at, but also the one that gives vent to them. Be careful how you give way to them.

The world is a looking-glass and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it, and it will turn and look surly upon you; laugh at it and with it and it is a pleasant, kind companion.

Uniform good nature and loving service will make a company of street gamins tractable. Good-tempered persistency will wear away the rock of a criminal's obstinacy or indifference. Kindness will propitiate a lion. Devotion will inspire respect in the breast of a savage. Tact will supplement talent in swaying a State or leading the world. And above and in all, and stronger than all, is Love—"the impelling force of life."

There is no condition of life so bad but it has one good side. It is the province of tact to bring out the bright and the cheerful points in the darkest places of life. Thackeray says, "Some people cannot drive to happiness with four horses, and others can reach the goal on foot." Tact and a cheerful temper will furnish more real joy than all the riches of earth. To know how to use your opportunities; when to pass by and when to notice; when to interrupt and when to permit —these are the province of genuine tact.

How often do we see the woman of small talents and humble life rise into a heroine in the house of sorrow by her tact and good management. Presence of mind and ready wit have served a good turn in

many cases where the greatest wisdom and most ponderous learning would have sunk the ship. Every situation has its point of view; we should place it in that favorable light.

Years ago, into a wholesale grocery store in Boston, walked a tall, muscular-looking man, evidently a fresh comer from some backwoods town in Maine or New Hampshire. Accosting the first person he met, who happened to be the merchant himself, he asked:

"You don't want to hire a man in your store, do you?"

"Well," said the merchant, "I don't know; what can you do?"

"Do?" said the man, "I rather guess I can turn my hand to almost anything—what do you want done?"

"Well, if I was to hire a man, it would be one who could lift well; a strong, wiry fellow. One, for instance, who could shoulder a sack of coffee like that yonder, and carry it across the floor and never lay it down."

"There, now Captain," said the countryman, "that's just me. I can lift anything I hitch to; you can't suit me better. What will you give a man that will suit you?"

"I'll tell you," said the merchant; "if you'll shoulder that sack of coffee and carry it across the store twice, and never lay it down, I will hire you for a year at one hundred dollars a month."

"Done," said the stranger, and by this time every

clerk in the store had gathered around and waited to join in the laugh against the man, who, walking up to the sack, threw it across his shoulder with perfect ease, though extremely heavy, and walking with it twice across the floor, went quietly to a large hook which was fastened to the wall, and hanging it up, turned to the merchant and said:

"There, now; it may hang there till doomsday, I shall never take it down. What shall I go about now, mister? Just give me plenty to do and one hundred dollars a month, and it's all right."

They broke into a laugh, and the merchant, discomfited, yet satisfied, kept his agreement, and to-day the green countryman is the senior partner in the firm, and is worth a million dollars.

A little management may often evade resistance, which a vast force might vainly strive to overcome. Grant graciously what you cannot refuse safely, and conciliate those you cannot conquer.

Debt and Destruction.

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
For debt oft loses both itself and friend."

Debtors can hardly help being liars, for they promise to pay when they know they cannot, and when they have made up a lot of false excuses, they promise again, so that they lie as fast as a horse can trot.

Now, if owing leads to lying, who shall say that it

is not a most evil thing? Of course, there are exceptions, and I do not want to bear hard upon an honest man who is brought down by sickness or heavy losses; but take the rule as a rule, and you will find debt to be a great dismal swamp, a huge mudhole, a dirty ditch: happy is the man who gets out of it after once tumbling in, but happiest of all is he who has been by God's goodness kept out of the mire altogether. If you once ask the devil to dinner it will be hard to get him out of the house again: better to have nothing to do with him. Where a hen has laid one egg, she is very likely to lay another; when a man is once in debt, he is likely to get into it again; better keep clear of it from the first. He who gets in for a nickel will soon be in for an eagle, and when a man is over shoes, he is very liable to be over boots. Never owe a cent, and you will never owe a dollar.

To be comfortable and contented, be sure to spend less than you earn, and restrain your outgoes till they are less than your incomes. This seems to be a fact that very few persons have learned. When a man begins to go down hill he finds everything greased for the occasion, says a philosopher, who might have added that when he tries to climb up he finds everything greased for the occasion, too.

Pay as you go. This is considered a very excellent motto in business, and if all business men do not act upon it, they do what is pretty much the same thing, they keep accounts, and watch them closely, in order to know how they stand, whether their expenses are greater than their receipts, and whether they are pre-

pared to meet their bills when presented and whether they are not running too much risk in case of some unexpected calamity. Moreover, they are not looking to see how much they can spend, but how much they can save, and they are always anxious to decrease their unnecessary risks.

But this principle may well be carried out into other lines of conduct where it is now but little practiced. People draw too heavily on their health, on their friends' kindness, on their own strength to resist temptation, and on dozens of other parts of their mental or moral capital, without even stopping to make a note of it. Take, for instance, the case of friendship. A man has some sharp words with a friend. He knows it is his duty to agree, even with an adversary, quickly, while he is yet in the way with him, and much more is it his duty to make up with a friend. But he does not try it. He lets it run on, and the next time he expects some neighborly kindness from his friend he does not get it. His account is overdrawn, but of course he never thinks of that. He is angry, and thinks he has somehow been cheated. This is because he does not keep strict accounts. He never stops, when he has done a thing, to consider what the result will be. He thinks it will all come out right somehow. As for drawing too heavily on our strength to resist temptation, I need give no instance of that. We all know how that is done.

We are apt to blame young men for being destroyed when we ought to blame the influences that destroy them. Society slaughters a great many young men by

the behest, "You must keep up appearances; whatever be your salary, you must dress as well as others, you must wine and brandy as many friends, you must smoke as costly cigars, you must give as expensive entertainments, and you must live in as fashionable a boarding-house. If you haven't the money, borrow. If you can't borrow, make a false entry, or subtract here and there a bill from a bundle of bank notes; you will only have to make the deception a little while; in a few months, or in a year or two, you can make all right. Nobody will be hurt by it, nobody will be the wiser. You yourself will not be damaged." By that awful process a hundred thousand men have been slaughtered for time and slaughtered for eternity.

Our young men are coming up in this depraved state of commercial ethics, and I am solicitous about them. I want to warn them against being slaughtered on the sharp edges of debt. You want many things you have not, my young friends. You shall have them if you have patience and honesty and industry. Certain lines of conduct always lead out to certain successes.

Suppose you borrow. There is nothing wrong about borrowing money. There is hardly a man in the house but has sometimes borrowed money. Vast estates have been built on a borrowed dollar. But there are two kinds of borrowed money; money borrowed for the purpose of starting or keeping up legitimate enterprise and expense, and money borrowed to get that which you can do without. The first is right, the other is wrong. If you have money enough

of your own to buy a coat, however plain, and then you borrow money for a dandy's outfit, you have taken the first revolution of the wheel down grade. Borrow for the necessities; that may be well. Borrow for the luxuries; that tips your prospects over in the wrong direction.

The Bible distinctly says the borrower is servant of the lender. It is a bad state of things when you have to go down some other street to escape meeting some one whom you owe. If young men knew what is the despotism of being in debt, more of them would keep out of it. What did debt do for Lord Bacon, with a mind towering above the centuries? It induced him to take bribes and convict himself as a criminal before all ages. What did debt do for Walter Scott? Broken-hearted at Abbotsford—kept him writing until his hand gave out in paralysis to keep the sheriff away from his pictures and statuary. Better for him if he had minded the maxim which he had chiseled over the fireplace at Abbotsford, "Waste not, want not."

Bring me a young man and tell me what his physical health is, and what his mental calibre, and what his habits, and I will tell you what will be his destiny for this world, and his destiny for the world to come, and I will not make five inaccurate prophecies out of the five hundred. All this makes me solicitous in regard to young men, and I want to make them nervous in regard to the contraction of unpayable debts.

Honesty The Best Policy.

We quote the following from a witty and sensible writer: "Does it, after all, pay to be honest?" a disappointed young man writes. No, my son, not if you're honest for pay, it doesn't. Not if you are honest merely because you think it will pay; not if you are honest only because you are afraid to be a rogue; indeed, my dear boy, it does not pay to be honest that way. If you can't be honest because you hate a lie and scorn a mean action, if you can't be honest from principle, be a rascal: that's what you are intended for and you'll probably succeed at it. But you cannot make anybody believe in honesty that is bought and sold like merchandise.

A great many people think the simple paying of a debt constitutes the whole of honesty. An honest man always pays his debts, but he will also do a great many other things which are honest. Jesus says, render not only unto men the things which belong to them, but also unto God the things which belong to him. Is there not something meant here besides the mere paying of debts? Should not Christians strive to obey all of this Divine injunction? Should they not render to God all the praise of their hearts, all the services of their lives? If it is dishonest to withhold from men what is due them, is it not much more so to keep from God what rightly belongs to him?

Put it out of the power of truth to give you an ill

character; and if anybody reports you not to be an honest man, let your practice give him the lie; and to make all sure, you should resolve to live no longer than you can live honestly; for it is better to be nothing than a knave.

There is no ascertaining the quality of a tree but by its fruits. When the wheels of a clock move within, the hands on the dial will move without. When the heart of a man is sound in conversion, then the life will be fair in profession. When the conduit is walled in, how shall we judge of the spring but by the waters which run through the pipes!

The futility of a dishonest course is well shown by the old fable of the woodman who lost his axe in the river, and thereupon was presented by Mercury with one of gold. Another man came to the spot and threw in his axe, calling upon the god to reward him in like manner, and upon Mercury presenting one of gold, laid claim to it as the one he had lost. But this was refused him, and he also lost the other one, left lying in the river.

The fortune of the Rothschilds is traced to the honesty of Moses Rothschild, of Frankfort. During the French Revolution, a prince of Hesse-Cassel, fleeing through Frankfort, left his treasures with a small Jew banker there, who refused to give him a receipt for them. Afterwards the French plundered the Jew, robbing him of all but the Prince's treasures, which were buried in his garden. These he dug up and used in trade, and when the times of peace returned, he restored the money and jewels to the prince, though

he had lost his own. The prince in gratitude recommended the honest banker to various sovereigns. His business prospered, and his house has exercised a greater influence in the affairs of Europe than any king. Strict honesty has been their principle. People found that they could be trusted, and unprecedented success is the result.

A beautiful palace in Germany has a statue placed at one corner, which represents a poor little beggar boy. The owner of the palace was once a little Italian beggar at Naples. One day a German nobleman was driving along the dusty highway, where a crowd of these ragged little fellows had collected. They all started to run after him, but as he drove on, one after another dropped back until only this one boy remained, his hunger lending a desperate energy to his weary limbs. The count threw what he believed was a copper coin to the lad, but it was really a piece of gold. The boy was too honest to keep this, and managed to overtake his benefactor and return the coin. This act laid the foundation of his fortune.

Bacon says dissimulation is but a faint kind of policy. What he says of the inexpediency of all insincere proceedings is very true. Nothing but the right can ever be the expedient, since that can never be true expediency which would sacrifice a greater good to a less. It will be found that all frauds, like the "wall daubed with untempered mortar," with which men think to buttress up an edifice, tend to the decay of that which they are devised to support. This truth, however, will never be steadily acted on by those who

have no moral detestation of falsehood. It is not *given* to those who do not prize straightforwardness for its own sake, to perceive that it is the wisest course. The maxim that "Honesty is the best policy," is one which, perhaps, no one is ever guided by in practice An honest man is always *before* it, and a knave is *generally* behind it. He does not find out till too late,

> What a tangled web we weave,
> When first we practice to deceive.

No one, in fact, is capable of fully appreciating the ultimate expediency of a devoted adherence to truth, save the Divine Being, who is the truth; because he alone comprehends the whole of the vast and imperfectly revealed scheme of Providence, and alone can see the inmost recesses of the human heart, and alone can foresee and judge of the remotest consequences of human actions.

Moral Courage.

> Give to the winds thy fears!
> Hope, and be undismayed;
> God hears thy sighs, and counts thy fears,
> God shall lift up thy head.

Whenever you see a wrong deed, and have the courage to say, "It is wrong, and I for one will have nothing to do with it"; whenever you come in contact with a low and unchristian standard, or a bad, unworthy habit, and are man enough first to refuse to succumb to it, and then to do your best to overthrow it, you are a prophet; and, by acting thus, you can

help to improve the moral standard of the world. Your words and deeds will breathe like fresh wind through the perfumed and polluted atmosphere of society. Be brave, be just, be truthful, and honest to the heart's core, and so serve your brother man, your Father God and your Savior the Lord Christ. If the gospel be the example of Christ, this is the gospel, and nothing but the gospel.

The courageous man is an example to the intrepid. His influence is magnetic. He creates an epidemic of nobleness. Men follow him even to the death. It is not the men that succeed that are always worthy of estimation. The men who fail for a time continue to exercise a potent influence on their race. The leader of the forlorn hope may fall in the breach, but his body furnishes the bridge over which the victors enter the citadel.

It is the lives like the stars, which simply pour down on us the calm light of their bright and faithful being, up to which we look, and out of which we gather the deepest calm and courage. No man or woman of the humblest sort can really be strong, gentle, pure and good, without the world being better for it, without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness.

Christians must by all means have courage in that they do, or undertake, for the advancement of our Lord's cause in the world. There is no reason why they should not. It is the Lord's cause. It is destined to prevail. He has determined that it shall not be turned back. Their due efforts in its behalf, too, will

not fail, but will certainly bring forth fruit, however it may now appear. It is only the other things they may try to do, apart from this their Christian work, that can ever fail. Every one, then, may have a good heart in the Lord's service, and in all Christian well-doing, and should have it. Christian preachers, especially, have a right to have, and ought to have, this steady confidence and hope. They might be stronger some of them in their pulpits with more of it; they might have more enjoyment in their work; and a larger blessing might follow their labors.

How much is lost to the world for want of a little courage! We have the willingness to do, but we fail to do it. The state of the world is such, and so much depends on action, that everything seems to say loudly to every man, "Do something; do it, do it." The poor country parson, fighting against evil in his parish, against wrong-doing, injustice, and iniquity, has nobler ideas of duty than Alexander the Great ever had. Some men are mere apologies for workers, even when they pretend to be up and at it.

More than ever do I feel that our families must stand in a kind but determined opposition to the fashions of the world, breasting the waves like the Eddystone lighthouse. And I have found nothing yet that requires more courage and independence than to rise a little but decidedly above the *par* of the religious world around us. What incalculable mischief is done to the cause of God by the love of pre-eminence on the one hand, and the extreme sensitiveness to any fancied slight upon the other. Deeds are fruit, words are but

leaves. There is no pleasure like that of exercising one's soul in bearing pain, and of finding one's heart glow with the hope that one is pleasing God.

There must not only be a conquest over likings and dislikings; but what is harder to attain, a triumph over adverse repute. The man whose first question, after a right course of action has presented itself, is, "What will people say?" is not the man to do anything at all. But if he asks, "Is it my duty?" he can then proceed in his moral panoply, and be ready to incur men's censure, and even to brave their ridicule. "Let us have faith in fine actions," says M. de la Cretelle, "and let us reserve doubt and incredulity for bad. It is even better to be deceived than to distrust."

A poor boy was attending school one day with a large patch on the knees of one of his trowsers. One of his schoolmates made fun of him for this and called him "Old Patch."

"Why don't you fight him?" cried one of the boys. "I'd give it to him if he called me so."

"Oh," said the boy, "you don't suppose I'm ashamed of my patch, do you? For my part, I'm thankful for a good mother to keep me out of rags. *I'm proud of my patch for her sake.*"

This was noble. That boy had the courage that would make him succesful in the struggles of life. We must have courage in our struggles, if we hope to come out right.

Courage is the quality which all men delight to honor. It is the energy which rises to all the emergencies of life. It is the perfect will, which no terrors can

shake. It will enable one to die, if need be, in the performance of duty. All the great work of the world has been accomplished by courage. Every blessing that we enjoy—personal security, individual liberty, and constitutional freedom—has been obtained through long apprenticeships of evil. It required four centuries of martyrdom to establish Christianity, and a century of civil wars to introduce the Reformation.

Have the courage to discharge a debt while you have money in your pocket. Have the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much your eyes covet it. Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary you should do so. Have the courage to speak to a friend in a "seedy coat" though you are in company with a rich one and richly attired. Have the courage to wear your old clothes until you can pay for new ones. Have the courage to prefer comfort and prosperity to fashion in all things. Have the courage to acknowledge your ignorance, rather than seek credit for knowledge under false pretense. Have the courage to provide entertainment for your friends within your means—not beyond.

At the bottom of a good deal of the bravery that appears in the world there lurks a miserable cowardice. Men will face powder and steel because they cannot face public opinion. An officer rode up to a battery of canon, who, observing another officer at his side, looking pale, turned in his saddle to accost him, saying, "You are afraid!" "True," replied his comrade, "and were you as much afraid as I am you would turn tail!" There have been men like John the

Baptist, who could speak the truth which had made their own spirits free, with the axe above their neck. There have been men, redeemed in their inmost being by Christ, on whom tyrants and mobs have done their worst, and who when, like Stephen, the stones crashed in upon their brain, or when their flesh hissed and crackled in the flames, were calmly superior to it all. The power of evil had laid its shackles on the flesh, but the mind and the soul and the heart were free.

Soon after the beginning of the bloody reign of Mary, in England, an officer was sent to bring Bishop Latimer to London, of which he had notice six hours before he arrived. Instead of fleeing, he prepared for his journey to London; and, when the officer arrived, he said to him, "My friend, you are welcome. I go as willingly to London, to give an account of my faith, as ever I went to any place in the world. And I doubt not, but as the Lord made me worthy formerly to preach the word before two excellent princes, he will now enable me to bear witness to the truth before the third, either to her eternal comfort or discomfort." As he rode on this occasion through Smithfield, he remarked "that Smithfield had groaned for him a long time."

When the executioner went behind Jerome of Prague to set fire to the pile, "Come here," said the martyr, "and kindle it before mine eyes; for if I dreaded such a sight, I should never have come to this place when I had a free opportunity to escape." The fire was kindled, and he then sang a hymn, which was soon finished by the encircling flames. Algerius, an

Italian martyr, thus wrote from his prison a little before his death: "Who would believe that in this dungeon I should find a paradise so pleasant; in a place of sorrow and death, tranquillity, and hope, and life; where others weep, I rejoice." Wishart, when in the fire which removed him from the world, exclaimed, "The flame doth torment my body, but no whit abates my spirits."

About 1645 Dr. Harris, minister of Hanwell, England, frequently had military officers quartered at his house. A party of them indulged much in swearing. The doctor noticed this, and on the following Sabbath preached from these words: "Above all things, my brethren, swear not." This so enraged the soldiers, who judged the sermon was intended for them, that they swore they would shoot him if he preached on the subject again. He was not to be intimidated, and on the following Sabbath he preached from the same text, and inveighed in still stronger terms against the vice of profanity. As he was preaching, a soldier leveled his carbine at him, but he went on to the conclusion without the slightest hesitation.

The age of martyrdom, like that of miracles, is passed. We are not shot or pinned to a stake, or broken alive on the wheel, as in bygone days; and yet we suffer by isolation, by misrepresentation, by ridicule, and by blame. Courage is as necessary as ever for those who would hold by the innate consciousness of the truth. It is even more difficult, in these days of indifferentism, to keep true to higher laws and purer instincts, than it was in the times of martyrdom.

"Active persecution and fierce chastisements," says a well-known writer, "are tonics to the nerves; but the mere weary conviction that no one cares, that no one notices, that there is no humanity that honors, and no Deity that pities, is more destructive of all higher effort than any conflict with tyranny or with barbarism."

FIDELITY.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise:
Act well your part; there all the honor lies.
Work makes the man; the want of it the fellow,
And all the rest is leather and prunella."

FAITHFULNESS to the measure of our ability is rewarded by a larger opportunity. He that is faithful in little is promoted to a wider sphere. It is the way of nature. The man who is always whining over the limits of his lot will never do anything in the world. The woman whose pride is wounded because she has only one talent while another has two, will be sure to bury hers in the earth.

They who shoot up with sudden, rocket-like impetuosity usually burst ere long, and die out into darkness; but they who have started by doing their nearest duty faithfully have risen through that open door into something nobler, and through that again to something higher still, until they have reached a position of intrinsic power from which no human hands could push them. The power of a steady fidelity is resistless.

When a Socrates is put to death, wisdom and truth seem to suffer; and when an Aristides is exiled, justice appears to be in disgrace. But virtue is its own reward, and depends not on the fluctuating opinions of mortals, nor on the breath of popular applause, which is often on the side of error, and entirely opposite to the real interests of its votaries.

Are not difficulty and suffering necessary to evoke the highest forms of character, energy, and genius? Effort and endurance, striving and submitting, energy and patience, enter into every destiny. There is a virtue in passive endurance which is often greater than the glory of success. It bears, it suffers, it endures, and still it hopes. It meets difficulties with a smile, and strives to stand erect beneath the heaviest burdens. Suffering, patiently and enduringly borne, is one of the noblest attributes of man. There is something so noble in the quality as to lift it into the highest regions of heroism. It was a saying of Milton, "Who best can suffer, best can do."

Do the best you can where you are, and when that is done you will see an opening for something better. This is good advice for numberless unquiet individuals. The hand of the diligent maketh rich.

"Sir," said the Duke of Wellington to an officer of engineers, who urged the impossibility of executing the directions he had received, "I did not ask your opinion, I gave you my orders, and I expect them to be obeyed." Such should be the obedience of every follower of Jesus. The words which he has spoken

are our law, not our judgments or fancies. Even if death were in the way, it is

> "Not ours to reason why—
> Ours but to dare and die."

Very beautiful is the legend preserved by some old author, of the monk, to whom there appeared while at prayer in his cell, a glorious vision of his Saviour. In silent and adoring rapture he gazed upon the glorious presence. While he gazed, the hour arrived at which it was his duty to feed the poor who came to the convent gate for their bread. The bell rang calling the monk to his humble duty. How he longed to stay! But lingering not to enjoy the vision, he went his way to the lowly work of dividing bread among the poor beggars at the gate. When he returned he found the blessed vision still waiting for him. As he looked again he heard these words; "Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled"!

My sister, a woman of your ability and culture might grace earth's highest *salons*, and your beauty properly arrayed would adorn a palace. But God has put you in a humble home, and given you a needle for your equipment. Do not, therefore, stitch a complaint and a story of former wealth into every seam. Show your ability by the excellence of your work. If we are not superior in little things, we would not be superior in the great things of which we dream ourselves capable. In nothing is true ability—not a mere sham pretense of talent—shown more clearly than in doing thoroughly whatever comes to hand, be it small or great. When we admire the depth and accuracy

of Mary Somerville's mind, as shown in her writings, we are prepared to believe what is said of her excellence as a cook. Such a woman, if she cooked at all, would be sure to excel as a cook all her inferior sisters, showing her superiority there as clearly as in mathematics. There is no surer sign of mental shallowness than doing any work slightingly.

My brother, you may have education and ability sufficient to govern a nation, but there is nothing within your reach save a plough-handle. Very well, your talent need not be wasted even there. Show your ability by making a better ploughman than the ignorant fellow by your side, and do your work as unto God, and not unto men. Make your education tell in your ploughing.

But while I would have you do cheerfully and with your might whatever lowly work lies at hand, without murmuring that it is beneath you or unworthy of your talents and education, I would also guard you against thinking it is right to do the lesser when the greater work awaits your hands. You must not hoe cabbages with Domitian when an empire needs you as a ruler.

What a happy world this would be if men only learned that lesson, and the anxiety and effort now expended in "getting on in the world" were expended in fighting the evils of the world and the sins of our own hearts. Strength wasted in vain beating against the bars of circumstances which surround us, would tell in conflict with the enemy of souls. Perhaps you think you could do more for Christ and humanity if your talents had a wider sphere. Precisely—Satan

never tempts more dangerously than when he puts on a zeal for the cause of Christ. Under that plea lurk often ambition, pride, vanity, and a host of sins which God detests. Remember God knows what is best for the cause of Christ far better than you do, and he has that cause far nearer at heart than you have.

Samuel Smiles relates the following instances of canine fidelity:

"Sir Walter Scott, in his journal, relates the story of a dog that saved its master from being burned alive. 'Lord R. Kerr,' he says, 'told us he had a letter from Lord Forbes (son of Earl Granard, Ireland), that he was asleep in his house at Castle Forbes, when awakened by a sense of suffocation, which deprived him of the power of stirring a limb, yet left him the consciousness that the house was on fire. At this moment, and while his apartment was in flames, his large dog jumped on the bed, seized his shirt, and dragged him to the staircase, where the fresh air restored his powers of resistance and of escape.' This is very different from most cases of preservation by the canine race, when the animal generally jumps into the water, in which element he has force and skill. That of fire is as hostile to him as to mankind.

"And lastly, there are the dogs of Pompeii and Herculaneum. The cast of the former is taken from the ash cavity in which he was discovered. He died of suffocation and agony. But, like the sentinel, he never left his post. The Herculaneum dog Delta has left behind him a wonderful record of valor. In the disinterment of the buried city, his skeleton was found

stretched over that of a boy of about twelve years old, most probably clasping his charge to prevent his being suffocated or burned. The boy perished as well as the faithful Delta, but a collar remains to tell of the noble courage of the dog. It relates that he had three times saved the life of his master—from the sea, from robbers, aud from wolves." If there is such a spirit of fidelity to duty to be found in poor brutes, how much more ought human beings to cultivate this quality?

The great battle fields of the world are in the hearts of men. The great struggles are within. A soul once committed to God and His cause finds in its fierce fights a field of glory, where grand victories may be won and sweet peace be found. The soul, really grand, is only tested in its fidelity. As we know the true weight of the intellect by the rich resources and patient strength with which it redeems a failure, so do we prove the salvation of the soul by its courageous return into light—its instinctive rebound after some error that has darkened its vision and soiled its plumes.

Every wakeful moment should be usefully employed. God lends them to us. He will call us to a strict account for their usage. They have wings that waft their own record of our use of them on high. When once passed, they will never return to us. But their misuse will come back to us with fearful condemnation by-and-by, or their right employment shall add stars to our crown of rejoicing forevermore.

Never believe ill of a friend; if you hear anything that concerns you, go to him in kindness; doubtless

the matter can be explained to your mutual satisfaction. It is an old adage, "Stories never lose by traveling," and evil-minded or thoughtless persons may do much harm by exaggeration and repetition.

Never make a promise rashly; but if once made, let no pleasure, no feeling of indolence, tempt you for one moment to break it. Let no one ever be able to say, in speaking of the word which you had given, but not kept, "Something has gone wrong, indeed, and I will never trust him again!" "He who betrays another's secret because he has quarreled with him, was never worthy of the name of friend; a breach of kindness will not justify a breach of trust."

It is a good thing to be stable-minded, for a double-minded man is unstable in all his ways. To be of one opinion at one time, and another soon after, and to be continually changing, is not wise. There are times when it is wisdom to change our opinions; when we are convinced that we are wrong, or that there is a better way, it would be unwise to hold to them; but those changeable-minded persons, who advocate a thing at one time and oppose it at another—those people whose mind changes so often that you never know where to find them, are not to be depended upon, and, therefore, do not amount to much.

"A woman's memory saved me from much temptation," wrote one who had lived a wild life in a wild land. "Not one of my own people ever knew her; she was dead before I left home. But there were some things that might otherwise have been too much for me, that I was quite safe from, just because I had

loved her. I never felt that I had in any way lost her love, and I could not go with it in my heart to places where I could never have taken her. When I felt a little lonely because I could not join those who had been my comrades, I just braced up my heart with the thought, 'for her sake.'"

Dr. Lamson says, "Men may commend me, if I yield up one by one, the sterner features of revealed doctrine, but how will He whose doctrine it is regard my generosity?" Our path is to be upward from the start; there is no grade downward on the road that leads to God. He calls to us from above. It is a vain thought to flee from the work that God appoints us, for the sake of finding a greater blessing for our own souls, as if we could choose for ourselves where we shall find the fullness of the divine presence, instead of seeking it where alone it is to be found—in loving obedience.

Keep your conduct abreast of your conscience, and very soon your conscience will be illuminated by the radiance of God. Whitefield and a pious companion were much annoyed one night at a public-house by a set of gamblers in the room adjoining where they slept. Their noisy clamor and horrid blasphemy so excited Whitefield's abhorrence and pious sympathy that he could not rest.

"I will go to them and reprove their wickedness," he said.

His companion remonstrated in vain. He went. His words of reproof fell apparently harmless upon

them. Returning, he lay down to sleep. His companion asked him rather abruptly:

"What did you gain by it?"

"A soft pillow," he said patiently, and soon fell asleep.

Yes, a soft pillow is the reward of fidelity, the companion of a clear conscience. It is sufficient remuneration for doing right in the absence of all other reward.

HEROES.

"True meekness is the loftiest heroism."

"No one is a hero to his valet."

MADAME DE SEVIGNE.

HEROISM, as we understand it, involves courage in combating great obstacles, in undergoing great danger, and in bearing great burdens, or a cause of adequate moment, a cause which involves interests that are not personal or selfish.

This heroism is not seen alone or chiefly on the battle-field. With the advance of time, there is an indefinite multiplication of channels in which true heroism may flow. Humphrey Davy was a hero, when he perilled his life over and over in his experiments with gases. The members of the medical profession have often made the most resplendent exhibitions of heroism, in their self-forgetful efforts to ascertain the causes of disease and to stay its ravages. The young physician was a hero who, by himself alone, dissected the

corpse of a victim of the yellow fever, knowing that the penalty would be his life. Literature has had its heroes, who, inflamed with a generous love of knowledge and culture, have braved penury and hunger that they might enlarge their minds, and commune with the great souls of the past.

But it is hardly needful to say that no history is so rich in the names of heroes as the history of Christianity. The men to whom, under God, is due the progress of true religion, have been heroes; they have been men who, against great odds and great difficulties, have struggled and suffered in behalf of the noblest of causes.

True courage is cool and calm. The bravest of men have the least of a brutal, bullying insolence, and in the very time of danger, are found the most serene and free.

The list of Christian Heroes includes the names of such men as Henry Martin, who left England and a tenderly beloved companion to bury himself amidst the heathenism of India, and later in the darkness of Persia, to die at the age of thirty-one, a martyr to his self-forgetful love of his fellow-men. William Wilberforce abandoned a life of ease and well-earned rest that he might become the emancipator of the negro race, and at last "went up to heaven, carrying a million broken fetters in his hands."

Richard Baxter, battling with life-long sickness and feebleness, yet laboring with pen and voice so arduously that one is almost oppressed with the list of his writings, each of them a masterpiece, the object of the

hatred and persecution of magistrate and prelate during the most degrading period of English history, the reign of James II, yet leaves behind him a great track of light which has not ceased to illumine the world.

Then there was John Knox, a man as courageous as Nelson, as firm as Wellington, "never fearing the face of flesh," and equally insensible to blandishment, moved neither by the honeyed words of Mary nor by the spears of her squadrons, knowing only one thing, desiring only one thing, the answer to his prayer: "Give me Scotland, or I die," and writing his own character in letters of light on all the subsequent history of the land.

William Cary, a cobbler, in depths of poverty, with a half-insane wife, with no brilliant genius, and yet who formed and founded the plan of Modern Christian Missions to the Heathen, and carried the work into execution, although opposed by the British Government and East India Company, and embarked for India on an undertaking that to human eyes was absolute madness.

Robert Hall, combating all his life with the most torturing disease, suffering so intensely from calculi in the kidneys that he said life was a burden and torment, despised as a dissenter, suffering social ostracism, and yet forcing his way to recognition as the first of Christian orators.

A wonderful instance of heroic action was that of Captain Strachan of the steamer Cyprian, wrecked off the Welsh coast. Just as the captain was ready to jump from the wreck with his life-preserver on, he saw

a little stowaway, who crawled from the hold of the vessel and begged to be saved. The captain immediately took off his life-preserver and tied it upon the lad, and together they were washed into the sea. The boy reached the shore alive, but the captain was drowned.

General Kershaw, of South Carolina, has recently published a touching narrative of the bravery and humanity of Sergeant Richard Kirkland, a soldier of his brigade, at the battle of Fredericksburg in 1862. The day after that sanguinary battle, the ground between the two opposing lines was covered with the wounded, dying and dead soldiers of the Union army, and any one who needlessly exposed himself but for a moment was sure to fall by a fatal bullet.

All that day those wounded men rent the air with their groans and their agonizing cries of "Water! water!" In the afternoon the general sat surveying the field, when Kirkland came up. With an expression of indignant remonstrance pervading his person, his manner and the tones of his voice, he said, "General, I can't stand this." "What is the matter, sergeant?" asked the general. He replied, "All night and all day I have heard these poor people crying for water, and I can stand it no longer. I come to ask permission to go and give them water."

The general regarded him for a moment with feelings of profound admiration, and said, "Kirkland, don't you know that you would get a bullet through your head the moment you stepped over the wall?" "Yes, sir," he said, "I know that; but if you will let me, I am willing to try it."

After a pause the general said, "Kirkland, I ought not to allow you to run such a risk, but the sentiment which actuates you is so noble that I will not refuse your request, trusting that God may protect you. You may go."

The sergeant's eyes lighted up with pleasure. He said "Thank you, sir," and ran rapidly down stairs. The general heard him pause for a moment, and then return, bounding two steps at a time. He thought the sergeant's heart had failed him. He was mistaken. The sergeant stopped at the door and said, "General, can I show a white handkerchief?" The general slowly shook his head, saying emphatically, "No, Kirkland, you can't do that." "All right sir," he said, "I'll take the chances," and ran down with a bright smile on his handsome countenance.

With a profound anxiety he was watched as he stepped over the wall on his errand of mercy—Christ-like mercy. Unharmed he reached the nearest sufferer. He knelt beside him, tenderly raised the drooping head, rested it gently upon his own noble breast, and poured the precious, life-giving fluid down the fever-scorched throat. This done, he laid him tenderly down, placed his knapsack under his head, straightened out his broken limb, spread his overcoat over him, replaced his empty canteen with a full one, and turned to another sufferer. By this time his purpose was well understood on both sides, and all danger was over. From all parts of the field arose fresh cries of "Water, water; for God's sake, water!" More piteous still the mute appeal of some who could

only feebly lift a hand to say, "Here, too, is life and suffering." For an hour and a half did this ministering angel pursue his labor of mercy, nor cease to go and return until he relieved all the wounded on that part of the field. He returned to his post wholly unhurt. Who shall say how sweet his rest that winter's night beneath the cold stars?

But there are heroes who never saw a battle-field, nor heard the roar of cannon. Says a well-known author, "I confess that increasing years bring with them an increasing respect for men who do not succeed in life, as those words are commonly used. Heaven is said to be a place for those who have not succeeded upon earth; and it is surely true celestial graces do not best thrive and bloom in the hot blaze of worldly prosperity. Ill success sometimes arises from a superabundance of qualities in themselves good—from a conscience too sensitive, a taste too fastidious, a self-forgetfulness too romantic, a modesty too retiring. I will not go so far as to say, with a living poet, that 'the world knows nothing of its greatest men,' but there are forms of greatness, or at least excellence, which 'die and make no sign'; there are martyrs that miss the plan but not the stake; heroes without the laurel, and conquerors without the triumph."

KEEP COOL.

"TAKE things cool," is perhaps as good a motto as can be adopted. It is never good to be excited; no possible benefit can be derived from it, as it always is an excess going beyond due bounds. It simply means too much. The cool man sees things in the true light. Get him away from this, and he is at once out of his sphere. The great workers of the world are those who abide by the facts, and carry them out—not exaggerate or distort them. Nature is always right; she never oversteps her bounds, and hence she is always true and successful. Let a man be beyond this, and he is apt to be flighty or unsuccessful. Trust to coolness, to the truth of things. Not that ardor should be dispensed with—that ardor which sees things but the more clearly; but let it go no farther. Excitement has done immense harm in the world, and is doing it daily—for we are an excitable world. It is our intemperance, mentally; and intemperance of the mind is as bad as that of the body, and often leads to wreck, as does the body. Insanity is one of its common fruits. Abuse is another—in fact, is the same. A judicious course is always the thing if we could but keep within temperate bounds.

Don't be in a hurry. It's no sort of use. We never knew a man who was always in a hurry that wasn't always behindhand. They are proverbial all over the world for bringing nothing to pass. Hurry,

skurry, bluster—what does it all amount to? Not a straw. If you want to accomplish anything as it should be done, you must go about it coolly, moderately, faithfully, heartily. Hurrying, fretting, fuming, spluttering, will do no good—not in the least. Are great works of great men done in a hurry? Not at all. They are the produce of time and patience—the result of slow, solid development. Nothing ought to be done in a hurry. It is contrary to nature, reason, right, justice and common sense. Your man of hurry is no sort of character at all. Always in confusion, loose at every point, unhinged and unjointed, blowing and puffing here and there, but all ending in smoke.

It is not work that kills men, it is worry. Work is healthy; you can hardly put more upon a man than he can bear. Worry is rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction. Fear secretes acids, but love and trust are sweet juices. Anxiety is the poison of life, the parent of many sins, and of more miseries. Why, then, allow it, when we know that all the future is guided by a Father's hand. The chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex us, and in prudently cultivating our undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones are let on long leases. Vainglorious men are never happy. They cannot enjoy the small pleasures of life. They are the scorn of wise men, and admiration of fools, the idols of parasites, and the slaves of their own vaunts.

Dr. Payson, when interrupted by calls in busy moments, or when he would not have desired them, found

relief in the thought, which he often expressed, "The man who wants me is the man I want." Be thou like the bird perched upon some frail thing, although he feels the branch bending beneath him, yet loudly sings knowing full well that he has wings. It has been well said that no man ever sank under the burden of the day. It is when to-morrrow's burden is added to the burden of to-day that the weight is more than a man can bear.

Success is always invigorating, but to truly great minds never intoxicating. Only light fabrics are puffed up by a breath. If you allow yourself to be elated by temporary or continued success, you lose the well-balanced mind necessary for an ultimate triumph. If you are a wise man you will treat the world as the moon treats it. Show it only one side of yourself, seldom show yourself too much at a time, and let what you show be calm, cool and polished. But look at every side of the world. Keep cool and you command everybody.

During the height of the so-called "Jingo" excitement, when men, and more especially women, were almost unendurable on account of their political vehemence, Lord Beaconsfield was, apparently at least, perfectly calm. Seated at dinner by the side of an illustrious lady, he was asked in tones full of feminine petulance; "What are you waiting for? What are you waiting for?"—the implication being, amazement that he did not hurl England into a war against Russia. "Waiting?" said he; "I am waiting for some roast mutton and potatoes."

If you would enjoy your meals, be good natured. An angry man cannot tell whether he is eating boiled cabbage or stewed umbrellas. If you care for your good looks, and wish to keep them, don't fret. A habit of continual fretting over the little things will mar in time the handsomest face ever made. A joyful evening may follow a sorrowful morning. Some one has truly said, "Every to-morrow has two handles. We can take hold of it by the handle of anxiety or the handle of faith."

Let men laugh when you sacrifice desire to duty, if they will. You have time and eternity to rejoice in. Adversity borrows its sharpest sting from impatience. Think twice before you let slip words that you know will hurt. It is easier to keep them from being spoken than to remove the sting and efface the wound afterwards. Many a bitter word would never have found existence, if the one speaking it had thought twice before doing so. With some men, however, there is no such thing as keeping cool. Goldsmith said of Dr. Johnson, "There is no arguing with Johnson; for if his pistol misses fire he knocks you down with the butt end of it."

Be systematic. It is one condition of success. If you get at loose ends you will soon ravel out. If the screws and bolts of your engine are loose, you will soon rattle it to pieces. And the faster you go the sooner it is done. But don't turn the screws too tight, you may break something. Genuine system is an easy-going thing. Like well-made, well-oiled machinery, it runs with little noise. If what you call

system makes a noise, or heats the axles, it is something else True system prevents and reduces friction; the counterfeit develops it. Happy is he whose system makes things go easily instead of roughly.

A gentleman living in the East Indies had a tamed tiger. One day as it crouched by his side it began licking the back of his hand, while he was absorbed in his book. A low growl from the beast caused him to turn and raise his hand. It was covered with blood. A fierce gleam from the eyes of the tiger warned him that his life was in danger. With great coolness he put down his hand again and began calling to his native servant, who soon came and shot the now excited beast. "The smell of blood is too strong for the tamed tiger."

But the same quality is sometimes displayed amid the fire of shot and shell. At the siege of Cadiz by the French in 1812, men and women were killed in the streets, at the windows, and in the recesses of their houses. When a shell was thrown by the enemy, a single toll of the great bell was the signal for the inhabitants to be on their guard. One day a solemn toll was heard in signal of a shell. That very shell fell furiously on the bell and shivered it to atoms. The monk whose duty it was to sound it, went very coolly and tolled the other bell. The good man had conquered the fear of death.

In the American Iron Works at Pittsburg, an iron-roller, named Robert Moore, had a white-hot ring of iron thrown by accident over his head and down on

his shoulders. With wonderful nerve, he took hold with a pair of tongs of a piece of iron protruding from one side of the fiery circle, and seized the other side of the ring with his naked hand. The ring was a pretty tight fit, there not being quiet an inch and a half to spare as it passed over his nose. The man had the fortitude to lift the hot iron slowly and carefully over his head, without touching any part of it. His face was badly scorched, and his hand was burnt to the bone; but he never flinched. When the iron band was cold, he put it back on his neck, and found it just two inches larger round than his head.

Turning Points.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide
In the strife of truth and falsehood for the good or evil side.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

No one who has read biography with carefulness has failed to see certain little things, especially in the lives of great men, which have turned them away from ignorance, or idleness, or error, to a life distinguished for its intelligence and earnestness. Sometimes the turning point is in early life. It is said of Voltaire that at the age of five years he committed to memory an infidel poem, and was never after that able to free himself from its pernicious influence.

William Wilberforce, when a child, was placed under the training of a pious aunt; and although much was done in his early manhood to erase the impressions received from his aunt, his whole life was moulded and colored by that same training. Hume was quite young when he took the wrong side in a debate, and embraced and defended through life the position taken at that time. Scott, the commentator, in a despairing mood, read a hymn of Dr. Watts on the all-seeing God, and was turned from his sin and idleness to a life of usefulness. The rebuke of his teacher and the taunt of a schoolmate aroused Clarke, the distinguished divine, who, up to that time, was very slow in attaining knowledge.

The turning point in Doddridge's life was when Clarke took him under his care. The first year he made great progress in study, and soon developed into a man of learning and influence. Aaron Burr sought spiritual advice in a revival at college, but his counsellor told him that the work was not genuine. His anxieties were dissipated, and from that time his downward career has been dated. Robert Moffat, the distinguished missionary, as he read a placard announcing a missionary meeting, was led to devote his life to the benefit of the heathen. Thus it is that character and years of usefulness often depend on one little event or circumstance.

The sudden darkness occasioned by the extinguishing of a lamp in a lady's room was the means of her conversion recently in Switzerland. She had long lived only for the world, and the thought of her sins

had never given her uneasiness. One night, while alone in her room, she saw the lamp suddenly go out. Although she was alone, she said aloud (thinking only of the accident which left her in the dark), "There is no oil in the lamp!" The words thus spoken sounded in her ears with a new sense. She recalled the parable of the five foolish virgins who had no oil, and whose lamps had gone out at the coming of the Bridegroom; and from that moment, day and night, that Word of God remained in her soul. It recurred to her constantly: "No, I have no oil in my lamp! My God! what will become of me? I have not Thy grace in my heart!" She was filled with fear, began to pray, and continued in prayer, until God gave her peace through believing in Christ.

Rev. Frederick Arnold thus happily illustrates the difference between the "Providence that shapes our ends" and what men call "luck" and "chance." "What we call the 'turning point' is simply an occasion which sums up and brings to result previous training. Accidental circumstances are nothing except to men who have been trained to take advantage of them. Erskine made himself famous when the chance came to him of making a great forensic display; but unless he had trained himself for the chance, the chance would only have made him ridiculous."

There is a story told of some gentleman, who, on a battlefield, happening to bow with much grace to some officer who addressed him, a cannon ball just went through his hair, and took off the head of one behind

him. The officer, when he saw the marvelous escape, justly observed that no man ever lost by politeness.

There is a man in Berkshire, England, who has a park with a walled frontage of seven miles, and he tells of a beautiful little operation which made a nice little addition to his fortune. He was in Australia when the first discoveries of gold were made. The miners brought in their nuggets and brought them to the local banks. The bankers were a little nervous about the business, uncertain about the quality of the gold, and waited to see its character established. This man had a taste for natural sciences and knew something about metallurgy. He tried each test, solid and fluid, satisfied himself of the quality of the gold, and then, with all the money he had or could borrow, he bought as much gold as might be, and showed, as profit, a hundred thousand pounds in the course of a day or two. His "luck" was observation, and knowledge, and a happy tact in applying them.

The late Joseph Hume went out to India, and while he was still a young man he accumulated a considerable fortune. He applied himself to the work of mastering the native languages, and turned the knowledge to most profitable account. On one occasion, when all the gunpowder had failed the British army, he succeeded in scraping together a large amount of the necessary material, and manufactured it for the troops. When he returned to England he canvassed with so much ability and earnestness for a seat in the East India directory, that he might carry out his scheme of reform, that, though he failed to get

the vote of a certain large proprietor of stock, he won his daughter's heart, and made a prosperous marriage. And marriage is, after all, the luckiest bit of luck, when it is all it should be.

There is, then, in truth, no luck. There are turning points in life, moments, critical moments, that are worth more than years; nevertheless a great occasion is only worth to a man what his antecedents have enabled him to make of it, and our business in life is to prepare for these supreme moments, these hours when life depends on the decision of the instant. Whatever of truth is veiled under the popular idea of luck and chance is, rightly considered, an incentive to the busiest industry, not an excuse for folded hands and idle dreams.

Dr. Peddie says, "Never till a man feels the fires of individuality will he write his name up among living forces." And Charnock tells us, "He that hath many things to trust to is in suspense which he should take hold of; but where there is but one left, with what greediness will he clasp hold of that! God cuts down worldly props, that we may make Him our stay." What may seem to be an utter failure may be in reality the first movement to ultimate victory. God comes near in every soul crisis to shed the light of His face upon us. Be not ashamed to confess that you have been in the wrong. It is but owning what you need not be ashamed of, that you now have more sense than you before had to see your error, and more grace to forsake it. Worship can better wait than reconciliation. Apology and restitution are sweeter offerings to God

than a lamb, for they are the sacrifices of a broken and a contrite heart. Certain thoughts are prayers. There are moments when, whatever be the attitude of the body, the soul is on its knees. "Moments spent with God are pearls strung for eternity."

Nicholas Biddle, Esq., when president of the Bank of the United States, once dismissed a clerk because the latter refused to write for him on the Sabbath. The young man, with a mother dependent on his exertions, was thus thrown out of employment by what some would call an over-nice scruple of conscience. But a few days after, Mr. Biddle being requested to nominate a cashier for another bank, recommended this very individual, and mentioned this very incident as proof of his trustworthiness.

"You can trust him," said he, "for he wouldn't work for me on Sunday."

Says Dr. Cuyler, "The actual working period of a life of three-score years and ten is very short. He who has not learned the value of an hour is doomed to failure. On an hour often swings a destiny for eternity."

There are occasions where victory is more really perilous than a timely defeat; a temporary triumph may lead to ground which the victors cannot permanently hold to their own true and lasting advantage.

Choice is the supreme prerogative of the moral creation as distinguished from the material, and a mighty prerogative it is. The hugest orb in space cannot choose to loiter an instant in its swift rush, or to

swerve a hair's-breadth from its orbit, but the little babe that has just learned to say mamma can overturn the throne of God in his own little bosom.

Business Morality.

Such suggestions as the following would secure a race of business men that would honor the land that furnishes them so noble a theater for successful enterprise: Engage in no business inconsistent with the strictest morality, nor in which you cannot daily seek the blessing of the Most High. Follow your chosen vocation, and that alone, whatever temptations to speculation or rapid acquisition may present themselves. Adopt no "tricks of trade," however sanctioned by custom, that involve deception or untruthfulness. Never incur a debt beyond your resources. Always live within your income. Devote a fixed portion of your income, beforehand, to charitable uses, to be employed and accounted for as systematically as family expenditures. The man who will regulate his business by such simple rules as these may free himself from the feverish excitements of adventurous traffickers, and secure himself, with God's blessing, an honest competency, if not a benevolent affluence, and a good name.

We seldom look clear through a man's career. We seldom follow him in his course from beginning to end. We seldom commence at the point where he

began to let down conscience, and trace his decline through its various stages till his character is undermined. Why, two thirds of the men that break down are not caused by pressure. There is a pressure that will break almost any timber. Oak will bear so many tons, ash so many, and hickory so many; but take a piece of timber that is eaten out by dry-rot, or by worms, and put pressure upon it, and the moment it is called to bear a weight of twenty-five pounds it snaps. And in many cases where men break down, the reason why they break down is that they are worm-eaten. There are thousands of men who are deceived in bargains, who would not be if they had the head that honesty and morality give. There are thousands of men who place their trust in things which are not to be relied upon, and who are continually stumbling, who would do well enough if they were conscientious and upright. Some are weak-minded, some are short-sighted; some go into business for which they are not adapted; some undertake more than they have the capacity to do, and there are failures from these causes; but I declare to you that, among the men who fail, the greatest number fail from moral delinquencies; from ten thousand little flaws that take away the stamina, the robustness of character, and the soundness of judgment which are indispensable to success. And it is very desirable that young men should know these things.

The smiles of heaven are upon those who do unto others as they would have others do unto them.

But it is weak human nature to "kick him because

he is down," and more than that, to kick him down because he is climbing up faster and better than we. There is a universal disposition to fling disparaging remarks at the book-agent, or the colporteur, who resolutely goes out to do good and make an honest living. This custom is really upon a par with the saloon-keeper and the wine-bibber, who make sport and cast reproach upon those ministers and temperance people who seek to alleviate the curse of drunkenness.

Transact all business with eternity in your eye. Better fail a thousand times, and in everything else, than attempt to shape for yourself a life without God, without hope in Christ, and without an interest in heaven.

It must be admitted that trade tries character perhaps more severely than any other pursuit in life. It puts to the severest tests honesty, self-denial, justice, and truthfulness; and men of business who pass through such trials unstained are, perhaps, worthy of as great honor as soldiers who prove their courage amidst the fire and perils of battle. And, to the credit of the multitudes of men engaged in the various departments of trade, we think it must be admitted that, on the whole, they pass through their trials nobly. If we reflect but a moment on the vast amount of wealth daily intrusted even to subordinate persons, who themselves probably earn but a bare competency—the loose cash which is constantly passing through the hands of shopmen, agents, brokers, and clerks in banking-houses—and note how comparatively few are the breaches of trust which

occur amidst all this temptation, it will probably be admitted that this steady daily honesty of conduct is most honorable to human nature, if it do not even tempt us to be proud of it.

The same trust and confidence reposed by men of business in each other, as implied by the system of credit, which is mainly based upon the principle of honor, would be surprising if it were not so much a matter of ordinary practice in business transactions. Dr. Chalmers has well said that the implicit trust with which merchants are accustomed to confide in distant agents, separated from them perhaps by half the globe —often consigning vast wealth to persons, recommended only by their character, whom perhaps they have never seen—is probably the finest act of homage which men can render to one another.

"In good times prepare for bad," is a sensible rule. Instead of rushing into all sorts of wild speculations and extravagant living, now is just the time for a level-headed man to keep his business on a solid foundation, and his expenses within reasonable limits. I remember hearing years ago of an old merchant who on his death-bed divided the results of long years of labor, some hundreds of pounds in all, amongst his sons. "It is little enough, my boys," were his last words, "but there isn't a dirty shilling in the whole of it." His ideal had not been to make money but to keep clean hands.

A person wrote to the New York "Tribune," "I am a young man just commencing business, and have some young men in my employ. How can I manage to pre-

vent insubordination on the one hand and to make an affirmative success as an employer on the other hand? Are there any books that will help me? What are some of the best books for a young business man?"

The following pertinent suggestions were given in the answer: "The best single treatise is the New Testament; next to this is the Book of Proverbs of Solomon. The best business man we have ever known memorized the entire Book of Proverbs at twenty-two, carrying the American Tract Society's ten-cent edition in his vest pocket, and committing a half-dozen verses daily; and when he became an employer gave a copy of the book to every employe with a friendly inscription commending it as an admirable business guide."

Speaking of the modern mania for speculation, and making money rapidly, even at the risk of sacrificing honor, Samuel Smiles says: "Young business men are often carried away by such examples. If they have not firmness and courage, they are apt to follow in their footsteps. The first speculation may be a gain. The gain may be followed by another, and they are carried off their feet by the lust for wealth. They become dishonest and unscrupulous. Their bills are all over the discount market. To keep up their credit they spend more money upon pictures, and even upon charities. Formerly, greedy and unjust men seized the goods of others by violence. To-day they obtain them by fraudulent bankruptcies. Formerly, every attempt was open; to-day, everything is secret, until at length the last event comes, and everything is exposed. The man fails; the bills are worthless; the pictures are

sold; and the recreant flies to avoid the curses of his creditors."

It is possible that the scrupulously honest man may not grow rich so fast as the unscrupulous and dishonest one; but the success will be of a truer kind, earned without fraud or injustice. And even though a man should, for a time, be unsuccessful, still he must be honest; better lose all and save character. For character is itself a fortune; and if the high-principled man will but hold on his way courageously, success will surely come—nor will the highest reward of all be withheld from him. Wordsworth well describes the "Happy Warrior" as he

> Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
> Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
> And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
> For wealth, or honor, or for worldly state;
> Whom they must follow, on whose head must fall
> Like showers of manna, if they come at all.

Social Morality.

The floods of vice, which ruin so many young men and women,—aye, and old ones too, are not altogether the result of inherent evil. Social surroundings develop an evil spirit, where to the superficial observer all seems pure and virtuous.

The professing Christian father will indulge in a foul story or a lewd remark in the presence of his son; the mother insinuates a base motive, or gives expres-

sion to a tainted thought before her child; and the seed thus sown is diligently cultivated in younger company, where the parent little suspects.

The seeds of vice are sown at home, or on the street, in the office, the store, or upon the farm; and are harrowed in by every-day repetition. They germinate with opportunity, at the social gathering, around the hearthstone, and among every-day occurrences. They grow into flaming passions which take possession of the soul, and fill it with the torments of the damned. They ripen into lives of shame and debauchery.

What sad wrecks are there all around us, whose early life seemed laid amidst scenes of the greatest purity and peace. But there was a worm gnawing at the root of their lives, of which the world knew not, and for which parents or friends were often responsible, and which at last so weakened their powers of resistance, that they came toppling to the earth like some forest oak swept down by an avalanche.

A people's morals are sustained by their religion—Christian morals by Christianity. And if our people lead such lives as will not allow them to become Christians in fact, in heart, in personal experience, in spirit and general character, in deed and in truth, the vital and all-sustaining power of our Christian morality is weakened by just so far as such a life is led. Christian morality is higher, more general, and more definite in its claims than any other. It lies at the foundation of our refinement and of our sturdy strength as a people, and, as a necessary consequence, it antago-

nizes depravity in heart and life as no other system does, and more than any other it needs a powerful support from some source, even the support which alone is found in the hearts, principles and affections of a people, a people regenerated, born again, changed, saved by the indwelling and mighty Spirit of God. In the light of this truth look again at any vice which makes the true Christian life impossible, and there read the results, first upon individual character, and ultimately upon national character and destiny.

But let us furthermore learn the importance of preserving a stainless character, even amid the most debasing surroundings. This is hard to do—very hard. With the ebbing and flowing of the tide of iniquity all around us, there is a danger that the weak point of character will be reached some time, and a leak sprung by which the flood of evil may with violence rush through. Sodom never could have sullied the fair character of Abraham, whose heart was stayed on God; but it came well nigh ruining his nephew, Lot.

No greater social vice exists than that of gambling. It infests our social life to a most alarming extent, until good Christian women as well as men are allured into the mad vortex, and often wreck their fortunes in hope of getting something for nothing. Lavater says, "It is possible that a wise and good man may be prevailed on to game; but it is impossible that a professed gamester should be a wise and good man."

It is said that the goddess of fortune, once sporting near the shady pool of Olympus, was met by the

gay and captivating god of war, who soon allured her to his arms. They were united; but the matrimony was not holy, and the result of the union was a misfeatured child, called Gaming. From the moment of her birth, this wayward thing could only be pleased by cards, dice or counters. The goddess Fortune ever had an eye on her promising daughter Gaming; and endowed her with splendid residences, in the most conspicuous streets, near the palaces of kings. They were magnificently designed and elegantly furnished. Lamps always burning at the portals were a sign and a perpetual invitation unto all to enter; and, like the gates of the Inferno, they were ever open to daily and nightly visitants; but, unlike the latter, they permitted *exit* to all who entered—some exulting with golden spoil, others with their hands in empty pockets.

> "Religion, morals, virtue, all give way,
> And conscience dies, the prostitute of play.
> Eternity ne'er steals one thought between,
> Till suicide completes the fatal scene."

People never plot mischief when they are merry. Laughter is an enemy to malice, a foe to scandal, and a friend to every virtue. It promotes good temper, enlivens the heart and brightens the intellect.

Oh! the heinousness of many of our thoughts! How few would be willing to have a glass placed on the forehead through which all the most inmost thoughts could be read. We fear to have them known to man. God knows them all.

It is not so much literary culture that is wanted, as habits of reflection, thoughtfulness and right conduct. Wealth cannot purchase pleasures of the highest

sort. It is the heart, taste and judgment which determine the happiness of man, and restore him to the highest form of being. Burns says:

"It's no in titles nor in rank;
It's no in wealth like London Bank,
To purchase peace and rest;
It's no in making muckle mair;
It's no in books; it's no in lear,
To make us truly blest:
If Happiness hae not her seat
And center in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest."

SELF-DENIAL.

WHEN a man finds, at last, that there is something beyond this life to live for, the moment that conception gets into his mind, life is transfigured and glorified into the nobler spheres of action. It becomes always glorious and fresh. Some men will tell you that life is tasteless, wearisome and exhausting; in every case they are men who have tried to live in a narrow and selfish manner. Life is transfigured to every true, loving, brave and diligent soul. Each man, faithful in his sphere, transfigures it, and makes grand the humblest position. We may say that the act of transfiguration takes place when a man realizes the worth of his own soul, and his work of self-denying devotion to the good of his fellow-man.

Self-denial is a kind of holy association with God; and, by making you his partner, interests you in all his

happiness. The more a man denies himself, the more he shall obtain from God. Teach self-denial, and make its practice pleasurable, and you create for the world a destiny more sublime than ever issued from the brain of the wildest dreamer. There never did and never will exist anything permanently noble and excellent in a character which was a stranger to the exercise of resolute self-denial.

The humblest mother of a poor family who is cumbered with much serving, or watching over a hospitality which she is too poor to delegate to others, or toiling for love's sake in household work, needs no emancipation in God's sight. For it is the glory of womanhood to consecrate the commonest, hardest things by a self-denying ministry. Better that life be a short self-sacrifice than a long self-seeking. The greatest victories and the sweetest enjoyments are reached through suffering.

He is good that does good to others. If he suffers for the good he does, he is better still; and if he suffers from them to whom he did good, he is arrived to that height of goodness that nothing but an increase of his sufferings can add to it; if it proves his death, his virtue is at its summit,—it is heroism complete. Daniel Webster says: "What a man does for others, not what they do for him, gives him immortality." The ability to control the lower nature in favor of the higher nature is the true self-denial.

No man was more devoted to duty than Charles Lamb. There are few who have not heard of the one awful event in his life. When only twenty-one, his

sister Mary, in a fit of frenzy, stabbed her mother to the heart with a carving-knife. Her brother, from that moment, resolved to sacrifice his life to his "poor, dear, dearest sister," and voluntarily became her companion. He gave up all thoughts of love and marriage. Under the strong influence of duty, he renounced the only attachment he had ever formed. With an income of scarcely five hundred dollars a year, he trod the journey of life alone, fortified by his attachment for his sister. Neither pleasure nor toil ever diverted him from his purpose.

When released from the asylum, she devoted part of her time to the composition of the "Tales from Shakespeare," and other works. Hazlitt speaks of her as one of the most sensible women he ever knew, though she had through life recurring fits of insanity, and even when well was constantly on the brink of madness. When she felt a fit of insanity coming on, Charles would take her under his arm to the Hoxton Asylum. It was affecting to see the young brother and his elder sister walking together, and weeping together on this painful errand. He carried the strait jacket in his hand, and delivered her up to the care of the asylum authorities. When she had recovered her reason she went home again to her brother, who joyfully received her—treating her with the utmost tenderness. "God loves her," he says; "may we two never love each other less." Their affection continued for forty years, without a cloud, except such as arose from the fluctuations of her health. Lamb did his duty nobly and manfully, and he reaped a fitting reward.

There are many such noble examples of self-denying devotion to duty all around us! See that devoted daughter, renouncing the opportunity for a brilliant life in the social circles, for which her talents have fitted her, that she may relieve her less favored brothers and sisters of the burden of caring for an aged father. And that son, who unhesitatingly leaves a lucrative position, in obedience to the whim of an invalid mother, to go to a distant place and among strangers, and again begin the battle for honor and a competence. These things are all done so quietly, that we do not half notice or comprehend what they cost, but the recording angel does not overlook them.

There are gifts more precious than money; a kind word; a hasty hand-clasp, or a sympathizing tear; an hour of prudent counsel may do far more for persons in distress than any mere gifts of pence or shillings that may be bestowed. We need to be brought in direct contact with suffering humanity, face to face, heart to heart, and hand to hand; and we need this not only for their benefit, but for our own; not only that the poor may be lifted up from their dejected state, but that we ourselves may be lifted up to the joy and blessedness of a better and more unselfish life.

The happiness of the tender heart is increased by what it can take away from the wretchedness of others. The essence of true nobility is neglect of self. Let the thought of self pass in, and the beauty of a great action is gone, like the bloom of a soiled flower. Dr. Monro Gibson says: "Many a small man is never

done talking about the sacrifices he makes, but he is a great man, indeed, who can sacrifice everything and say nothing."

In a time of famine a rich man sent for the poorest children of the town, and said to them:

"There is a basket full of bread: you may come every day and take a loaf until it pleases God to send better times."

The children attacked the basket, and disputed as to which should have the largest loaf, and then went away without thanking their benefactor.

Only Frances, a very poor but cleanly girl, modestly remained behind, and had the smallest loaf which was left in the basket. She gratefully returned thanks and went home quietly. One day the children behaved very badly indeed, and poor Frances received a loaf very much smaller than the rest; but when she took it home, and her mother cut it open, a number of pieces of silver fell on the floor.

The poor woman was astonished and said:

"Go and return this money immediately, it must have been put in the bread by mistake."

Frances went directly with it to the gentleman, who said:

"My dear child, it was no mistake. I had the money put into that loaf to reward you. Remain always as peaceable and contented. Those who are satisfied with a little always bring blessings upon themselves and family, and will pass happily through the world. Do not thank me, but thank God, who put into your heart the treasure of a contented and grate-

ful spirit, and who has given me the will and opportunity to be useful to those who are in need of assistance."

Patience and Forbearance.

Patience is the endurance of any evil, out of the love of God, as the will of God. The offices of patience are as varied as the ills of life. We have need of it with ourselves and with others; with those above and below us, and with equals; with those who love us, and those who love us not; for the greatest things and the least; against sudden trouble, and under daily burdens; disappointments as to weather, or the breaking of the heart; in weariness of body, in wearing of soul; in our own failure, and others' failures to us. In all these things, from childhood's little troubles to the martyr's sufferings, patience is the grace of God, whereby we endure evil for love of Him, and keep still and motionless not to offend Him.

Patience has its charms as well as its reputed virtue. The charm is in its cheerfulness; the virtue in its quiet fortitude to wait and trust. One adds to the other's beauty just as a moonbeam resting upon a placid sea adds to the beauty of the peaceful waters.

The horse of a pious man in Massachusetts happening to stray into the road, a neighbor of the man who owned the horse put him in the pound. Meeting the owner soon after, he told him what he had done, and added, "If ever I catch him in the road hereafter,

I'll do just so again." "Neighbor," replied the other, "Not long since, I looked out of my window in the night, and saw your cattle in my mowing-ground; and I drove them out, and shut them in your yard; and *I'll do it again.*" Struck with the reply, the man liberated the horse from the pound, and paid the charges himself.

Trust a man—show that you are ready to place confidence in him as a man—exhibit by your conduct toward him that you believe, so to speak, in his honor, aud you will do far more to win the heart of that man, and to draw forth the better feelings of his nature, than by all the exhibitions of law and authority. You disarm a man's evil nature when you prove by your acts and demeanor that you have confidence in his better nature. Thus it is that evil can be overcome by good.

Indeed, we need but to trust men more to bring out the good that is in them. Trust them with privileges, and by practice they will learn the right use of them. The only cure for the evils of newly acquired freedom is freedom. Accustom the prisoner who has come out of his cell to the light, and he will soon be able to bear the brightest rays of the sun. To humanize men they must be familiarized with humanizing influences. To make men good citizens, they must be allowed to exercise the rights and functions of citizens. Before a man can swim, he must first have gone into the water; before a man can ride, he must first have mounted a horse; and before he can be an

intelligent citizen, he must first have been admitted to the duties of citizenship.

Never be discouraged because good things go on so slowly here; and never fail daily to do that good which lies next to your hand. Do not be in a hurry, but be diligent. Enter into the sublime patience of the Lord. Be charitable in view of it. God can afford to wait; why cannot we, since we have him to fall back upon? Let patience have her perfect work, and bring forth her celestial fruits. Trust to God to weave your little thread into a great web, though the patterns show it not yet. When God's people are able and willing thus to labor and wait, remember that one day with the Lord is as a thousand years, and the thousand years shall show themselves as a perfect and finished day. John Calvin has said, "I have not so great a struggle with my vices, great and numerous as they are, as I have with my impatience." The Alexander is strong within us. To conquer obstacles and difficulties without, and even curb passions within, is easier than to "rule the spirit" and bridle the tongue. With what pains and patience men study the art of speaking Saxon and French and German, and even the classics, that they may give the most delicate light and shade to thought. But the divine art of silence—holding the tongue under neglect or insult, being calm under every pressure of adversity—this surely is greater. Patience measures the character; it perfects it. "But let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing." Yet what do we see in the large measure

of cases? Men living as if passion were strength. They groan and tug away as if there were no God at the helm. They hurry and bustle, rushing hither and thither, as if fire in the glow could make everything peaceful and fruitful. But who has found fussing, fuming and fretting, elements of strength? What character have they profited? What plans have they perfected? Impatience never made anything better in this world.

As the sweetest things put into sour vessels sours them, or put into a bitter vessel embitters them, so murmuring puts gall and wormwood into every cup of mercy that God gives into our hands. The murmurer writes Marah upon all his mercies, and reads and tastes bitterness in them all. As to the hungry soul every bitter thing is sweet, so to the murmuring soul every sweet thing is bitter.

Try to be patient. We so often spoil the good work of our hands by a spirit of impatience that cannot brook delay, and like an impatient child we dig round the very roots we have planted so carefully, and thus hinder natural growth. Give plenty of time for fruition. A good husbandman is seldom in haste. He sows and he tends—doing his part carefully, and then he waits. Depend upon it, in the midst of all the science about the world and its ways, and all the ignorance of God and his greatness, the man or woman who can say, "Thy will be done," with the true heart of giving up, is nearer the secret of things than the geologist and theologian.

The greatest example the world has ever had of

patience and forbearance, is our Lord and Savior, who constantly entreats and commands his followers to humility and forgiveness. "Forgive and ye shall be forgiven" is the promise at the beginning, and "ye ought also to wash one another's feet" is the command at the end. One of the most lovely and beloved of men once said in public, "I feel so humble at times that I could let people wipe their feet upon me, rather than do them any injury or make them unhappy." In the midst of great cause for resentment or revenge, let us remember how much we have done that has caused others to mourn or to worry or even to rage, that we had no just cause for doing. Then let us overlook the injury, and put away our bad feelings and pass by the unpleasant matter in the pleasant manner that well becomes a citizen of a christian and civilized land.

He is the only rich man in the world who has learned to be content with what he has. If it were only for mere human reasons, it would turn to a better account to be patient; nothing defeats the malice of an enemy like a spirit of forbearance; the return of rage for rage cannot be so effectually provoking. True gentleness, like an impenetrable armour, repels the most pointed shafts of malice; they cannot pierce through this invulnerable shield, but either fall hurtless to the ground, or return to wound the hand that shot them.

Resentment is a very expensive vice. How dearly has it cost its votaries, even from the sin of Cain, the first offender in this kind! "It is cheaper," says a pious writer, "to forgive and save the charges." Lost patience

CINDERELLA.

FOR WELL-SPRINGS OF TRUTH

is never found again. You may be patient next time; but the spoken word cannot be called back—not with prayers and tears.

A meek spirit will not look out of itself for happiness, because it finds a constant banquet at home, yet, by a sort of divine alchemy, it will convert all external events to its own profit, and be able to deduce some good, even from the most unpromising. It will extract comfort and satisfaction from the most barren circumstances. "It will suck honey out of the rock, and oil out of the flinty rock." The gentleness that makes one great, comes from subdued strength. This lovely fruit of the spirit proves an element of power. The "soft answer" often costs the answerer dearly. Sweetness of spirit is the outgrowth of self-control. Serenity of soul, whatever be the constitutional characteristics, comes most frequently from long self-discipline and prayerful struggle.

Honors and dignities are transient, beauty and riches frail and fugacious to a proverb; would not the truly wise, therefore, wish to have some one possession, which they might call their own in the severest exigencies. But this wish can only be accomplished by acquiring and maintaining that calm and absolute self-possession, which, as the world had no hand in giving, so it cannot by the most malicious exertion of its power, take away.

You all remember the beautiful story of Cinderella, whose patience and forbearance, under the indignities heaped upon her by cruel sisters, were at last rewarded by the hand of the beautiful prince. So may we,

under like circumstances, bear up until the witch of *opportunity* shall open the way for our entrance upon a life of honor and success.

Duties of Life.

No man has a right to say he can do nothing for the benefit of mankind, who are less benefited by ambitious projects than by the sober fulfillment of each man's proper duties. By doing the proper duty in the proper place, a man may make the world his debtor. The results of "patient continuance in well-doing" are never to be measured by the weakness of the instrument, but by the omnipotence of him who blesseth the sincere efforts of obedient faith alike in the prince and in the cottager.

No man's spirits were ever hurt by doing his duty: on the contrary, one good action, one temptation resisted and overcome, one sacrifice of desire or interest, purely for conscience sake, will prove a cordial for weak and low spirits, far beyond what either indulgence, or diversion, or company can do for them.

There is no evil that we cannot face or fly from, but the consciousness of duty disregarded. A sense of duty pursues us ever. It is omnipresent, like the deity. If we take to ourselves the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, duty performed, or duty violated is still with us, for our happiness or our misery. If we say, the darkness

shall cover us—in the darkness, as in the light, our obligations are yet with us. We cannot escape their power, nor fly from their presence. They are with us in this life, will be with us at its close; and in that scene of inconceivable solemnity which yet lies further onward, we shall still find ourselves surrounded by the consciousness of duty, to pain us whenever it has been violated, and to console us so far as God may have given us grace to perform it.

There are few things more beautiful than the calm and resolute progress of an earnest spirit. The triumphs of genius may be more dazzling; the chances of good fortune may be more exciting; but neither are at all so interesting or so worthy as the achievements of a steady, faithful and fervent energy. The labor of the faithful is never in vain. The fruits will be found gathered into his hand, while the hasty garlands of genius are fading away, and the prizes of the merely fortunate are turned into vanity.

The best kind of duty is done in secret, and without the sight of men. There it does its work devotedly and nobly. It does not follow the routine of worldly-wise morality. It does not advertise itself. It adopts a larger creed and a loftier code; which to be subject to and obey is to consider every human life and every human action in the light of an eternal obligation to the race.. Our evil or our careless actions incur debts every day, that humanity, sooner or later, must discharge.

Duty—pure duty—without any thought of personal reward or personal happiness—is the strongest,

sweetest, most sacred force that domestic life possesses. And it brings with it its own consolations; not perhaps *the* consolation it craves—it is strange how seldom Heaven gives us poor mortals exactly what we desire—but something else in substitution. How many a sorrowful woman heals her bruised heart beside her baby's cradle! How many a disappointed, lonely man—to whom his wife is no companion and no helpmeet—takes comfort in his baby daughter, and looks forward hopefully to the time when she will be a grown woman; his friend and solace, the sharer of his tastes and humorer of his innocent hobbies—all, in short, that her mother might have been, but is not! Yet he will not love the mother the less, but rather the more, for the child's sake.

Neglect of private duties is the great reason why the hearts of many are so dead and dull, so formal and carnal, so barren and unfruitful under public ordinances. Oh that Christians would lay this seriously to heart! Certainly that man's heart is best in public duties who is most frequently in private exercises.

Man does not live for himself alone. He lives for the good of others as well as of himself. Every one has his duties to perform—the richest as well as the poorest. To some life is pleasure, to others suffering. But the best do not live for self-enjoyment, or even for fame. Their strongest motive power is hopeful, useful work in every good cause.

The sphere of duty is infinite. It exists in every station of life. We have it not in our choice to be

rich or poor, to be happy or unhappy; but it becomes us to do the duty that everywhere surrounds us. Obedience to duty, at all costs and risks, is the very essence of the highest civilized life. Great deeds must be worked for, hoped for, died for, now as in the past.

Do not go through life searching for the hard and unpleasant things; it is enough if you are ready for them when they come. Live and act to-day. He who spends one half of his time in enjoying his to-morrows will spend the other half in regretting his yesterdays. He who is false to the present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will see the effect when the weaving of a life-time is unraveled. Duties first, pleasures afterward; let this be your life-rule.

The widest field of duty lies outside the line of literature and books. Men are social beings more than intellectual creatures. The best part of human cultivation is derived from social contact; hence courtesy, self-respect, mutual toleration, and self-sacrifice for the good of others. Experience of men is wider than literature. Life is a book which lasts one's life-time, but it requires wisdom to understand its difficult pages.

Seek not to please the world, but your own conscience. The man who has a feeling within him that he has done his duty upon every occasion is far happier than he who hangs upon the smiles of the great or the still more fickle favors of the multitude.

Life is a short day; but it is a working day. Activity may lead to evil, but inactivity cannot lead to good. Luck is ever waiting for something to turn up. Labor,

with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something. Luck lies in bed, and wishes the postman would bring him the news of a legacy. Labor turns out at six o'clock, and, with busy pen or ringing hammer, lays the foundation of a competence. Luck whines. Labor whistles. Luck relies on chance. Labor on character. Labor is the duty man owes to society, rest is the duty he owes to his person, recreation is the duty he owes to his mind.

Sowing.

Every one is sowing, both by word and deed;
All mankind are growing, either wheat or weed;
Thoughtless ones are throwing any sort of seed.

As the beauty of summer, the fruitfulness of autumn and the support of winter depend upon spring; so the happiness, wisdom and piety of middle life and old age depend upon youth. Youth is the seed-time of life. If the farmer does not plow his land, and commit the precious seed to the ground in spring, it will be too late afterwards. So if we, while young, neglect to cultivate our hearts and minds, by not sowing the seeds of knowledge and virtue, our future lives will be ignorant, vicious and wretched. "The sluggard will not plow by reason of the cold; he, therefore, shall beg in harvest and have nothing."

The soil of the human heart is naturally barren of everything good, though prolific of evil. If corn, flowers, or trees be not planted and carefully cultivated, nettles and brambles will spring up; and the

mind, if not cultivated, and stored with useful knowledge, will become a barren desert or a thorny wilderness.

As the spring is the most important part of the year, so is youth the most important period of life. Surely, God has a claim to our first and principal attention, and religion demands the morning of our days, and the first season, the spring of our lives; before we are encumbered by cares, distressed by afflictions, or engaged in business, it becomes us to resign our souls to God.

Perhaps you may live for many years; then you will be happy in possessing knowledge and piety, and be enabled to do good to others; but if, just as youth is beginning to show its buds and blossoms, the flower should be snapped from its stalk by the rude hand of death, O! how important that it should be transplanted from earth, to flourish forever at the foot of the tree of life, and beside the waters of the river of life in heaven.

There is not a thought that is not striking a blow; there is not an impulse that is not doing mason work; there is not a passion thrust this way or that that is not a working man's thrust. The imagination in all directions is building. You think you are throwing out the net for game; you think that you are laying plans for your accomplishment: but back of all the conscious work that is going on in you, back of your visible attainments, there is another work going on. There are as many master-workmen in you as there are separate faculties; and there are as many blows

being struck as there are separate acts of emotion or of volition. And this work is going on perpetually. Every single day these myriad forces are building, building, building. Here is a great structure going up, point by point, story by story, although you are not conscious of it. It is a building of character. It is a building that must stand, and the word of inspiration warns you to take heed how you build it, to see that you have a foundation that shall endure: to make sure that you are building on it, not for the hour in which you live, but for that hour of revelation, that hour of testing, when that which hath been done shall be brought out, and you shall be brought out, and shall be seen just as you are.

It is a good and safe rule to sojourn in every place as if you meant to spend your life there, never omitting an opportunity of doing a kindness, or speaking a true word, or making a friend. Seeds thus sown by the wayside often bring forth an abundant harvest. You might so sojourn among strangers that they should be better and happier, through time and eternity, for your works and your example.

The past is ever present with us. "Every sin," says Jeremy Taylor, "smiles in the first address, and carries light in the face and honey on the lip." When life matures, and the evil-doer ceases not from his ways, he can only look forward to old age with fear and despair. But good principles, on the other hand, form a suit of armor which no weapon can penetrate. "True religion," says Cecil, "is the life, health and education of the soul; and whoever truly possesses it

is strengthened with peculiar encouragement for every good word and work."

What we sow in youth we reap in age. The seed of the thistle always produces the thistle. The possibilities that wait upon you who are yet in the spring-time of existence, who are yet holding in your own two hands the precious gift of time, cannot be estimated! Do not forget that a useless life is an early death. If you expect to fail, you will not be disappointed. If you expect to fail, get out of the way at once. It will save time, and perhaps "feelings." There are few sublimer words than Carey's, when he was pleading for foreign missions before a prejudiced audience in Northampton, England. He had two points in his sermon, thus: "First: Attempt great things for God. Second: Expect great things from God." God does not desire that we should pitch our tents in the valley of repentance and humiliation. He is satisfied if we only pass through on our way to the happy heights of peace beyond.

The Christian sower *sows himself*, his character, his spirit, his power of influence. He is himself a seed quick with divine life; planted anywhere, God can make that seed grow into blessing. Spare sowing makes spare reaping, bountiful sowing brings bountiful harvests; so let every man give not grudgingly but cheerfully. The wise man said, "The liberal soul shall be made fat; and he that watereth shall be watered also himself." We cannot get more out of human life than we put into it.

We are hanging up pictures every day about the

chamber walls of our hearts that we shall have to look at when we sit in the shadows. The law of harvest is to reap more than you sow. Sow an act and you reap a habit; sow a habit and you reap a character; sow a character and you reap a destiny.

Often we become discouraged and abandon a work when on the eve of success. We must sow before we reap, "but in due season we shall reap if we faint not." Think of Judson waiting five years for his first convert in Burmah; or of Robert Morrison's waiting seven years for his first convert in China; or Adams' ten years at Port Natal; or the London Mission Society's ten in Madagascar and thirty in the Madras Presidency without any, and fifteen in Tahiti for its first convert; or the Baptists twenty-one years for twenty converts among the Telugus, as compared with the gains of the last ten years, counted by tens of thousands.

A pious author, writing about the results of classical study, and imbibing the doctrines of ancient heathen philosophers, says: "The necessity of doing this, perhaps somewhat weakens the serious impressions of young men, at least till the understanding is formed, and confuses their ideas of piety, by mixing them with so much heterogeneous matter. They only casually read, or hear read, the Scriptures of truth, while they are obliged to learn by heart, construe and repeat the poetical fables of the less than human gods of the ancients. And, as the excellent author of 'The Internal Evidence of the Christian Religion' observes, 'Nothing has so much contributed to corrupt the true spirit of the Christian institution, as that

partiality which we contract, in our earliest education, for the manners of pagan antiquity.'"

Be careful about the initial paragraphs. Somebody has said that "the first hour is the rudder that steers the course of the whole day." The mediæval monks, in preparing their manuscripts, took special pains in illuminating the opening letter of the chapter, reasoning rightly that they would be likely to conform the rest of their work to that. If the first words and first acts of the new year are such as conscience approves, good square strokes and not blots, it helps wonderfully to make all the rest of the record comely. There is an old proverb that "a bad beginning makes a good ending;" but if that ever proves true in life it is owing to the uncovenanted grace of God, a power in which men are nowhere encouraged to trust. If anybody is in earnest to build a symmetrical year, in whose strength and beauty he can find satisfation, let him take special pains with the lower courses of the foundation. The first days are the corner-stones of all the days which are to follow.

Reaping.

If you forget God when you are young, God may forget you when you are old. Sin yields its pleasures first; but the pain is sure to follow. The pleasures of sin are but for a season. As they who, for every slight infirmity, take physic to repair their health, do

rather impair it; so they who, for every trifle, are eager to vindicate their character, do rather weaken it. He who would pass the latter part of his life with honor and decency, must, when he is young, consider that he shall one day be old; and remember, when he is old, that he has once been young.

A master comes to his garden. He turns over leaves of pear and plum trees, and he looks along the branches of the peach-trees. "Trees look very healthy, don't they, sir?" says the gardener, in a satisfied way. Then they pass into the orchard. "Nice trees these, sir," observes the gardener, "very choice sorts, golden pippin and russet." Then they turn to the hot-houses: "Vines and pines look very promising," says the gardener, smiling complacently. At last the master speaks out, half angrily, "What in the world is the use of healthy trees, and of choice sorts, and of promising plants? I don't want green leaves and fine young wood only—I want fruit. And if you can't get it, I must find somebody that can."

The Lord of the vineyard comes to us. He stands before us and looks underneath the leaves of our profession, searching for fruit. Good desires, good feelings, good endeavors, all our praying, all our believing —everything else counts for nothing unless there be some fruit. This is what our Master requires and seeks.

In an active life is sown the seed of wisdom; but he who reflects not never reaps; has no harvest from it, but carries the burden of age, without the wages of experience; nor knows himself old, but from his infirmi-

ties, the parish register, and the contempt of mankind. And what has age, if it has not esteem? It has nothing.

The martyr may perish at the stake, but the truth for which he dies may gather new luster from his sacrifice. The patriot may lay his head upon the block, and hasten the triumph of the cause for which he suffers. The memory of a great life does not perish with the life itself, but lives in other minds. The ardent and enthusiastic may seem to throw their lives away; but the enduring men continue the fight, and enter in and take possession of the ground on which their predecessors sleep. Thus the triumph of a just cause may come late, but when it does come it is due to the men who have failed as well as to the men who have eventually succeeded.

The man whose conscience is void of offense, can stand unmoved amid the storms of sorrow, and can face the slings and arrows of adversity, strong in the confidence that God is with him. But when he has violated conscience and has departed from God, his sources of strength are dried up; like Samson despoiled of his locks, he is weak as other men are, and goes down in the general wreck, feeble when he might have been strong, defeated when he might have been a victor, dishonored when he might have been crowned with glory, lost when he might have been saved.

Many young persons seem to think it of not much consequence if they do not improve their time well in youth, vainly expecting that they can make it up by diligence when they are older. They also think it

is disgraceful for men and women to be idle, but that there can be no harm for persons who are young to spend their time in any manner they please.

John B. Gough says: "I tell you in all sincerity, not as in the excitement of speech, but as I would confess before God, that I would give my right hand if I could forget that which I learned in evil company." Better it is toward the right conduct of life to consider what will be the end of a thing than what is the beginning of it; for what promises fair at first may prove ill, and what seems at first a disadvantage may prove very advantageous. There is a peculiar and appropriate reward for every act, only remember that the reward is not given for the merit of the act, but follows on it as inevitably in the spiritual kingdom as wheat springs from the grain, and barley from its grain, in the natural world.

It is only when long spaces along the shore of the sea are taken into account that the grand level is found from which the heights and depths are measured. And it is only when long spaces of time are considered that we find at last the level of public opinion, which we call the general judgment of mankind.

Men already rich, but hasting to be richer, throw themselves into wild speculations with the view of making money more rapidly than before. With what result? Only to land them in hopeless bankruptcy. Many instances are at hand to prove this. The embezzlement of millions has not been thought extraordinary of recent years. Money has been taken from

bank deposits to buy up railway shares, or to buy land in some remote colony, the speculation for a rise often ending in a ruinous fall. Then "the bank broke" and the downfall came, ending in ruin and desolation to a thousand homes. Men have been driven insane, and women have prayed to be delivered from their lives.

If our sons resist us in choosing a career, or, still worse, in choosing companions that we believe will ruin that career; if our daughters will go and fall in love with the last man in the world we would have desired for their husbands—well, why is this? These young souls were given to us apparently an absolute blank page, upon which we might write what we chose. We have written. It is we who have formed their characters, guided their education, governed their morals. Everything they are now we have or are supposed to have made them; at least, we once thought we should be able to make them. If they turn out well we shall assuredly take the credit of it; if they turn out ill—what say we then? That it is their fault, or ours?

It is easier to tie a knot in a cord of wood than to do an evil deed and get rid of the consequences. No man can go into bad company without suffering for it. The homely old proverb has it very tersely: "A man can't bite the bottom out of a frying-pan without smutting his nose."

Speaking of the terrors of a death-bed repentance, when a life of sin has prepared for the reaping, a well known writer says: "The infinite importance of what he has to do, the goading conviction that it must be

done; the utter inability of doing it; the dreadful combination, in his mind, of both the necessity and incapacity; the despair of crowding the concerns of an age into a moment; the impossibility of beginning a repentance which should have been coucluded, of suing for a pardon which should have been obtained; all these complicated concerns without strength, without time, without hope, with a clouded memory, a disjointed reason, a wounded spirit, undefined terrors, remembered sins, anticipated punishment, an angry God, an accusing conscience, all together intolerably augment the sufferings of a body which stands in little need of the insupportable burthen of a distracted mind to aggravate its torments."

If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent; if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth; if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, word or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee; if thou art a lover, and hast given one unmerited pang to that true heart that now lies cold and still beneath thy feet, then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul, be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear, more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Self Helps.

Fight your own battles—ask no favors. You will succeed a thousand times better than one who is always beseeching patronage.

A YOUNG man wrote Dr. Prime for advice about the way to get an education. Said the doctor:

"The way of the world now is for you to look about and see who will help you to get it. That is not the right way. Look about and see what you can do to help yourself. Grind your own axe. Support yourself by honorable industry, and earn your bread while you improve the odds and ends of time in study. When you get something ahead, use it to support yourself while you learn. Ten thousand men are now serving their generation with usefulness and honor who never asked anybody to grind an axe for them."

Many are asking how boys and girls can be encouraged to begin and complete a course of study. One suggests the founding of scholarships. Another, the obtaining of State aid. But why cannot young men, and young women too, earn for themselves their education! Says a leading educator: "We have tried it, and with success. Some of the very best students we have had have in large part paid their way by their own exertions.

"Give a boy a practicable way to help himself, and if he is worthy to succeed, he will succeed, and learn self-reliance in the process. The young man with but a vague desire to know, needs encouragement to start.

When he has begun, his longing to know more will be incentive enough for perseverance. Direct pecuniary aid I do not favor; a scheme to aid young men to help themselves I most heartily endorse, and believe that in it lies the hope for a better educated laity, aud a more effective ministry."

If you are ever to be anything you must make a beginning; and you must make it yourself. The world is getting too practical to help drones, and push them along, when there is a busy hive of workers who, if anything, live too fast. You must lift up your own feet, and if you have a pair of clogs on which clatter about your heels, they will soon be worn off and left behind in the dusty pathway. Mark out the line which you prefer; let truth be the object-glass—honesty the surveying chain; and eminence the level with which you lay out your field; and thus prepared, with prudence on one arm and perseverance on the other, you need fear no obstacle. Do not be afraid to take the first step. Boldness will beget assurance and the first step will bring you so much nearer the second. But if your first step should break down, try again. It will be surer and safer by the trial. Besides, if you never move, you will never know your own power. A man standing still and declaring his inability to walk, without making the effort, would be a general laughing-stock; and so, morally, is the man, in our opinion, who will not test his own moral and intellectual power; and then gravely informs us that he has "no genius," or "no talent," or "no capacity." A man with seeing

eyes keeping them shut, and complaining that he cannot see, is the trumpeter of his own imbecility.

Every human being has a character of his own, which he is not to change or mould into that of another, but to develop and exalt into the highest form of which he is capable. He has duties which no one else can perform, an influence which no one else can wield, and a conscience with which nothing else must conflict. Nothing is more fatal to strength of mind than to part with our individuality, or to try to fashion ourselves upon another's model. Self-reliance is perfectly compatible with humanity. The more we honestly feel our deficiencies, the more necessity do we find for personal efforts. We can do for ourselves what no other person can do for us, and if we reverence our moral natures, and use all external influence as a means of quickening our internal energy, strengthening our faculties, and developing the best that is in us, society will have fulfilled her true end for us, in exalting the individual nature which she too often depresses.

Don't be whining about not having a fair chance. Throw a sensible man out of a window and he'll fall on his feet, and ask the nearest way to his work. The more you have to begin with, the less you will have in the end. Money you earn yourself is much brighter than any you get out of dead men's bags. A scant breakfast in the morning of life whets the appetite for a feast later in the day. He who has tasted a sour apple will have the more relish for a sweet one. Your present want will make future prosperity all the

sweeter. Eighteenpence has set up many a peddler in business, and he has turned it over until he has kept his carriage. As for the place you are cast in, don't find fault with that; you need not be a horse because you were born in a stable. If a bull tossed a man of metal sky-high, he would drop down into a good place. A hard-working young man with his wits about him will make money while others will do nothing but lose it.

There is nothing which so adds to the treasures of the mind and increases its power as its own thinking. Learn to think for yourself. It is all very well to hear and to read the wisdom of others. But one should not let this take the place of his own thought. Many persons are like cisterns, they are good to hold the thoughts of others. But when the time comes that they are forced to rely on themselves, they have no power to do so. The outside supply is cut off and the cistern runs dry. But if one, like the river, is constantly fed by his own springs, then, as the learning of others comes to him, it unites with his own waters and the stream widens and deepens.

The only cure for indolence is work; the only cure for selfishness is sacrifice; the only cure for unbelief is to shake off the ague of doubt by doing Christ's bidding; the only cure for timidity is to plunge into some dreaded duty before the chill comes on. Æsop tells us of a countryman who was carelessly driving his wagon along a miry lane, when his wheels stuck so deep in the clay that the horses came to a stand-still. Upon this the man, without making the least effort of his own, began to call upon Hercules to come and

help him out of his trouble. But Hercules bade him lay his shoulder to the wheel, assuring him that heaven only aided those who endeavored to help themselves. It is in vain to expect our prayers to be heard if we do not strive as well as pray.

The child learns to walk by walking, so you must learn to live nobly only by acting nobly on all occasions. As he who practices in shallow waters will not learn to swim nor have strength to breast the wave, so, if you practice only in avoiding trials, your heart will never have strength for the greater troubles. Your life must be a contest with self and evil. In this you must be the victor or go down.

There is a fixed connection between what a man admires and what he is; and remembering this great principle, you can decide for yourselves whether you are advancing in character, or retrograding, by comparing the objects of your admiration in the past with those in the present.

There is scarcely anything of greater importance to a young man than that he should acquire early the habit of regular application to some pursuit. Many persons who are not of an indolent nature live on, from day to day, from month to month, from year to year, without accomplishing anything worth while. They wonder that others are successful and they are not; that others progress and they remain stationary. The difficulty with them is that although they are not particularly averse to labor, they have never learnt how to work to advantage. They have never formed the habit of regular, systematic application. Desultory

and merely impulsive efforts are attended by very insufficient and unsatisfactory results. The first requisite is to know what you want to accomplish. Have some purpose—some plan. Then see to it that the sun does not set on a day in which something has not been done to carry forward that plan—to promote that purpose. Have, so far as possible, regular hours of work, and let no light interruption interfere with them. If you take a day's recreation, be sure that on the morrow you promptly resume your work, and give to it the benefit of refreshed strength and renewed vigor.

At the end of every week, regularly review your work. Consider just how much you have accomplished. If you are satisfied with what you have done, it will bring to you a feeling of repose and content. If you find you should have done more, then make sure that the coming week shall show an improvement on the past. Finally, let nothing—no matter what—daunt or discourage you. Glory in a resolute and invincible will!

If all the young men now coming on the stage would scrupulously observe these instructions, what an increase of success and of happiness there would be!

Self Education.

Ideas go booming through the world louder than cannon; thoughts are mightier than armies.

Take care of your minds. If you do not store them with useful information, to quicken and sharpen your intellect by making the most of good books and valuable lessons, your minds will soon become vain, idle, frivolous and good for nothing.

Perhaps you have had but little schooling. You have had to begin work early. Then, you must teach yourself. You must be your own master, and your own scholar—a self-educator; and history furnishes so many encouraging examples of self-made men, that you have nothing to fear. You may become a great statesman, like Franklin; a great poet, like Burns; a great inventor, like Stephenson; a great discoverer, like Livingston; a great scholar, like Burritt; only, take care of your minds.

Many of the greatest thinkers and most useful men are not college bred. Education is not learning; it is the exercise and development of the powers of the mind. There are two great methods by which this end may be accomplished; it may be done in the halls of learning; it is more often done in the conflicts of life.

Self-culture is self-education; and, with few exceptions, the great men of America, if not of the world, have been self-made men. And moreover, if

we do not educate ourselves aright, other persons, and other influences, will not fail to educate us wrong, for whether we attend to it or not, the educating process must go on.

These self-taught men are generally those whose situation in life renders it difficult for them to gain access to our halls of learning, but who, determined to rise from their humble sphere, have, by arduous toil and persevering research, gradually elevated themselves in the scale of intelligence, and gained honorable niches in the temple of Science. It is to examples so rare that fame points proudly. Theirs are the names most often heard in the blasts of her "silver bugle."

Happy it is for them that the doors of a university have been closed against them; by being obliged to depend upon their own strength they have learned a lesson of self-reliance which they can never forget. Self-culture has called forth the hidden energies of the soul, and fitted its votaries to become the pillars and bulwarks of society. It has taught them that man is not a "leaning willow," but a being "noble in reason and infinite in faculties:" that he must not rely wholly on foreign aid, but must task his own powers, and be able fully to measure his own abilities. This resolute spirit, though latent, can, when fanned into a flame, lead him through every trying emergency, and teach him to remove obstacle after obstacle, till the path lies open to the goal of his ambition, the proudest pinnacle of science.

Philosophers have racked their wit and wisdom to distinguish man from "other animals" by some single

and infallible mark. But to us it seems sufficient to say, man is a being capable of self-culture. This power at once separates him from the lower orders, and makes him akin to higher existences; while its exercise brings him more and more on a level with the angels, than which he was originally created but little lower. Thus, while the simple possession of this faculty renders man noble, its full cultivation and development raises him still higher in the scale of being. As in no country are there greater opportunities for self-culture than in our own, so in no country are there higher motives to persuade us to improve them.

Drudgery is the school of life with stern duty presiding as the master. It is here that the mind is trained to clearer perception and wider views. Laborious training is as much necessary for the development of the mind as of the body. Such training gives the mind solid, lasting strength, whereby it is enabled to bear heavy burdens. Here, too, the mind is taught to labor with skill; as the laborer, in handling heavy boxes and barrels, soon learns by experience how to "take hold" of his burden, so here the mind soon learns to grasp and grapple with a proposition in such a way that it readily yields to the skilled force brought to bear upon it. Here the mind comes to perceive its own powers, to know what it can and cannot do; and by sufficient training it is capable of attaining almost anything. It is the scholar who has spent years of weary toil in his study who can see to the bottom of a proposition at a glance. Do you wish to produce

thoughts that shall carry with them the force of the heavy boulder rushing down from its place on the mountain crag? Then train well your mind in the school of drudgery. Do you wish to frame sentences so beautiful, so grand, so moving that they will set men's souls on fire? Then be willing to toil over words until the head aches of weariness.

It is in this school that the heart is trained. One of the grandest lessons ever learned in this life is to "learn to labor and to wait." There is no way in which this lesson can be so well learned as by laboring and waiting; do the hard work of life and look and hope for better things.

A dull axe never loves grindstones, but a keen workman does; and he puts his tools on them in order that they may be sharp. And men do not like grinding; but they are dull for purposes which God designs to work out with them, and therefore he is grinding them.

There is no school like God's large school-house. And there are no school-days to compare with the threescore and ten years in which we move to and fro about this school-house of our Father, with our books not slung over our shoulder, but carried in the heart. Experience is the Lord's school, and they who are taught by him usually learn by the mistakes they make that they have no wisdom, and by the slips and falls they meet with that they have no strength.

Every person has two educations—one which he receives from others, and one, more important, which he gives himself. There is no kind of knowledge

which, in the hands of the diligent and skilful, will not turn to account. Honey exudes from all flowers, the bitter not excepted; and the bee knows how to extract it. He who has not mastered himself, by whom can he not be overcome?

Begin the education of the heart, not with the cultivation of noble propensities, but with the cutting away of those that are evil. When once the noxious herbs are withered and rooted out, then the more noble plants, strong in themselves, will shoot upwards. The virtues, like the body, become strong and healthy more by labor than nourishment.

Begin early in life to collect libraries of your own. Begin, if necessary, with a single book; and when you find or hear of any first-rate book, obtain it if you can. After a while get another, as you are able, and be sure to read it. In this way, when you are men, you will have good libraries in your heads as well as on your shelves.

We advise all young people to acquire in early life the habit of using good language, both in speaking and writing, and also to abandon the use of slang words and phrases. The longer they live, the more difficult the acquisition of good language will be, and if the golden age of youth—the proper time for the acquisition of language—be passed in its abuse, the unfortunate victim of neglected education is very probably doomed to talk slang for life. Money is not necessary to procure this education. Every man has it in his power. He has merely to use the language

which he reads, instead of the slang which he hears; to form his taste from the best speakers and poets of the country; to treasure up choice phrases in his memory, and habituate himself to their use, avoiding at the same time that pedantic precision and bombast which show rather the weakness of vain ambition than the polish of an educated mind.

A "liberal education" is a capital thing, and the thousands of young men who are now honored with the title of A. B. are to be congratulated upon the good fortune which has permitted them to acquire the mental discipline resulting from a four-years' course of academic study. But these young men must not make the mistake of supposing that this discipline is an all-sufficient preparation for the higher callings of life. That is, the young men who propose to enter any of the branches of professional life, for instance, must not imagine that the fact of their having a college education will permit them to leap to the top rung of the ladder at once. The discipline they have is valuable, but chiefly so as a basis for the acquirement of practical knowledge, without which success is impossible. By practical knowledge we mean acquaintance with the minutiæ or little details which go to make up all occupations. Such knowledge a college education cannot give, and is not intended to give. It is only to be acquired by patient application. The discipline of the college curriculum must be supplemented by another kind of discipline, namely, the discipline of drudgery. No one, however largely en-

dowed with mental power, can be exempted from the necessity of acquiring this discipline. It is far more essential to success than the discipline furnished by a college course.

The Best Books.

Life is far too short to read every attractive book. Could we present a list of good books which it would benefit every young person to read, not one tenth of the number could be read. Our advice would be, trust to the judgment of your friends, who are older and have wider knowledge. Never spend your time in reading a book concerning which you know nothing favorable. Never read *any* book whose moral tone is objectionable.

Good books are better friends than good men. A good book faces you with its opinions in black and white, while a good man sometimes, however unwittingly, vilifies and vilipends you at your back.

The influence of true literature is always ennobling. Reed, in his beautiful work on "English Literature," defines literature to be whatever commends itself to the heart and mind, of mankind at large. Such are the works of Homer, Virgil, Shakespeare, Milton, Bunyan, Scott, Goethe, Dickens, Tennyson, Longfellow, and many other writers, who will doubtless be read and admired all over the world to the end of time. How it strengthens our love for our fellow-man to know that in every land and in every clime, minds and hearts

are so much alike that they respond in unison to the master touch of genius! How it thrills us in reading, to find our own thoughts suddenly brought before us by some great writer, clothed in such words as we could never utter! But we know that we are akin to him, for does not heart answer to heart, and mind to mind, as we see before us a transcript of our own thoughts?—thoughts which may have been so vague and fleeting as to elude farther search for them—but here they are; we have found them at last, clothed in enduring beauty, and made palpable by the genius of another.

Who can read standard literature, who can hold converse with the great writers without feeling his better nature ennobled and strengthened? How we learn to love the authors through their books—to feel an interest in all that concerned their every-day lives—and, how earnestly we hope to meet them and spend whole days in their company in the better land!

Books are good or bad, according to the effect which they have upon the minds of the readers. Especially is this true of works of fiction. Too much light literature is not good for any one, but a judicious number of well selected novels, properly read, will prove a source of both instruction and entertainment. The tales of Walter Scott, for instance, will kindle the imagination and fire the heart with a love of the beautiful in nature and the good and true among mankind.

Printers and publishers of namby-pamby books, of evil and outrageous works, of flashy novels, of "Pirates' Own Books," of sensational works of all kinds, and

the spawn of "Sunday" good-Lord-and-good-devil periodicals, are sending out thousands if not millions of enticing sheets, full of gaudy, attractive, deceptive pictures, in whole or in half sheets, with stories ending in such a way as to entrap the young and ignorant to send for future numbers, bating them on (like fish near the hook) to obtain one mawkish, miserable, devilish thing after another.

Some of these books or periodicals profess great good, and really have some pure and sensible reading, yet *on the whole* are most injurious and destructive.

But this presence of some proper and even wholesome matter is where the evil lies. One dead fly spoils the ointment. Who would give his child a stick of candy in which was hid a grain of deadly poison? Who will buy for his family a sack of flour in which lies concealed a dose of arsenic? And just so dangerous, yet so disguised is many a book, magazine, or paper wherein is some matter good enough in itself, but yet a decoy for some picture, story, anecdote, hint or advertisement that is demoralizing, indecent, dishonest, or of a debasing and injurious tendency.

Some parents and guardians are criminally careless in this respect. They permit children to receive, buy and send for corrupting yet enticing and specious printed matter, which the enemy of all good and his dupes and emissaries issue, secretly, or more or less openly. Their cunning is diabolical, and they injure many young men and maidens of the best families.

"If," said the late Daniel Webster to a friend,

"religious books are not widely circulated among the masses in this country, and the people do not become religious, I do not know what is to become of us as a nation." And the thought is one to cause solemn reflection on the part of every patriot and Christian. If truth be not diffused, error will be; if God and his word are not known and received, the devil and his works will gain the ascendency; if the evangelical volume does not reach every hamlet, the pages of a corrupt and licentious literature will; if the power of the gospel is not felt through the length and breadth of the land, anarchy and misrule, degradation and misery, corruption and drunkenness will reign without mitigation or end.

The flooding of the land with dime novels and with infamous periodicals of the cheaper and coarser kind acts like Circe's enchantment on wide circles of youth. No doubt it is a frequent incitement to crime, and, on the whole, is one of the most monstrous of the undisguised evils in the modern days of cheap printing. Let a boy learn that some publications are not fit to be handled with the tongs. Let parents exclude from the family mansion the frogs and vipers that swarm forth from the oozy marshes of the Satanic press. Let the dull boy make the acquaintance of Cooper, Scott, Defoe and "Pilgrim's Progress"—a book by no means outgrown. Personally I must confess great indebtedness to the "Rollo" books, the "Jonas" books and "The Young Christian."

Over every library-case should stand the words "Avoid rubbish." A second-rate book, however good,

is a mischief if it occupies the time we ought to devote to a first-rate. In regard to reading, as well as to much else, there is deep wisdom in a German proverb which asserts that the better is a great enemy of the best.

To the "Poor Clerk," muscle is cheap, brains are dear. Men make a mistake in supposing they have a natural, inalienable right to "enjoyment and pleasure in this life," or to friends. You must earn them. If you play billiards or smoke, stop it for a week or two, and with the savings buy Samuel Smiles' "Self Help," or, a more readable book, perhaps, but less profitable to you, Mathews' "Getting on in the World," and, after you have read either or both, get Smiles' "Thrift," Then if possible, get "The Royal Path of Life," and make it your every-day companion. Another book that every young man should possess is called "The Business Man's Bible." The proverbs of Solomon are the best guide to wisdom in business matters that can be found. The home ought no more to be without a library than without a dining-room and kitchen. This does not require capital, only time and forecast; there are now cheap editions of the best books. At first buy only books that you want immediately to read. Reference books are an exception; these are the foundations of a good library. Exercise a choice in editions; the lowest priced are not always the cheapest. Have a place for your library.

A good book, whether, a novel or not, is one that leaves you farther on than when you took it up. If when you drop it, it drops you down in the same old spot, with no finer outlook, no cleared vision; no

stimulated desires for that which is better and higher, it is in no sense a good book.

Next to traveling and seeing new scenes and peoples and customs for oneself, we know of no better diversion, or one more healthful and recuperating to the mind and heart, than the reading of some of the excellent books of travel which some of those more fortunate people who have travelled with keen observation have written for us. A multitude of such books, worthy of every one's attention, have been given to the world.

Wit, Wisdom and Humor.

What a dull, plodding, trampling, clanking world the ordinary intercourse of society would be without wit to enliven and brighten it! When two men meet they seem to be kept at bay through the estranging effects of absence, until some sportive sally opens their hearts to each other. Nor does anything spread cheerfulness so rapidly over a whole party or assemblage of people, however large. Reason expands the soul of the philosopher, imagination glorifies the poet, and breathes a breath of spring through the young and genial; but if we take into account the numberless glances and gleams whereby wit lightens our every day, hardly any power ministers so bountifully to the innocent pleasures of mankind.

Speaking of wit, Hannah More remarks: "A woman who possesses this quality has received a most

dangerous present, perhaps not less so than beauty itself; especially if it be not sheathed in a temper peculiarly inoffensive, chastened by a most correct judgment, and restrained by more prudence than falls to the common lot. But those who actually possess this rare talent, cannot be too abstinent in the use of it. It often makes admirers, but it never makes friends."

The meaning of an extraordinary man is, that he is *eight* men, not one man; that he has as much wit as if he had no sense, and as much sense as if he had no wit; that his conduct is as judicious as if he were the dullest of human beings, and his imagination as brilliant as if he were irretrievably ruined. But when wit is combined with sense and information; when it is softened by benevolence, and restrained by strong principle; when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it, who can be witty and something much better than witty, who loves honor, justice, decency, good-nature, morality and religion ten thousand times better than wit;—wit is *then* a beautiful part of our nature.

There is no more interesting spectacle than to see the effects of wit upon the different characters of men; than to observe it expanding caution, relaxing dignity, unfreezing coldness—teaching age and care and pain to smile, extorting reluctant gleams of pleasure from melancholy, and charming even the pangs of grief. It is pleasant to observe how it penetrates through the coldness and awkwardness of society, gradually bringing men nearer together, and, like the combined force of wine and oil, giving every man a glad heart and

a shining countenance. Genuine and innocent wit like this is surely the *flavor of the mind!* Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food; but God has given us wit, and flavor, and laughter, and perfumes, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to "charm his painful steps over the burning marl."

Stearne says: "I live in a constant endeavor to fence against the infirmities of ill-health, and other evils of life, by mirth. I am persuaded that every time a man smiles—but much more so when he laughs—it adds something to this fragment of life." The humorous man usually enjoys a sound body and lives a long life. "Laugh and grow fat" is genuine and practical philosophy.

Some people have no appreciation of humor. We say they are not quick-witted. We have all read about the man who heard his friend's joke in perfect soberness, and half an hour later, when the subject was forgotten and the company were engaged in serious conversation, he burst out in uncontrollable laughter, to the surprise and annoyance of those about him.

How naturally these qualities—wit, wisdom and humor,—fit each other, and with the presence of one we naturally expect the other. Wisdom is counted above rubies, and while it may not contribute so largely to immediate pleasure as wit, it is far more abiding and durable, as well as more useful. Good humor tempers and strengthens the value of the others.

The following sarcastic rules for behavior are said

by Goldsmith to have been drawn up by an indignant philosopher:—

1. "If you be a rich man, you may enter the room with three loud hems, march deliberately up to the chimney, and turn your back to the fire.

2. "If you be a poor man, I would advise you to shrink into the room as fast as you can, and place yourself, as usual, upon a corner of a chair, in a remote corner.

3. "If you be young, and live with an old man, I would advise you not to like gravy. I was disinherited myself for liking gravy."

A friend of Dean Swift's one day sent him a turbot as a present, by a servant lad who had frequently been on similar errands but had never received anything from the dean for his trouble. Having gained admission, he opened the study door and, putting down the fish on the floor, cried out rudely, "Master has sent you a turbot!"

"Young man," said the dean, rising from his easy-chair, "is that the way you deliver a message? Let me teach you better manners. Sit down in my chair, we will change places, and I will show you how to behave in future."

The boy sat down, and the dean going out, came up to the door and, making a low bow, said, "Sir, master presents his kind compliments, hopes you are well and requests your acceptance of a small present."

"Does he?" replied the boy. "Return him my best thanks, and there's half a crown for yourself."

The dean thus caught in his own trap, laughed heartily, and gave the boy a crown for his ready wit.

Dr. Malcom, in his work on Persia, says: "The celebrated Aboo Yusuph, who was Judge of Bagdad in the reign of Caliph Hadee, was a very remarkable instance of that humility which distinguishes true wisdom. It is related of this judge that on one occasion, after a patient investigation of facts, he declared that his knowledge was not competent to decide upon the case before him. "Pray do you expect," said a pert courtier, who heard this declaration, "that the Caliph is to pay for your ignorance!" "I do not," was the mild reply; "the Caliph pays me, and well, for what I *do* know; if he were to attempt to pay me for what I *do not* know, the treasures of this Empire would not suffice."

A drunkard once reeled up to him with the remark, "Mr. Whitefield, I am one of your converts." "I think it very likely," was the reply; "for I am sure you are none of God's."

A rather simple young man, conceited and censorious, while talking to a young lady at a party, pointed towards a couple that he supposed to be in an adjoining room, and said, "Just look at that conceited young prig! Isn't it perfectly absurd for such boys to go into society?"

"Why," exclaimed his companion, "that isn't a door; it's a mirror."

"Will you have some strawberries?" asked a lady of a guest. "Yes, madam, yes. I eat strawberries with enthusiasm." "Do tell? well, we haven't anything

but cream and sugar for 'em this evening," said the matter-of-fact hostess.

An old Scotch woman, who had no relish for modern church music, was expressing her dislike of the singing in her own church one day, when a neighbor said, "Why, that was a very old anthem. David sang that anthem to Saul." To this she replied, "Weel, weel, I noo for the first time understand why Saul threw his javelin at David when the lad sang for him."

Francis First being desirous to raise one of the most learned men of the times to the highest dignities of the church, asked him if he was of noble descent. "Your majesty," answered the abbot, "there were three brothers in Noah's ark, but I cannot tell positively from which of them I am descended." He obtained the post.

Two young men out riding were passing a farm-house where a farmer was trying to harness a mule. "Won't he draw?" said one of the horsemen. "Of course he will," said the farmer; "he draws the attention of every fool that passes."

A gentleman meeting one of his friends who was insolvent, expressed great concern for his embarrassment. "You are mistaken, my dear sir," was the reply; "it is not I—it is my creditors who are embarrassed."

A little girl once said that she would be very glad to go to heaven, because they had plenty of preserves there. On being cross-examined, she took down her catechism, and triumphantly read, "Why ought the

saints to love God?" "Because he makes, preserves and keeps them."

"Are you lost, my little fellow?" asked a gentleman of a four-year-old boy one day, who was crying for his mother. "No, sir;" sobbed the miniature man, "but my mother is."

"You don't know how it pains me to punish you," said the teacher. "I guess there's the most pain at my end of the stick," replied the boy, feelingly; "'tany rate I'd be willing to swap."

A short time ago a little urchin in Westminster saw a shilling lying on the pavement. He no sooner picked it up than it was claimed by a carman. "Your shilling hadn't got a hole in it?" said the boy stoutly. "Yes, it has," said the rogue of a carman. "Then this 'un aint," replied the boy, walking off triumphantly.

Open your mouth and purse cautiously, and your stock of wealth and reputation shall, at least in repute, be great. He who does not look out for himself knows not the world. He who does not look into himself knows not men. It is not the height to which men are advanced that makes them giddy, but the contempt with which they look down on those below them. The winter's frost must rend the burr of the nut before the nut is seen. So adversity tempers the human heart to discover its real worth.

It is all very well to be a promising youth, but the hard part is to keep your promise in after-life. The earnestness of life is the only passport to the satisfaction of life. To teach one who has no curiosity to learn, is to sow a field without plowing it.

He that can please nobody is not so much to be pitied as he that nobody can please. The pretty face of a woman is like a clock's, not much account unless there are good works back of it. A sociable man is one who, when he has ten minutes to spare, goes and bothers somebody who hasn't. The lady who fell back on her dignity came near breaking it. The maple tree is an emblem of Christian forbearance. The more it is bored the more sweetness it exudes.

Atoms.

Of how much importance is an atom. It is the "last feather" that breaks the camel's back, and so, an atom may make or mar a lifetime. Compare our life with that of an insect. A little ant crawls upon the paper before me. A breath blows it away and I see it no more. But what becomes of it? It is lodged upon the ground, or some projection above the ground, and it again takes up its active march. Whither is it going? From whence did it come? What must be the infinite love of that great Creator who can call into being, and endow with motive power and instinctive wisdom, a myriad of such little atoms, moving about, having a definite object, pursuing that object persistently, and at last laying down the life, small though it be, in the completion of the time allotted by that great Creator. How small is the greatest brain power of man when compared with the power possessed by the

Infinite mind, without whose permission not a hair of your head falls.

Insects of various kinds may be seen in the cavities of a grain of sand. Mould is a forest of beautiful trees, with branches, leaves and fruit. Butterflies are feathered. Hairs are hollow tubes. The surface of our bodies is covered with scales like a fish; a single grain of sand would cover one hundred and fifty of these scales, and yet a scale covers five hundred pores. Through these narrow openings the perspiration forces itself like water through a sieve. Each drop of stagnant water contains a world of living creatures, swimming with as much liberty as whales in the sea. Each leaf has a colony of insects grazing on it like cows on a meadow. Yes, even the ugliest plant that grows shows some remarkable property when closely examined.

A man weighing one hundred and fifty-four pounds contains one hundred and sixteen pounds of water. In plants the proportion of water sometimes reaches ninety-nine per cent.

One side of the body tends to outwalk the other side: with the eyes shut a person invariably walks to the right. At the age of ten years one may expect to live forty-eight years and four months. There are two thousand seven hundred and fifty different languages. The hair of the Chinese has a characteristic odor of musk, which is so persistent that it cannot be concealed by cosmetics, nor can it be destroyed by washing with potash.

It has been estimated by the astronomers that

there are one hundred millions of stars now visible through the telescope, which cannot be seen by the unaided eye; and is it not probable that in the regions of infinite space there are countless worlds which man, not even with the assistance of the most powerful magnifying-glasses, will ever behold? Far beyond the reach of mortal vision they wheel on in their rapid course, unseen save by the eye of omnipotence, or the adoring angels and seraphim around the throne on high. Countless are these worlds; each doubtless, has its own peculiar orbit, never interfering with the motion of another. The power which placed them there has also appointed their bounds, beyond which they cannot pass.

Notwithstanding the seeming insignificance of such trinkets as beads, their history reveals some very curious facts. For example, it shows that the lowest order of men had beads composed of wood and bones, and as the race made progress towards civilization, there was a corresponding change in the style, character and material of the ornaments. Also that there is no evidence that the prehistoric races of America had any method of making glass; yet in the mounds occasional glass beads are found, undoubtedly of Venetian manufacture, showing some connection between the continents anterior to the time of Amerigo Vespucci. Also that some of the beads found in Egypt and other localities, in connection with mummies, were made of jasper, cornelian and garnet, and no knowledge has been transmitted to us how the hole could have been made through these exceedingly hard stones.

It is estimated that there are six thousand kinds of postage stamps in the various countries of the Eastern and Western Hemispheres. Among them may be found pictures of five emperors, eighteen kings, three queens and a large number of presidents. Some of the stamps bear coats-of-arms, and others such emblems as crowns, keys, anchors, eagles, lions, horses, railway trains and other things. Pieces of linen are in existence which were woven four thousand years ago. The ancient Egyptians used modern locks with iron keys. The first lifeboat was made in France, in the year 1777. The first lighthouse in England was built in A.D. 44, during the reign of Claudius. The first printed newspaper appeared in England in the year 1622, during the reign of James First. Newspapers at that time were made up in the form of small quarto pamphlets. Friction-matches were invented in 1829. The first steamboat in America was made by John Fitch, and ran on the Schuylkill river in 1787, and was pronounced a success. Mr. Fitch was poor and without influential friends, and his schemes were laughed at, and he finally died in obscurity and lies buried at Bardstown, Ky. The first steamboat on the Hudson river passed the city of Hudson, August 17, 1807. The Government of the United States was established at Washington in August 1800. There are still one thousand six hundred Indians in Massachusetts. The great plague broke out in London, August 22, 1665. In five weeks the deaths reached thirty-eight thousand one hundred and ninety-five. The "Marseillaise Hymn" was composed in 1792 by Rouget de Lisle. The

earthquake at Lisbon in 1755 killed thirty thousand people. It cost fifty million dollars to build the docks in Liverpool. The first temperance society in this country was organized in Saratoga county, New York, in March, 1808. The Bible has been translated into two hundred and twenty-six languages and dialects, and in the last eighty years one hundred and forty-eight millions of copies have been printed and put in circulation. This does not look as if the book, or the religion which it teaches, were likely to pass from the memory of the world. Rev. S. F. Smith, who wrote "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," is still living in Newton, Mass. He says he wrote the verses on a waste scrap of paper one dismal day in February, 1832, while at Andover Seminary, and "had no intention nor ambition to create anything that should have a national reputation."

Hiddenite is the name of a new gem of the emerald class, of a beautiful clear green color, and worth about the same as a diamond. It has been found only in Alexander county, N. C. Flax is a native of Persia. Cotton is a native of India, and was brought to the United States in 1789. Cabbage is a native of the sea-shores of Europe. Indian corn, tobacco and the Irish potato are natives of America, and were never known to the rest of the world until this land was discovered. Barley is supposed to be a native of Central Asia, and is the oldest cultivated grain, being the corn mentioned in the Bible. The apple springs from the crab-apple, the pear from the wild pear, a native of

Europe and Asia. The peach is a native of Persia, and belongs to the almond family of trees.

Waste nothing,—neither time, money, talent, influence, nor opportunity. Speaking the truth is easier than lying, and you will not then be obliged to retract your statements. Men who flatter persons for their favor will finally slander them for their faults. When rogues get mad at each other, honest men can stand still and accept the truth they tell. Honest poverty is better than wicked wealth. The just find blessings in the humblest lot; but curses will fly as high as a wicked man can climb. Keep well employed, and the hours will move fast enough. What you hate in others correct in yourself. Rule your tongue, or your tongue will rule you. One advantage gained by calamities is, to know how to smypathize with others in the like troubles.

One trouble makes us forget a thousand mercies. Nothing keeps a man from knowledge and wisdom like thinking he has both. That God is in heaven makes death acceptable; if he were not, life itself would be unendurable. Innocence is a flower which withers when touched, but blooms not again though it be watered with tears. The true way to advance another's virtue is to follow it, and the best means to cry down another's vice is to decline it. As threshing separates wheat from the chaff, so does affliction purify virtue. Who never walks save where he sees men's tracks makes no discoveries. Adversity is the trial of principle. Without it a man hardly knows whether he is honest or not. It is one of the worst of errors to

suppose that there is any other path of safety except that of duty. The darkest hour in the history of any young man is when he sits down to study how to get money without honestly earning it.

If you talk much, beware of those who listen attentively. He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper: he is more excellent who can suit his temper to circumstances. Obstinacy is the heroism of little minds. Vice stings in pleasure, but virtue consoles in pain. Man cannot become perfect in a hundred years; but he can become corrupt in less than a day. Doctrines are of use only as they are practiced; men may go to perdition with their heads full of truth.

Judge not of a ship as she lies on the stocks. One door never shuts, but another opens. He who keeps off the ice will not slip through. Every sprat nowadays fancies itself a herring. Better slip with foot than tongue. Exercise is the best fire for cold limbs. Shrouds have no pockets. Love not the decanter, lest you gallop to poverty. Much laughter, little wit. A calm hour with God is worth a lifetime with man. Never bet even a farthing cake. Grumbling makes the loaf no larger. He lives longest who is awake most hours. No gains without pains. Such as ye give, such shall ye get. Linseys, paid for, keep out cold, silks on credit soon grow old. Overreachers overreach themselves.

TRIFLES.

Trifles are the hinges of destiny.

If trifles are facts, they cease to be trivial; and in these stirring times, when our allotted leisure is becoming so infinitesimally small, the terse and the epigrammatic are to be preferred to the diffuse and discursive in our reading. It would be temerity to appropriate to our humble essays the witty analysis of a celebrated author, and pretend that they "have profundity without obscurity, perspicuity without prolixity, ornament without glare, terseness without barrenness, penetration without subtlety, comprehensiveness without digression."

Odd in their plan and arrangement, they contain many odd sayings and selections, facts and fancies from odd and out-of-the-way authors, and are fitted for odd half-hours.

The publication of a book seems a trivial occurrence; but who can tell the influence, either for weal or woe, which it may exert? Two centuries ago, within the walls of a prison, was written the immortal Pilgrim's Progress, which now goes forth by millions to every quarter of the globe, leading multitudes to the cross of Christ.

A learned writer has said, "There is nothing on earth so small that it may not produce great things."

Planets govern not the soul, nor guide the destinies of man:
But trifles lighter than straw are levers in the building up of character.

If we had eyes adapted to the sight, we could see, on looking into the smallest seed, the future flower or tree inclosed in it. God will look into our feelings and motives as into seeds; by those embryos of action he will infallibly determine what we are, and will show what we should have been, had there been scope and stage for their development and maturity. Nothing will be made light of. The very dust of the balances shall be taken into account. It is in the moral world as it is in the natural, where every substance weighs something; though we speak of imponderable bodies, yet nature knows nothing of positive levity; and were men possessed of the necessary scales, the requisite instrument, we should find the same holds true in the moral world. Nothing is insignificant on which sin has breathed the breath of hell; everything is important in which holiness has impressed itself in the painted characters. However unimportant now in the estimation of men, yet, when placed in the light of the divine countenance, like the atom in the sun's rays, it shall be deserving attention; and as the minutest molecule of matter contains all the primordial elements of a world, so the least atom of this mind shall be found to include in it the essential elements of heaven.

Little words, not eloquent speeches nor sermons; little deeds, not miracles nor battles, nor one great act or mighty martyrdom, make up the true Christian life. The little constant sunbeam, not the lightning; the waters of Shiloh, "that go softly" on their meek mission of refreshment, not the waters of the river

"great and mighty," rushing down in torrents with noise and force, are the true symbols of a holy life.

The avoidance of little evils, little sins, little inconsistencies, little weaknesses, little follies, little indiscretions and imprudences, little foibles, and indulgences of self and of the flesh, little acts of indolence, of indecision, or slovenliness, or cowardice, little equivocations or aberrations from high integrity, little bits of worldliness and gaiety, little indifferences to the feelings or wishes of others, little outbreaks of temper, crossness, selfishness and vanity; the avoidance of such little things as these goes far to make up at least the negative beauty of a holy life.

And then attention to the little duties of the day and hour, in public transactions or private dealings or family arrangements; to the little words and tones; little benevolences or forbearances or tendernesses; little self-denials and self-restraints; little plans of quiet kindness and thoughtful consideration for others; punctuality and method, and true aim, in the ordering of each day—these are the active developments of a holy life, the rich and divine mosaics of which it is composed.

The preciousness of little things was never more beautifully expressed than in the following: "Little words are the sweetest to hear; little charities fly the farthest, and stay the longest on the wing; little lakes are the stillest; little hearts are the fullest; little farms are the best tilled; little books are the most read, and little songs are the most loved."

All sufferings, all blessings, all ordinances, all

graces, all common gifts — nay, our very falls, yea, Satan himself, with all his instruments — as over-mastered and ruled by God, have this injunction upon them, to further God's intendment to us, and a prohibition to do us no harm.

Agustus taxed the world for civil ends; but God's providence used this as a means for Christ to be born at Bethlehem. Ahasuerus could not sleep, and therefore calls for the chronicles, the reading of which occasioned the Jews' delivery. God often disposeth little occasions to great purposes; and by those very ways, proud men have gone about to withstand God's counsels, they have fulfilled them.

There are chords in the human heart, strange varying strings, which are only struck by accident; which will remain mute and senseless to appeals the most passionate and earnest, and respond at last to the slightest casual touch. In the most insensible or childish minds there is some train of reflection which art can seldom lead, or skill assist, but which will reveal itself, as great truths have done, by chance, and when the discoverer has the plainest and simplest end in view.

Springing from the faintest causes, grand results have often shown that there is power in trifles.

Almost all the great discoveries which have pre-eminently distinguished the late centuries have been the result, not so much of profound research as of accident. For instance, the simple circumstances which led to the discovery of the law of gravitation.

A hundred years later, in an humble cottage in

Scotland, a little boy sat by his mother's kitchen fire. In an attitude of deepest attention he gazed at the tea-kettle, singing on the hearth. What did he see in the misty wreaths of steam, which ever and anon escaped from the spout, or slowly lifted the lid of the kettle? The expansive—the propelling power of steam! And the grand idea enters his mind of applying this powerful agent to machinery. Little did his mother dream when she chided her son for what she considered a foolish habit, that he was making a great discovery, for which he would not only receive a proud title, but the entire thanks of a grateful world; for the improvement in the steam engine, which this discovery enabled Watt to make, has saved an amount of labor which no mathematician can estimate.

Again we say, despise not small beginnings, nor look with supercilious contempt upon everything which appears insignificant and trifling. Trifles are not so plenty in this world as many of us imagine. A philosopher has observed that wars, involving mischief to great nations, have arisen from a ministerial dispatch being written in a fit of indigestion! When Alexander Pope received his present of Turkey figs, he little thought that a twig from the basket was to be the means of introducing the weeping willow into England and America.

So is this world made up of and governed by trifles, at first too small to attract notice; and the wise man will not only cultivate sharp eyes, but attentive habits, making the most and the best of everything. "It is

not," said Plutarch, "in the most distinguished exploits that men's virtues or vices may be best discovered, but frequently an action of small note, a short saying, or a jest, that distinguishes a person's real character more than the greatest battles or the most important actions."

Even "genius loves to nestle in strange places," and confers its meeds of honor in the most obscure pathways. The very humblest households have frequently been the nurseries of the most gifted minds. We see Galileo soliciting the loan of a few shillings with which to purchase the materials for constructing his telescope, an instrument which has brought thousands of stars, never before seen, within the sphere of mortal vision—thus throwing a flood of effulgence on the sublime science of astronomy.

The great moments of life are but moments like the others. Your doom is spoken in a word or two. A single look from the eyes, a mere pressure of the hand, may decide it; or of the lips, though they cannot speak. We are not only pleased but turned by a feather. The history of a man is a calendar of straws. "If the nose of Cleopatra had been shorter," said Pascal, in his brilliant way, "Antony might have kept the world." Trifles we should let, not plague us only, but also gratify us; we should seize not their poison-bags only, but their honey-bags also. Yet, as Goldsmith says, those who place their affections at first on trifles for amusement, will find those trifles become at last their most serious concerns. Beauty and death make each other seem purer and lovelier, like snow and moon-

light. Let your wit be your friend, your mind your companion, and your tongue your servant. It is a solemn thought with the middle-aged, that life's last business is begun in earnest. He who labors for mankind, without a care for himself, has already begun his immortality. The truths that we least wish to hear are those which it is most to our advantage to know. Those who think that money will do anything may be suspected of doing anything for money. A weak mind is like a microscope, which magnifies trifling things, but can not receive great ones.

Honesty, energy and enterprise make men honored on earth, glorious in their graves and immortal in heaven. What is the difference between hope and desire? Desire is a tree in leaf, hope is a tree in flower, and enjoyment is a tree in fruit. Looking up so high, worshiping so silently, we tramp out the hearts of flowers that lift their bright heads for us and die alone. It is easy enough to find plenty of men who think the world owes them a living, but hard to find a chap who is willing to own up that he has collected the debt in full. Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but it is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.

The fortunate circumstances of our lives are generally found at last to be of our own producing. Fortunes made in no time are like shirts made in no time; it's ten to one if they hang long together. The best thing to give to your enemy is forgiveness; to

an opponent, tolerance: to a friend, your heart; to your child, a good example; to a father, deference; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect; to all men, charity.

GLIMPSES.

GOD lets us catch a glimpse now and then of some of the wonderful capabilities of the human mind in a state of development unknown to this world. A man in an insane asylum has been discovered who can read a newspaper bottom-side up or sideways as readily as otherwise. In fact it can be whirled around in front of him and he still reads any article that is designated. Another man, an idiot, can tell the exact time of the day or night, even when suddenly waked from a sound sleep. The wonderful musical powers of Blind Tom are well known. Wonderful problems of a scientific or moral character present themselves at times to our view in such a shape that we can just catch a glimpse of their probable solution, but the rest is hidden, and will only be made known when we have passed on beyond this cloudland into the pure sunshine of God's eternal day.

I have met some people who seemed to suppose that they knew everything, and they were great ignoramuses; they did not know enough to know how little they really did know. Sir Isaac Newton said, "I am but a child wandering on the shore, where beats

the deep sea, gathering here and there a shell or pebble, while the great depths are unexplored."

I look up,—star after star beams upon me, some glimmering but faintly; others through the infinite realms of space pour down glorious streams of radiance, fixed stars, planets, suns, worlds upon worlds, innumerable worlds. "How I wonder what you are," the little child says. The astronomer comes as he thinks to know. He can tell you how many miles it is to the moon, and what is its diameter; about its burnt-out volcano; that it has no atmosphere, that it has no water, that it is a dead planet where no fire glows or winds blow, where nothing lives. A dead planet! He thinks he knows about it; he has it all mapped out. He thinks he knows about the sun, its atmosphere, the spots upon it, the terrific storms that rush over its surface, whose trend is felt even here. He grows eloquent about planets, their belts and rings and satellites, and talks learnedly about gravity. Beyond the Solar System, he will tell you about the Great Bear and the Lesser, the Pleiades, and he thinks he knows; but how little! Ask him how old are these stars? Ask him whether they are inhabited? Ask him what is gravity? What moves this stellar host? Ask him where is the centre of the universe and what is its circumference. Before, behind, on the right, on the left, things are broken off. He cannot tell you where they begin.

Let us look down. The geologist digs deep, but cannot strike bottom. He can go back many ages, but not to the beginning; he can tell you the different

strata of earth until you reach fire; but how came that fire there? Whence came the sea? He will tell you from the condensation of vapor. Whence came the vapor? He cannot tell you, though he calls himself a philosopher.

Then as to man. The ancients had a motto, "Man know thyself." They spent all their life in the study, and found life too short. Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood, how the heart was an engine driving the blood through the arteries; but did Harvey find out what set it going? Bell wrote a treatise on the hand, one of the most elaborate ever written; but can Bell tell me how I can move my fingers? Can he explain the mysterious telegraphy that flashes from the brain to the extremities. The mechanism of the eye! Who can tell how the picture is transmitted, how the two pictures cross each other, and make one picture? The brain! Who can tell about it? There is something in phrenology, but who knows how much, how little? Who can tell about the beginning of life, and how it is sustained? You lay the body on the table, and with the scalpel search for the life; but even as you search it is gone. What is life? We have not found out yet; and what is death?

We look around us. The smallest flower that blooms, who understands it? Take the animalcule, millions of which find their home in a drop of water, what naturalist understands it? A drop of dew, a ray of light, heat, who understands them? Men talk learnedly of affinity, what is it? What is an atom? A whole academy of scientists can be gravelled by a grain

of sand. All the philosophers gather about a drop of water and they cannot get to the bottom of it. "God's purposes will ripen fast." That is true of some, but he has century plants, and you know not their glory until the century has passed away, and all at once the flower breaks forth in all its beauty, and then you understand the meaning of the flowerless stalk that has stood there so long. You must give God ages to understand him. You must wait until eternity; the clear light of heaven must shine upon the Providences of earth before you can understand what God meant by the dispensations that trouble your heart now.

What is the use, some will say, of having these Scriptures if you don't understand them? Do you understand digestion? Then what is the use of having bread and water? Can you fathom the depths of the sea? And yet you can serenely sail over it. And though you cannot fathom the depths of God's truth, you can sail over it to heaven. Perhaps you don't understand the compass, and why the needle points north and south. They explain it by saying the earth is a great magnet, and, like all other great magnets, has a north and south pole. They tell us further that the opposite poles of magnets attract, and that because of this attraction the needle, which is a magnet, points north and south. Does anybody understand *that?* I don't, and yet they think they have explained it when they tell you that. Well, if you don't understand it, what is the use of it? You sail by it, and the globe could not be circumnavigated without it. There is

much you don't understand that is nevertheless very beautiful and beneficent.

There are people who are ready to say that no one can know anything of the infinite beyond, as nobody has been there and ever returned to tell us, and that it is all but dim conjecture. Somebody *has* been there and come from there. It is true, no *man* has seen God; but the only-begotten Son has come forth from the bosom of the Father; and is not the God Man competent to speak? He descended in infinite love to the depths, and he has made proclamation of things we could not otherwise possibly have known. One *has* come from heaven and stood upon earth, and told men what was in that world from whence he came.

Patience, then, poor weak heart! Down, ambitious thoughts, too proudly climbing! Be content to be led in the dark; be persuaded we shall come presently to fountains of everlasting satisfaction in a better land.

It is sometimes assumed that defeat is the sign of God's disapproval; that success is the seal of his approval. It is not always so. Good causes are held in check for centuries. The world is full of unfinished battles. Truths lie prostrate in the dust that by and by shall rise and assert their power.

When the shower of stones began to fall upon him, Stephen cried, "I see the heavens opened." And this unveiling of divine things makes an exit from the world triumphant. Many a child sees visions of Jesus in death, of which no patriarch or sage ever dreamed. To the crushed and oppressed, Paradise opens above

the pallet of straw, and the garret or the cellar becomes "the gate of heaven."

It cannot be that those whom I have loved have gone into nothingness. The garment I held has slipped from my grasp. The beauty of the flesh is all unwoven. But that which I loved, which wore that garment, somewhere in God's universe keeps its life, its personality, its consciousness.

Here is a book of fiction; it becomes more and more involved; the plot thickens,—I cannot understand it; I weep, I laugh, I rejoice, I am depressed; it seems to be all going wrong; but by-and-by I come to the denoument, and it turns out just as I would wish. So God moves in great circles, and we see but a part of his ways.

Life, according to an Arabic proverb, consists of two parts—the past, a dream, and the future a hope. But there are times when these souls of ours get under the shadow of the Throne, when we can almost hear the music of heaven, and there falls upon us a quiet like the echo of an angel's song. Man is a symbol of eternity, imprisoned into time.

Goodness does not only communicate favors and kindness—it even in some measure communicates itself; just as those who have been long among the most fragrant objects not only are delighted with the odor that breathes from them; some of the very fragrance cleaves to and remains with them. They become fragrant themselves by staying long among objects that are so.

In the depths of the sea the waters are still; the

heaviest grief is that borne in silence; the deepest love flows through the eye and touch; the purest joy is unspeakable, and the most impressive preacher is the silent one, whose lips are closed. Obscurity and innocence, twin sisters, escape temptations which would pierce their gossamer armor, in contact with the world.

That which is right never dies. It may be buried beneath the weight of corruption, only to live and come to the surface again. Deeds are fruits; words but leaves. To write of heroic sacrifices, and to make them, are two different things. It is really of little difference who we are—it matters more what we are.

That which in heaven is flame, on earth is smoke. He who best knows Christ is the best Christian. Earthly things must remind us of heavenly. We must translate the book of nature into the book of grace. Resignation is putting God between one's self and one's grief. Nothing can be love to God which does not shape itself into obedience. Between late and too late there is, thanks be to God, an inconceivable distance.

An author, no less eminent than judicious, makes the following distinction between the words Innocence, Wisdom and Virtue:

"Innocence consists in doing no harm, and occasioning no trouble to society. Wisdom consists in being attentive to one's true and solid interest; in distinguishing it from a seeming interest; in a right choice and a constant adherence to it. Virtue goes further; it loves the good of society, and frequently prefers it to its own advantages."

The formula of the skeptical scientist is "force, matter, nature, grind." The formula of the Christian philosopher "God, matter, love, growth." The heart, though only a handful of muscle, the whole world cannot fill; and when broken, only he who made it can mend it. Our very life is but a dream, and while we look around eternity is at hand.

Don't judge a man by the house he lives in, for the lizard and the rat often inhabit the grandest structures. Ruskin has truly taught us that where we find in creation one adjustment for simple utility we find twenty for beauty.

Man is like a complicated and delicately tuned instrument. His mind has many faculties—his heart many chords. Some human beings remind us in their lives of grand triumphal music; from the hearts of some there seems to ascend an almost constant hymn of praise; while to the worn spirits of others earth is filled only with the low, sad voice of humanity, as it moans beneath its burden of sickness, sorrow, sin and death.

DRIFTWOOD.

DID you ever stand on the banks of a river whose swollen tide was covered with the debris of the mountain freshet? Did you ever wonder where all the driftwood came from and whither it went? Thus may we stand upon the banks of the stream of life, and as

its ever rushing tide flows past us we wonder at the mass of refuse and waste material borne upon its bosom, coming from unknown and remote regions, and going we cannot tell whither, even to the corners of the earth.

The weaving of tapestry is done by following the outlines of a figure or pattern sketched on the back of the canvas or warp, which is stretched in a loom, by a workman who stands behind, placing the woolen or silken threads—which are wound on an instrument called a broach—in the proper places, blending such colors as please the eye and best bring out the design, he simply follows the outline, not being able to see the result of his labors unless he pass to the front of the stretched canvas. He, however, has a pattern to which he refers from time to time, seeing exactly what colors are wanted, and where they should be placed. Following this carefully, his work is sure to be successful and valuable; neglecting to consult it, failure is certain and great waste of material.

So life is like a canvas placed before us, to be filled in with good, useful and pleasant deeds. We seldom see the effect produced on others by our words and deeds, but as surely as the weaver's threads drawn into the meshes of the canvas, form a fabric of beautiful or homely design, according to the skill and care he displays in weaving, so must our lives present to others a fair or unlovely view in proportion as we study or neglect to copy our pattern of pure and holy living. Neglecting to follow our example,—Christ—we weave in disobedience, unkindness, indolence and

self love, together with many other unlovable traits of character.

With many of us our life-tapestry is a sadly curious mixture, viewing it from the right side. Here and there are beautiful buds of love, gentleness, obedience, unselfishness, while abundantly intermixed are rank weeds of envy, hatred, disobedience, untruthfulness and dishonesty. Many a blank space is seen, for though time passes ever, there are many moments in which indolence prevents our filling in with buds of beauty or usefulness.

You may take a child in what you call its innocence and its sensibility, and deeming with some among us that all children are born good, you may assiduously instruct in the principles of morals, and you may carefully seclude it from the contagion of evil example, and you may write upon its fresh young heart the benevolent affections and the holy name of God; and then you may watch gradually for the development of nature that you have thus started and trained. Ah! but you were too late in the field. You deemed that your inscription was the first that was written there; but the enemy had been at work before you; the heart had been overwritten before you had got to it. Let the passions play upon the opening mind, hold it up to the lamp of opportunity, and in hell's dark cipher you can trace the blurred and misshapen characters of crime.

One of the most notable of all the evil and corrupting influences that characterize this age is the multiplication of bad books and the ever widening circulation of

bad newspapers. The press is stronger than Hercules, has more hands than Briareus, and when it fairly sets itself to do wickedness can be as unclean as the Harpies. It becomes as troublesome and as loathsome as the plague of frogs that swarmed out of the Nile and came up into the houses of the Egyptians—cold and slimy and ugly—sparing neither prince nor priest nor slave. Would God some Moses and Aaron would come to drive them back to the ooze and mud where they were born!

Many of the great dailies—we write it with profound sorrow—have done what they could to make these vile publications respectable by imitating their example and filling their columns with the sickening details of crime. And the lesser dailies and little country sheets follow in their wake to the best of their ability. Crime is paraded in its most revolting details, and we charge it upon them that their managers do not even design to do good by their minute description of the most shameful and abominable sins. What wonder, then, that the conscientious and painstaking parent should allow only a few good books in his household to the almost entire exclusion of the so called *news* papers.

The quantity of obscene literature that goes through the mails is not suspected by one in a hundred. Their publication is a crime against domestic and social purity, against civil liberty, and Christian civilization, whose enormity is immeasurable. It is truly time to speak out on this subject. "A broadside of Sinaitic

thunder" should be turned loose upon these ramparts and legions of darkness.

The superstitions of various nations are most degrading, and seem almost incredible to us, except as we look about us and see how prone even the most enlightened of us are to dread the ill effects of some unlucky happenings. I think we cannot too strongly attack superstition, which is the disturber of society; nor too highly respect genuine religion, which is the support of it. Superstition, that horrid incubus which dwelt in darkness, shunning the light, with all its racks, and poison-chalices, and foul sleeping-draughts, is passing away without return. Religion cannot pass away. The burning of a little straw may hide the stars of the sky; but the stars are there, and will reappear. Fielding says superstition renders a man a fool, and skepticism makes him mad.

Why is it that sailors cling to port on a Friday, and loose their ships and weigh anchor on Sunday? Why did the ancients build a temple to Fortune, consult oracles, and venerate white stones rather than black stones? Why did our grandmothers dislike the assemblage of nine rooks, turn back when they met a dog crossing their path, and show an antipathy to black cats? Why does a Fijian, to propitiate his ugly wooden god, offer him a *bakolo*, the dead body of his brother? Why was it improper to eat the beans and the seeds of the lupine? What magic makes the third time never like the rest? At the wicked little German towns where small grand-dukes improve their revenues by licensing gaming tables, you will find old gamb-

lers begging the youngest in the company, often an English boy who has come to look about him, to take for them the first throw of the dice. Why so? Why is a fresh hand more likely to throw the three sixes than an old one?

Among other relics preserved in the mosque of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, is the cradle of our Saviour, which, according to tradition, was brought from Bethlehem, together with a sort of basin in which his mother washed him.

One would hardly believe that there are many people who forget they have money, or that there is money or interest due them, and yet it is a fact. There lies in the Treasury Department to-day one million four hundred thousand dollars of unclaimed interest on government bonds. The sum is getting larger every day. This seems strange, but it is true. This vast sum of money, or much of it, can be drawn by simply applying for it by whoever is entitled to it and has the registered bond on which the interest is due and not paid. There are thousands of persons who have bought bonds, and not knowing how to get the interest on them, prefer to lose the same rather than to expose the fact that they have the bonds. Others have interest due them, and actually forget the fact, and it lies in the treasury vaults waiting for them to apply for it. Should one of the clerks of the bond division inform a person to whom interest is due of the fact, and the same be discovered, he would be instantly discharged.

Our government is like that of other countries, dis-

honest in matters of this kind, and is always willing to keep that which belongs to others if it is not called for. Should one of its clerks be honest enough to give out a hint, he is discharged on the ground that it is not probable he would be engaged in volunteering information unless he received a certain percentage for his services, and this he has no right to do. The government takes the ground that the person to whom the interest is due should not be required to pay for the information; at the same time the same government will not itself volunteer the information.

Josh Billings very aptly gives voice to the practical man's idea of an enthusiast, when he describes him as "one who believes about four times as much as he can prove, and who can prove about four times as much as anybody believes." It is in that one-fifth part, which is provable, demonstrable, and which he can make the world believe, resides the force which moves the world forward. The other four parts are left as the stock of some future enthusiast to be used in keeping the world agoing.

On a certain occasion Edward Everett visited the composing room of the "Boston Advertiser," at a late hour, to read a proof of an oration which he had failed to see at an earlier hour. Extremely particular about his style, he was altering sentences and making additions while the forms were waiting, which so irritated the foreman that he roared out: "Cut it short, Everett—confound it, cut it short. There's no time now for patching up bad English."

An Oneida Indian preacher in a recent sermon

said he was thankful that "the Creator did not give the Indian enough language to allow him to be profane without first learning English."

The ruins of old friendships are a more melancholy spectacle than those of desolated palaces. They exhibit the heart that was once lighted up with joy, all damp and deserted, and haunted by those birds of ill-omen that only nestle in ruins.

In general, pride is at the bottom of all great mistakes. All the other passions do occasional good, but wherever pride puts in its word everything goes wrong, and what might be desirable to do quietly and innocently, it is morally dangerous to do proudly.

Temptation is a fearful word. It indicates the beginning of a possible series of infinite evils. It is the ringing of an alarm, whose melancholy sounds may reverberate through eternity. Like the sudden, sharp cry of "fire!" in the night, it rouses us to instantaneous activity.

It is difficult to say whether we are most in danger of losing a friend by asking a favor or by conferring one.

Examples are few of men ruined by giving. Men are heroes in spending—very cravens in what they give.

It is a row of empty houses that gets its windows broken; and empty heads, empty hearts and idle hands are sure to come to grief.

SHODDY.

"The misfortune is," says Addison, "men despise what they may be masters of, and affect what they are not fit for; they reckon themselves already possessed of what their genius inclined them to, and so bend all ambition to excel in what is out of their reach; thus they destroy the use of their natural talents, in the same manner as covetous men do their quiet and repose; they can enjoy no satisfaction in what they have, because of the absurd inclination they are possessed with for what they have not." And this common tendency is not the mere desire to get unattainable things, nor is it only the idealization of the object pursued, at the expense of the object possessed. It is a resolute liking for those ambitions or attainments in which we are really least deserving. Thus we see in the whole field of human labor, from the highest point to the lowest, a strange misunderstanding concerning the true nature of one's successes and failures. A first-rate novelist cares nothing for his excellent stories, but prides himself most of all on his indifferent verse. A really great surgeon most dearly prizes the poor daubs which he fancies to be excellent paintings in oil. The eminent patent lawyer is sure that, if he could only have had time to write a history of Madagascar, his place beside Motley or Buckle would have been secure. A house carpenter of the first class meditates much on his appearance as an officer in the military

company of which he is a member, and privately reflects that his real station in life ought to be that of a great general. It is needless to multiply examples: every one knows some person whose whimsical or absurd ambition in some direction is the amusement of his neighbors; and not a few are well aware of their own defects or peccadillos in this line.

The greatest of faults is to be conscious of none. The surest mark of the shoddyite is egotism and self-assertion. Vulgarity ever asserts its good breeding; guilt, that it is innocent; falsehood, that it is truth; and weakness, that it is strong. But the keen observer of human nature can sift the chaff from the wheat and tell the sincere from the fickle. I have noticed that folks who have come to grief and quite failed have the rules how to succeed in life more at their fingers' end than folks who have succeeded.

To a really great man, the petty vanities, shallow angers and morbid crotchets of smaller natures are unknown. Above all, genius gives to its possessor a larger, clearer vision; eyes that look outward, not inward. That enormous Ego—the source of so many puny woes to lesser minds—rarely grows rampant in a man who is great enough to know his own littleness. Consequently, he is saved at once from a hundred vexations which dog the heels of your giant of genius—who is always measuring himself with Tom, Dick and Harry, and requiring, or fancying he requires, larger clothes, longer beds, and bigger hats than they. It is your second-rate, your merely clever man, who, ape-like, is always rattling at the bars of his cage, moping

and mowing to attract attention, and eagerly holding out his paw for the nuts and apples of public appreciation, which, if he does not get—why, he sits and howls!

One tribe of these Ishmaelites is made up of high-flying ignoramuses, who are very mighty about the doctrine of a sermon—here they are as decisive as sledge-hammers and as certain as death. He who knows nothing is confident in everything; hence they are bullheaded beyond measure. Every clock, and even the sun-dial, must be set according to their watches; and the slightest difference from their opinion proves a man to be rotten at heart. Venture to argue with them, and their little pot boils in quick style; ask them for reasons, and you might as well go to a sandpit for sugar. They have bottled up the sea of truth and carry it in their waistcoat pockets; they have measured heaven's line of grace, and have tied a knot in the string at the exact length of electing love; and as for the things which angels long to know, they have seen them all as boys see sights in a peep-show at our fair. Having sold their modesty and become wiser than their teachers, they ride a very high horse, and jump over all five-barred gates of Bible-texts which teach doctrines contrary to their notions.

If we would make the pulpit in this land strong and true, the preacher must be a free man, as Paul was free, and Luther was free, and as the citizen is free. and the men who follow medicine and the law. The preachers who consent to be of the pattern churches prefer are not men, but things; not flesh and blood with a soul to make all things sure, but wax to be

moulded and adorned to the liking of those who hear them. The man who is not what God made him from the surface to the centre has no business in the pulpit.

D'Alembert congratulated a young man very coldly, who brought him the solution of a problem. "I have done this to have a seat in the academy," said the young man. "Sir," answered D'Alembert, "with such motives you will never earn one. Science must be loved for its own sake, and not for the advantages to be derived. No other principle will enable a man to make true progress." He who makes a great fuss about doing good will do very little; and he who wishes to be seen and noticed when he is doing good will not do it long. He who endeavors to escape from life's drudgery may also cease to compete for life's prizes. Even if by maneuver or trick he seize some of them, they will become but empty bubbles that have lost their significance.

There are minds so habituated to intrigue and mystery in themselves, and so prone to expect it from others, that they will never accept of a plain reason for a plain fact, if it be possible to devise causes for it that are obscure, far-fetched, and usually *not worth the carriage*.

There are persons whom you can always believe, because you know they have the habit of telling the truth. They do no not "color" a story, or enlarge a bit of news in order to make it sound fine or remarkable.

There are others whom you hardly know whether to believe or not, because they stretch things so. A

trifling incident grows in size, but not in quality, by passing through their mouth. They take a small fact or slender bit of news and pad it with added words, and paint it with high-colored adjectives, until it is largely unreal and gives a false impression. And one does not like to listen to folks when so much must be "allowed for shrinkage." A well-known writer says, "Trust him little who praises all; him less who censures all; and him least who is indifferent about all."

Cultivate the habit of telling the truth in little things as well as in great ones. Pick your words wisely, and use only such as rightly mean what you wish to say. Never "stretch" a story or a fact to make it seem bigger or funnier. Do this, and people will learn to trust you and respect you.

In our youth we gaze only upon the outer and the fairer side of life's patchwork, and it appears to be a beautiful whole. In old age we contemplate the other side, and are disappointed and disgusted with its ragged seam, and its dry tags and ends.

It is not poverty so much as pretense that harasses a ruined man — the struggle between a proud mind and an empty purse — the keeping up of a hollow show that must soon come to an end. Have the courage to appear poor, and you disarm poverty of its sharpest sting.

Wealth is an expensive thing. It costs all it's worth. If you want to be worth a million dollars, it will cost you just a million dollars to get it. Broken friendships, intellectual starvation, loss of social enjoyment, deprivation of generous impulses, the smother-

ing of manly aspirations, a limited wardrobe and a scanty table, a lonely home because you fear a lovely wife and beautiful home would be expensive, a hatred of the heathen, a dread of the contribution box, a haunting fear of the woman's aid society, a fretful dislike for poor people because they won't keep their misery out of your sight, a little sham benevolence that is worse than none; oh, you can be rich, young man, if you are willing to pay the price.

The one difficulty in life is to be in earnest. All this world in the gala-day seems but a passing, unreal show. We dance, light-hearted, along the ways of existence, and nothing tells us that the earth is hollow to our tread. But soon some deep grief comes and shocks us into reality; the solid earth rocks beneath our feet; the awfulness of life meets us face to face in the desert. Then the value of things is seen; then it is that godly sorrow produces carefulness; then it is that, like Jacob, we cry, "How awful is this place! how solemn is this life! This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven!" Then it is that with moral earnestness we set forth, walking circumspectly, weighing, with a watchful and sober eye, all the acts and thoughts which make up life.

Curiosity.

Perhaps the most vicious and hurtful propensity of the human heart is the vice of curiosity. It leads to the commission of many aggravating sins. Eye-gate and ear-gate allow the soul to see and hear so many things that otherwise would be passed by without contamination.

A person who is too nice an observer of the business of the crowd, like one who is too curious in observing the labor of the bees, will often be stung for his curiosity. The gratification of curiosity rather frees us from uneasiness than confers pleasure; we are more pained by ignorance than delighted by instruction. Curiosity is the thirst of the soul. But even as money is said to be the root of all evil, so curiosity is the mother of many sins.

Curiosity is the spiritual drunkenness of the soul; and look, as the drunkard will never be satisfied, be the cup never so deep, unless he see the bottom of it, so some curious Christians, whose souls are spread with the leprosy of curiosity, will never be satisfied till they come to see the bottom of the most secret reasons of all God's dealings towards them; but they are fools in folio who affect to know more than God would have them. Did not Adam's curiosity render him and his posterity fools in folio? And what pleasure can we take to see ourselves every day fools in print? As a man by gazing and prying into the body of the sun

may grow dark and dim, and see less than he otherwise might, so many, by a curious prying into the secret reasons of God's dealings with them, come to grow so dark and dim, that they cannot see those plain reasons that God hath laid down in His word, why He afflicts and tries the children of men.

What an irresistible impulse possesses all children and many grown people to rush to the doorway, and out upon the street when a band of music goes trumpeting by. The street parade, with its glittering uniforms and various sounds, calls out every idler in the neighborhood, and you wonder how so many people can find means to live, and yet have so little to do.

Aristophanes, the comedian, said, concerning Cleon, that "his hands were in Petolia and his soul in Thieftown;" so the hands and feet, eyes and thoughts of inquisitive persons are straggling about in many places at once. Neither the mansions of the great nor the cottages of the poor, nor the privy chambers of princes, nor the recess of the nuptial alcove, can escape the search of their curiosity.

Curiosity is a desire to know why and how; such as is in no living creature but man: so that man is distinguished, not only by his reason, but also by this singular passion, from other animals, in whom the appetite of food and other pleasures of sense, by predominance, take away the care of knowing causes, which is a lust of the mind, that by a perseverance of delight in the continual and indefatigable generation of knowledge, exceedeth the short vehemence of any carnal pleasure.

Wirt says, "Seize the moment of excited curiosity

on any subject, to solve your doubts; for if you let it pass, the desire may never return, and you may remain in ignorance." Curiosity, then, is largely a source of incentive or a motive for gaining knowledge. It spurs on the active mind to ascend to new heights, and explore unknown regions. It adds a zest and pleasure to many a task that otherwise would be wearisome and uninteresting. Directed into a proper channel curiosity is like the turbulent stream which moves a thousand spindles.

Where necessity ends, curiosity begins; and no sooner are we supplied with everything that nature can demand, than we sit down to contrive artificial appetites.

Curiosity, that irksome, that tyrannizing care, "superfluous industry about unprofitable things, and their qualities," as Thomas defines it; an itching humor or a kind of longing to see that which is not to be seen, to do that which ought not to be done, to know that secret which should not be known, to eat of the forbidden fruit. We commonly molest and tire ourselves about things unfit and unnecessary, as Martha troubled herself to little purpose. Be it in religion, humanity, magic, philosophy, policy, any action or study, 'tis a needless trouble, a mere torment.

COVETOUSNESS.

THE struggle with civilized men in this world is for wealth. This is called the prime good, the one thing needful; the great desideratum of life. So men toil for it; deceive, cheat, defraud for it; give time, strength, and often good health, for it. The truth is, the estimate put on wealth is too high. Its good, its value, is overrated. It is not the best thing men can have. It does not confer peace of mind nor purity of the heart, heartfelt happiness nor contentment, nor home joy; nor social blessedness, nor any of the solid and enduring enjoyments. Wealthy homes are often no happier than those of the poor and comfortable livers. Poverty is always an evil; but a fair supply of the necessaries and comforts of life is quite as apt to confer real peace as great wealth.

It is not gold nor goods, therefore, that make men really wealthy. The best wealth is of the heart, an enlightened mind, a loyal conscience, pure affections. He is the wealthier who has the largest share of wisdom, virtue and love—whose heart beats with sympathies for his fellow men — who finds good in all seasons, all providences and all men. The generous man who pities the unfortunate; the poor man who resists temptation; the wise man who orders well his life; clings closely to his family and friends; the studious man, who seeks instruction in all things, are the truly wealthy men.

Greed is a sin. We firmly believe it. It is not right. Nobody can make it right. God hates it. By every law of right known to us it is unworthy of man as a mere citizen of this world. But as man is related to the world to come, it is a sin against both God and man. He ignores what God respects, and does a wrong which God will punish. Greed and what is highest and noblest in man are antipodal; they are like water and oil—they will never mix; they are at eternal war.

O Christian! man renewed by grace, dost thou indeed believe that God inhabits thee with his holiness, and makes thee his temple? Be thou, then, a temple indeed, a sacred place to him. Exclude covetousness; make not thy Father's house a house of merchandise. Deem every sin a sacrilege. Let all thy thoughts within, like white-robed priests, move round the altar, and keep the fire burning. Let thy affections be always a cloud, filling the room, and inwrapping thy priest-like thoughts. Let thy hallowed desires be ever fanning the mercy-seat with their wings.

Mark the careworn countenance of him who has wasted the best portion of his life in the acquisition of wealth, not that he might be enabled to relieve the wants of the destitute and afflicted, but that he might be powerful and leave a rich legacy for his children when he is gone. Does his wealth secure happiness? Ah, no! He has exhausted his energies in accumulating a fortune, and received naught but vexation of spirit in return. He has sought for gold and found dross.

Many a man, when he begins to accumulate wealth, commences at the same time to ruin his soul. Instead of doing more for God he does less; and the more he wants of this world the less he cares for the world to come. Ambition makes the same mistake concerning fame that avarice does concerning wealth: she begins by accumulating power as a means to happiness, and she finishes by continuing to accumulate it as an end.

Consider somewhat more deeply this covetousness. In the original the word is a very expressive one. It means the desire of having more—not of having more because there is not enough, but simply a craving after more. More when a man has not enough. More when he has. More, more, ever more. Give, give. Divide, divide.

This desire of accumulation is the source of all our greatness, and all our baseness. It is at once our glory and our shame. It is the cause of our commerce, of our navy, of our military triumphs, of our enormous wealth, and our marvelous inventions. And it is the cause of our factions and animosities, of our squalid pauperism, and the worse than heathen degradation of the masses of our population.

The covetous man is like the spider. He does nothing but lay his wits to catch every fly, gaping only for a booty of gain; so yet more in that whilst he makes nets for these flies, he consumeth his own bowels, so that which is his life is his death. And yet he is at least to be pitied, because he makes himself miserable; like wicked Ahab, the sight of another man's vineyard makes him sick; he wants it for him-

self. He hates his neighbors as bad as he is hated by them, and would sell his best friend, if he had one, for a groat. He pines his body that he may damn his soul; and whenever disappointed of his expected gain, through the accursed discontent of his mind, he would dispatch himself, but that he is loth to cast away his money on a cord.

In the siege of Cassilinum, Hannibal so reduced the citadel that there was a great famine. One soldier possessed a mouse that he might have eaten, and so appeased his cruel hunger, but he preferred selling it to a comrade for two hundred pence. He was destroyed by the famine, and did not live to enjoy his money, while if he had not sold the mouse, it is said that he might have saved his own life.

Rich people who are covetous are like the cypress tree; they may appear well, but are fruitless; so rich persons have the means to be generous, yet some are not so; but they should consider they are only trustees for what they possess, and should show their wealth to be more in doing good than merely in having it. They should not reserve their benevolence for purposes after they are dead; for those who give not till they die, show that they would not then, if they could keep it any longer.

The great and learned Hippocrates wished a consultation of all the physicians in the world, that they might advise together upon the means how to cure covetousness. It is now above two thousand years since he had this desire. After him a thousand and a thousand philosophers have employed their endeavors

to cure this insatiable dropsy. All of them have lost their labor therein; the evil rather increases than declines under the multitude of remedies. There have been a number in former ages sick of it; and this wide hospital of the world is still as full of such patients as ever it was.

In Sparta it was a law that men should worship the gods with as little expense as possible. There are already enrolled on the church books of the United States enough such Spartans to make three thousand new Thermopylæs.

Caligula, emperor of Rome, seemed to be inflamed with the passion for touching money. He would frequently walk upon heaps of gold, and as the pieces lay spread out in a large room he would roll himself over them naked. He forced men in their sickness to make him their heir, and if they recovered after making their wills, he poisoned them. The palace was made a common brothel that his revenues might be increased thereby.

Can anything be more senselessly absurd than that the nearer we are to our journey's end, we should still lay in more provisions for it?

Hunger is allayed by eating, thirst by drinking, cold by putting on more clothing; but the desire for money is never abated by any amount of silver, gold, jewels or estate. However great one's income the desire for money is constantly crying, "More, more." This is a disease more incurable than the leprosy.

SELFISHNESS.

IN the first place, if you want to make yourself miserable, be selfish. Think all the time of yourself and your things. Don't care about anything else. Have no feeling for any but yourself. Never think of enjoying the satisfaction of seeing others happy; but rather, if you see a smiling face, be jealous lest another should enjoy what you have not. Envy every one who is better off than yourself; think unkindly towards them, and speak lightly of them. Be constantly afraid lest some one should encroach on your rights; be watchful against it, and if any one comes near your things snap at them like a mad dog. Contend earnestly for everything that is your own, though it may not be worth a pin. Never yield a point. Be very sensitive, and take everything that is said to you in playfulness in the most serious manner. Be jealous of your friends lest they should not think enough of you; and if at any time they should seem to neglect you, put the worst construction upon their conduct.

None but a thoroughly selfish person can be always unhappy. Life is so equally balanced that there is always as much to rejoice as to weep over, if we are only able—and willing—to rejoice in and for and through others.

"Time and the hour run through the roughest day"—

if we will but let it be so—if we will allow our sky to clear and our wounds to heal—believing in the won-

derful reparative powers of Nature when she is given free play. But these poor souls will not give her free play; they prefer to indulge in their grief, refusing obstinately all remedies, till they bring on a chronic dyspepsia of the soul, which is often combined with a corresponding disease of the body.

A man who a few years ago withheld his thousands which he might have given to the work of God, is to-day a penniless beggar with no one to pity him. His treasures were laid up on earth; God had the crumbs, the loaf he kept himself until it was mouldy, and now, instead of looking forward to the day of reward, and anticipating the welcomes and benedictions of souls saved through his instrumentality, he has only to look back upon wasted endeavors, perished possessions, departed wealth, blighted hopes, and joys that have withered to return no more.

The man who lately devoted his vigor and strength to the useless race for wealth and pleasure, and vain ambition, and who had time for nothing else; and whose vigorous manhood was devoted to trifles light as air, now helpless, wretched and distressed, drawing nigh to the grave, laments a wasted existence. Once he might have done great things in the cause and name of God; now he is cast aside a broken and dishonored vessel, for which the Master has no use. His lifework is undone; and instead of coming with his sheaves and rejoicing in the final harvest day, he shall bring before the Judge "nothing but leaves." If selfishness begins with the governing classes, woe to the country that is governed. The evil spreads downwards,

and includes all classes, even the poorest. The race of life becomes one for mere pelf and self. Principle is abandoned. Honesty is a forgotten virtue. Faith dies out; and society becomes a scramble for place and money.

The Duke of Burgundy was waited upon by a poor man, a very loyal subject, who brought him a very large root which he had grown. He was a very poor man indeed, and every root he grew in his garden was of consequence to him; but merely as a loyal offering he brought to his prince the largest his garden produced. The prince was so pleased with the man's evident loyalty and affection, that he gave him a very large sum. The steward thought, "Well, I see this pays; this man has got fifty pounds for his large root; I think I shall make the Duke a present." So he bought a horse, and he reckoned that he should have in return ten times as much for it as it was worth, and he presented it with that view; the Duke, like a wise man, quietly accepted the horse, and gave the greedy steward nothing. That was all. So you say, "Well, here is a Christian man, and he gets rewarded. He has been giving to the poor, helping the Lord's Church, and see, he is saved; the thing pays, I shall make a little investment." Yes; but you see the steward did not give the horse out of any idea of loyalty and kindness and love to the Duke, but out of a very great love to himself, and therefore had no return; and if you perform deeds of charity out of the idea of getting to heaven by them, why, it is yourself you are feeding, it is yourself that you are clothing; all your

virtue is not virtue, it is rank selfishness, it smells strong of selfhood, and Christ will never accept it; you will never hear him say "Thank you" for it.

There is a great deal of open-hearted and open-handed selfishness in the world. Some of the most liberal givers in the community are thoroughly selfish. Selfish prodigality is by no means uncommon. There are those who look upon themselves as exceptionally generous, and who are even so counted by their fellows, who are unmistakably selfish. This is a truth that ought to be borne in mind when we are passing upon the characteristics of ourselves, or of those whom we have a right to judge—because of our responsibility for their training. Selfishness is not always conjoined with stinginess.

A little girl, who had been very observant of her parents' mode of exhibiting their charity, being asked what generosity was, answered, "It's giving to the poor all the old stuff you don't want yourself." And there is more truth than poetry in the definition. But that is not the charity that covereth a multitude of sins or that suffereth long and is kind. It is the other kind.

Every one blames the fine-lady daughter and pities the poor drudge-mother.

The daughter sits in the parlor, in nice clothes and elegantly arranged hair, dawdling over a novel, or chatting with companions or friends. Her mother is toiling in the kitchen, or fretting her soul in the vain attempt to reduce her pile of "mending" and at the same time look after a tumbling baby.

The mother's face is worn and thin. Baby has

pulled her hair askew. She still wears the old dress that she put on in such a hurry at half-past five in the morning, when baby woke her from a weary sleep.

She is tired! She is always tired. She is tired on Saturday, and she is tired on Sunday; she is tired in the morning, and tired in the evening; she goes to bed and gets up tired.

It is hard not to be angry with the daughter, we confess. She can look in her exhausted mother's face, and know how much work there is to be done, and never willingly put forth a hand to help her. Nay, she is going out to tea this evening, and will come to her mother to have her dress adjusted for the great occasion. She casts much of the burden of her existence upon the too generous heart that she does not appreciate, and never once feels the impulse to give the aid of her youthful strength.

In all our modern world there is not an uglier sight than this, no, not one. It is but natural to throw the blame of it upon the daughter. "Heartless wretch!" we have heard such a girl called by indignant acquaintances.

She is to be *pitied*, rather. When she was a little child, all lovely and engaging, her mother said to herself, "*She* shall not be the drudge I was. *She* shall not be kept out of school to do housework, as I was. *She* shall have a good time while she is young, for there's no knowing what her lot will be afterwards."

And so her mother made her young life a long banquet of delights. Rough places were made smooth for her; all difficulties were removed from her path.

The lesson taught her every hour for years and years was, that it was no great matter what other people suffered, if only her mother's daughter had a good time.

She learned that lesson thoroughly, and a frightful selfishness was developed in her.

Her eyes may fall upon these lines. If so, we tell her that people in general will make no allowance for the faults of her bringing up! They will merely say, "See what a shocking and shameful return she makes for her mother's indulgent and generous care."

I have seen parents, not intentionally selfish, who, when old age came upon them, grew so exacting, fretful, irritable, compelled such constant attendance, and insisted on such incessant sacrifices, as literally to take the life—or at least all that life was worth—out of their children, whom everybody but themselves saw were being "killed by inches," as the phrase is. Only fancy! living till one's best friends say with bated breath, "If it would but come to an end"—that is, our life: as the only means of saving other and more precious lives.

But this need not be—it ought never to be. A little self-control at the beginning, a steady, persistent recognition of the fact that the young are young, and we are old; they blooming, we fading; they going up the hill, and we down it—that this is God's will, to be accepted placidly and cheerfully, and made as little trouble about as possible, and we need not fear ever becoming very "ugly."

We call our errors by grand names, and almost

boast of them—"I never take care of myself;" "I can't be bothered with my health;" "What does it matter to me if I am ill?" are the remarks one constantly hears, especially from the young, just old enough to shirk authority and resent interference, but still seeing only in the dim distance that dark time which must come, sooner or later, when for every ill-usage it has received, the body avenges itself tenfold.

Does it not matter indeed?—the extra labor thrown on a whole family when one member is ill? the heartache of parents, the perplexity and distress of friends, the serious annoyance—to put no stronger word—that invalids always are in a household? If, as to our would-be suicides, the law of the land, even when it saves them from the river half drowned or cuts them down half hanged, sentences them to remorseless punishment, should not there be found also some fitting condemnation for those who commit the slow suicide of ruined health, for no cause but their own gratification?

Our infinite obligations to God do not fill our hearts half as much as a petty uneasiness of our own; nor His infinite perfections as much as our smallest wants. Our selfishness is so robust and many-clutching that, well encouraged, it easily devours all sustenance away from our poor little scruples. There is an ill-breeding to which, whatever our rank and nature, we are almost equally sensitive,—the ill-breeding that comes from want of consideration for others.

The story is told of a clergyman that, after preaching an interesting sermon on "Recognition of Friends

in Heaven," he was accosted by a hearer, who said, "I liked that sermon, and now I wish you would preach another on the recognition of people in this world. I have been attending your church for three years, and not five persons in the congregation have so much as bowed to me in all that time."

FANATICISM.

THERE is a wide difference between a zealous man and a zealot. Zeal is a very desirable quality if it is characterized by devotion to a laudable end. Paul was always zealous, and when he referred to his early record, described himself "concerning zeal, persecuting the church." In after days that same spirit of zeal was manifest in preaching the faith he had sought to destroy.

There are few people in our day who have not zeal, but, as Paul said of his countrymen, it is "not according to knowledge." A man of this class may be easily known. He may have some talent, but he has no tact. He can clearly perceive a desirable end and he scruples very little as to the means he uses to reach it. If a thing is admitted to be right he is impatient of slow processes, never dreams of forbearance with any who do not share his convictions, and is merciless to those who dare to resist his will. When he has any truth which the world ought to receive he utters it, without any care as to the spirit or manner of its

proclamation. "Speaking the truth in love" is the last thing that he thinks of. Such counsels might do for those who want to lead captive "silly women." He has a duty to discharge, and he will do it at all hazards. So he sends it forth just about as a shell comes from a mortar, with a good deal of unpleasant friction in the atmosphere, and believing if it makes things generally uncomfortable, that everybody will come and "see his zeal for the Lord."

As for any thought of the varieties of mental characteristics, such a man has too much reckless ignorance to consider these for a moment. People ought to look at things from the right standpoint, and, if their training, pursuits, and associations have prevented this, they ought to go back to first things and begin life anew so as to see them as he sees them. As for his adapting his methods to their idiosyncrasies and weaknesses, it is not to be thought of.

In fact, while he glories in Paul's boldness, he is tempted to doubt the inspiration of Paul's writings when he reads such passages as—"Give none offense, neither to the Jews nor to the Gentiles, nor to the church of God," and when he reads that Paul "pleased all men in all things," and exhorted Timothy to "meekness" in "instructing those that oppose themselves," he only regrets that Paul had not had the privilege of learning from himself how to deal with such people.

Of course such a man has no correct idea of the relative magnitude of objects. The things that occupy

his mind are colossal. There are certain topics which he looks at through a magnifying glass. When he tries his hand to give a representation of spiritual truth he shows that he has an independence of conception which emancipates him from all such shackles as proportion, distance and shade. The thing which engrosses him every one else should be occupied with. It is what the world was made for and the church redeemed for, and they are wretched failures if his ideas are not realized. Every text of scripture has a bearing on his favorite theme, and every description of evil character he applies to those who do not assent in all things to his utterances.

Such a man, of course, has a following; he dragoons weaker natures and they submissively do the special work he assigns them, while others wonderingly and pityingly inquire where their manhood is gone.

"It is good to be zealously affected always in a *good thing*," but zeal which is destitute of courtesy and love is like the lightning which blackens and destroys. It has always treated with contempt all rights of conscience in others, but been clamorous for its own. It knows nothing of soul freedom. It spilt the blood of martyrs in other days, and its policy in our times is social ostracism and constant disparagement for all who will not bow to its behests. Nevertheless, let it be fully understood that only a man fit to be a slave will follow such a lead. True Christian manhood recognizes one and only one Example, Bishop and Master.

I heard the other day enthusiastic praises of a sis-

ter in one of those Protestant communities who are trying—and not unwisely—to emulate the Roman Catholic sisters of mercy, by absorbing into useful work the many waifs and strays of useless spinsterhood, eating their hearts out in lonely, aimless idleness in the midst of a struggling and suffering world. But this woman was not lonely. She had a father, whom she paid a nurse to take care of; married sisters, who would have been thankful for her occasional help in their busy, anxious homes; loving friends, to whom her influence and aid might often have been invaluable. Yet she left them, one and all, and went to spend her strength—not so very great—upon strangers. She did expend it; for she died, and was almost canonized by some people; but some others, with a simpler standard of holiness, might question whether this devoted self-sacrifice should not be called by another name—self-will.

She did the thing she wished to do, rather than what seemed laid before her to do; and though it is always difficult to judge such cases from the outside without being unjust to somebody, I think it is an open question whether she did right or wrong.

The same doubt arises when one hears of soldiers volunteering—not sent, but volunteering—on dangerous expeditions, leaving young wives or helpless children to endure at home the agony of suspense over a risk which was not demanded by duty.

Not all fanatics are recognized as such. Many whose professions of allegiance to the right, and whose reputation for common sense are of the best,

are yet fanatical in action. It has been said by some writer that the whisper of a beautiful woman can be heard farther than the loudest call of duty.

A story is told of an old hunter in Michigan, who, when the country was new, got lost in the woods several times. He was told to buy a pocket-compass, which he did, and a friend explained to him its use. He soon got lost and lay out as usual. When found he was asked why he did not travel by the compass. He said he did not dare to. He wished to go north, and he tried hard to make the thing point north, but 'twasn't any use. "'Twould shake, shake, right round and point southeast every time."

A great many people fail of the right direction in life for the same reason of the mishap which befell our Wolverine friend—they are afraid to take the Bible and follow just as it points.

Mr. Moody says, "It is hard to get people to admit that they are sinners. I preached once in the Tombs in New York. I stood on an iron bridge and spoke to three or four hundred prisoners in their cells. They could hear me, but I couldn't see any of them. After finishing the sermon I went around from cell to cell to talk with the inmates. In the first were four men playing cards. They said that the men who committed the crime got clear, and they were caught by mistake and wrongfully condemned. The man in the next cell was there because he unfortunately resembled the real criminal. It was a case of error in indentification. The third man visited claimed to have been condemned because witnesses swore falsely

against him. The fourth man had not been tried yet, but was sure of being acquitted when he was. I never found such an innocent set of men in my life."

Fallacies are very long-lived. We overheard a conversation the other day in which the old delusion came out, as fresh as ever, "After all, it don't matter what a man believes if he only does right." We passed on our way wondering if the speaker would be willing to apply his principle to anything except religion. Does it make no difference in a man's business operations whether he believes in honesty or knavery? Does a man worthy of the suffrage believe one way and vote another? And shall it be said that it makes no difference in a man's character and destiny whether he believes in virtue, goodness and righteousness? Does it have no bearing on a man's daily life to believe he shall reap what he sows? Is there no inspiration to right doing in a firm belief in a holy, just and merciful God? It is time that the old fallacy which denies this should be rooted out. Thinking, feeling and acting are connected links in our being. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

The trouble with the skepticism of the age is that it is not thorough enough. It questions everything but its own foundations. Infidelity gains the victory, when it wrestles with hypocrisy or with superstition, but never when its antagonist is reason. In some sense all criminals are insane. All crimes arise from insane greed, frenzied passion, or maddened revenge. I have noticed that many who do not believe in God believe in everything else, even in the evil eye.

The fanatical fear of the "Evil Eye," is one of the strongest passions of an Egyptian. It was one of universal prevalence even in the Christian world, a few years since, and this superstition may still be found amongst the European peasantry. The glance of an evil eye is greatly dreaded.

Despair seizes the minds of men whose desires are boundless, and who see at last a limit set to their ambition. Alexander cried because there were no more kingdoms to conquer. It was the same with Mahmoud, the Ghiznevide, the first Mohammedan conqueror of India. When he felt himself dying, he caused all his treasures of gold and jewels to be displayed before him. When he surveyed them, he wept like a child. "Alas!" said he, "what dangers, what fatigues of body and mind, have I endured for the sake of acquiring those treasures, and what cares in preserving them! And now I am about to die and leave them!" He was interred in his palace where his unhappy ghost was afterwards believed to wander.

The death of Charles IX of France was a terrible one. He had authorized the massacre of the Huguenots on the fearful night of St. Bartholomew, and was haunted by its horrors during his dying moments. "I know not how it is," he said to his surgeon, Ambrose Pare, "but for the last few days I feel as in a fever. My mind and body are both disturbed. Every moment, whether I am asleep or awake, visions of murdered corpses, covered with blood and hideous to the sight, haunt me. Oh, I wish I had spared the innocent and the imbecile!" He died two years after the mas-

sacre, and to the last moment the horrors of the day of St. Bartholomew were present without ceasing to his mind.

Flattery.

He does me double wrong that wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.—*Shakespeare.*

Flattery is often a traffic of mutual meanness, where, although both parties intend deception, neither are deceived, since words that cost little are exchanged for hopes that cost less. Though flattery blossoms like friendship, yet there is a great difference in the fruit.

The coin that is most current among mankind is flattery; the only benefit of which is that by hearing what we are not, we may be instructed what we ought to be. Blinded as they are to their true character by self-love, every man is his own first and chiefest flatterer, prepared, therefore, to welcome the flatterer from the outside, who only comes confirming the verdict of the flatterer within. Flattery is an ensnaring quality, and leaves very dangerous impressions. It swells a man's imagination, entertains his fancy, and drives him to a doting upon his own person.

It is sometimes very hard to decide which gives us more pleasure—to hear ourselves praised, or to hear our neighbors run down. Because all men are apt to flatter themselves, to entertain the addition of other men's praises is most perilous. The evil results of

contact with persistent flatterers may be seen on every hand, in those dispositions and characters which are puffed up with such an inordinate share of vanity and self-conceit.

Guard the young and artless from contact with flatterers, as you would guard them from vipers. "Oh what a pretty child you are," often repeated in its ears, has proved the everlasting ruin of many an otherwise useful life. Flattery corrupts the soul, raises false hopes, deadens the sense of duty, overthrows the judgment, and dethrones right reason. Lift your voice and your influence against this monstrous evil, and thus gain one step towards an approving conscience and a peaceful life.

Goldsmith tells us:

> "For praise too dearly loved, or warmly sought,
> Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;
> And the weak soul within itself unblest,
> Leans for all pleasure on another's breast."

Sir Matthew Hale says if a man, whose integrity you do not very well know, makes you great and extraordinary professions, do not give much credit to him. Probably you will find that he aims at something besides kindness to you, and that, when he has served his turn, or been disappointed, his regard for you will grow cool.

The art of flatterers is to take advantage of the foibles of the great, to foster their errors, and never to give advice which may annoy.

Suspect men and women who affect great softness of manner and unruffled evenness of temper, and an enunciation studied, slow and deliberate. These

things are all unnatural, and bespeak a degree of mental discipline into which he that has no sinister motive cannot submit to drill himself. The most successful knaves are sharp and smooth as razors dipped in oil. They affect the innocence of the dove to hide the cunning of the serpent.

The following is Father Sheldon's satire on flatterers: "The monkey was once employed to paint portraits. He painted to the life. He gave the ass his long ears; the lion his shaggy mane; the tiger his blood-thirsty appearance; the wolf his sly, deceitful look. The result was, criticisms were abundant, and complaints loud. The fox took up the profession. He shortened the ears of the ass; gave the lion a look of more majesty and less terror; took away the blood-thirsty appearance of the tiger; and the wolf could hardly be distinguished from the faithful house-dog. The fox became popular as a painter, and the monkey had no employment but to paint sheep, horses and useful animals of that sort."

As illustrating the universal homage paid to wealth, a good story comes to us of two ladies who met upon a recent social occasion. They had been in the habit of meeting upon the same occasion for several years and—passing on. This time they met and chatted most affably. Said number one to number two: "How well you are looking, Mrs. Blank. I think I have never seen you looking so well." "Oh, yes," said lady number two, "but I think I shall be better looking next year, if my husband's income keeps on increasing. Rich ladies are always handsome."

And she spoke so laughingly that it was not until she had passed on that the very complimentary lady was fully aware of the implied rebuke.

We sometimes think we hate flattery; but we only hate the way in which we are flattered. Flattery is false money which would not be current, were it not for our vanity.

Evil Criticism.

Dr. Kitto exhibits scandal in its true deformity, where he describes it as "a compound of malignity and simulation; never urging an opinion with the bold consciousness of truth, but dealing in a monstrous jargon of half-sentences, conveying its ambiguities by emphasis; thus confirming the evil they affect to deplore."

Those persons who indulge this ignoble habit he characterizes as the hyenas of society, perpetually prowling over reputations, which are their prey; lamenting, and at the same time enjoying, the ruin they create.

To hint at a fault does more mischief than speaking out; for whatever is left for the imagination to finish, will not fail to be overdone; every hiatus will be more than filled up, and every pause more than supplied. There is less malice, and less mischief, too, in telling a man's name, than the initials of it; as a worthier person may be involved in the most disgraceful suspicions by such a dangerous ambiguity.

A sneer is the weapon of the weak. Like other evil weapons, it is always cunningly ready to our hands, and there is more poison in the handle than in the point. But how many noble hearts have withered with its venomous stab and festered with its subtile malignity.

The longer I live, the more I feel the importance of adhering to the rules I have laid down for myself in relation to such matters:

To hear as little as possible to the prejudice of others. To believe nothing of the kind till I am absolutely forced to it. Never to drink into the spirit of one who circulates an ill report. Always to moderate, as far as I can, the unkindness which is expressed towards others. Always to believe that, if the other side were heard, a very different account would be given of the matter. Never say of another what you would not have him hear. Everybody is glad when the biter is bitten. When a man begins to find fault with other people, he may well be advised to look for evil in his own heart and life.

Keep clear of personalities in conversation. Small minds occupy themselves with persons. When you must talk of persons, dwell on the good side. There are family boards where a continual criticism and cutting up of character go on, but it is not a pleasant thing to a kind heart—one does not like to dine off a dissecting table.

One who seemed to live that he might stab the successful character, and whose words seemed to feed a vicious public, thus writes of those whom the world

delights to honor: "Sir Walter Scott, a toothless retailer of old wives' fables; Brougham, an eternal grinder of commonplace and pretentious noise, like a man playing on a hurdy-gurdy; Coleridge, talking in a maudlin sleep an infinite deal of nothing; Wordsworth, stooping to extract a spiritual catsup from mushrooms which were little better than toad stools; Peel, a plausible fox; John Wilson Croker, an unhanged hound; Lord John Russell, a turnspit of good pedigree; Lord Melbourne, a monkey; 'these be thy gods, O Israel?' Others occupied in undertakings as absurd as to seek to suck the moon out of the sky; this wind-bag yelping for liberty to the negro, and that other for the improvement of prisons—all sham and imposture together—a giant lie—which may soon go down into hell fire."

We should be reluctant to think that everybody's talk is of necessity much of the time about his neighbors. It is a fact that a great deal of most delightful conversation is not about persons at all, but about nature, or books, or political changes, or the last lecture, or the concert that was given the other night. Still there is a temptation to talk about other people sometimes, and it seems to us, that if such talk is not malicious in spirit, or unkind in tone, it is on the whole pardonable. But to speak with a sneer of the foibles of Mrs. A——, and the next moment to welcome her to your parlor with a kiss, as if you had no friend so delightful; to say "good-bye, my dear, come again *soon*," with honeyed emphasis to Miss B——, and before the rustle of her skirts is gone, to say, "Horrid

old thing! I'm glad that's over;" this is to be insincere and untrue. There is, we are sorry to admit, far too much of this sort of easy lying in our social intercourse, and those who indulge in it would do well to remember the quotation with which we began. If we accustom ourselves to ungentleness or insincerity in our speech or thought concerning our friends, we may be assured that they may be doing the same with regard to us.

There is no spirit more hurtful to its possessor than a suspicious spirit. "Think evil of no man," is the divine counsel. "Suspicions among thoughts," says Lord Bacon, "are like bats among birds; they will fly in the night." Such thoughts cloud the mind, separate friends, and ruin our enjoyment. The Italians say, "Suspicion dismisses fidelity." It weakens faith, cools love, beclouds hope, and turns green fields into arid deserts. Drive away suspicion, and cultivate confidence.

Think twice before you believe every evil story you hear, and think twenty times before you repeat it. Say to yourself, "This may not be true, or it may be exaggerated," unless you have proof of the veracity of your informant. Persons sometimes tell falsehoods, they often make mistakes, and they sometimes hear wrong.

It is a very easy thing to criticise another's work; but much more difficult to take hold and do better yourself. In other words, "It is one thing to see that a line is crooked, and another thing to be able to draw a straight one." It is well before sneering at the

crooked marks made by another, to ask, "Am I sure that I can do better?" Sometimes we are very confident that we possess the power to do better, when one attempt would prove it otherwise. The wise person is always chary of criticising.

When any person of really eminent virtue becomes the object of envy the clamor and abuse by which he is assailed is but the sign and accompaniment of his success in doing service to the public. And if he is a truly wise man, he will take no more notice of it than the moon does of the howling of the dogs. Her only answer to them is "to shine on."

A man that hath no virtue in himself ever envieth virtue in others—for men's minds will either feed on their own good, or upon other's evil; and who wanteth the one will prey upon the other; and whoever is out of hope to attain another's virtue will seek to come at even hand by depressing another's fortune. Bitterness always hints of an old half-healed hurt. Cynicism is the scar of sorely wounded faith; scepticism, the crumbling corpse of belief. Nothing can reconcile envy to virtue but death.

The cynic is one who never sees a good quality in a man, and never fails to see a bad one. He is the human owl, vigilant in darkness, and blind to light; mousing for vermin, and never seeing noble game. The cynic puts all human actions into only two classes, *openly* bad, and *secretly* bad. All virtue and generosity and disinterestedness are merely the appearance of good, but selfish at the bottom. He holds that no man does a good thing except for profit. The effect

of his conversation upon your feelings is to chill and sear them; to send you away sour and morose. His criticisms and inuendoes fall indiscriminately upon every lovely thing, like frost upon flowers.

Thus his eye strains out every good quality, and takes in only the bad. To him religion is hypocrisy, honesty a preparation for fraud, virtue only want of opportunity, and undeniable purity asceticism. The livelong day he will sit with sneering lip, uttering sharp speeches in the quietest manner, and in polished phrase transfixing every character which is presented. "His words are softer than oil, yet are they drawn swords."

Evil for Evil.

The impulse of rendering evil for evil is one of the strongest to be found in the human breast. But the indulgence of this passion soon begets a degree of baseness, that stops not with rendering evil to those who have injured us, but passes on to distress those who have done us no evil; nor content with this, it usually ends with making those unhappy who have most carefully sought to do us good.

"The ear of jealousy heareth all things," says the wise man; frequently I believe more than is uttered, which makes the company of persons infected with it still more dangerous. Treachery fosters treachery, and evil produces evil of like kind. It is everywhere observed that a liberated slave is apt to make a merci-

less master, and that boys who have been cruelly fagged at school are cruel faggers.

He who betrays another's secret because he has quarrelled with him was never worthy of the name of friend; a breach of kindness will not justify a breach of trust. Of all human frailties there are none so base as ingratitude, none so infamous as to return evil for good—to debase the purest friendship extended to us by lifelong friends.

"Envy," says Lord Bacon, "has no holidays." There cannot, perhaps, be a more lively and striking description of the miserable state of mind those endure who are tormented with this vice. A spirit of emulation has been supposed to be the source of the greatest improvements; and there is no doubt but the warmest rivalship will produce the most excellent results; but it is to be feared that a perpetual state of contest will injure the temper so essentially that the mischief will hardly be counterbalanced by any other advantages. Those whose progress is the most rapid will be apt to despise their less successful competitors, who, in return, will feel the bitterest resentment against their more fortunate rivals.

When an envious man is melancholy, one may ask him, in the words of Bion, what evil has befallen him, or what good has happened to another. This last is the scale by which he principally measures his felicity, and the very smiles of his friends are so many deductions from his own happiness. The wants of others are the standard by which he sates his own enjoyments, and

he estimates his riches, not so much by his own possessions as by the necessities of his neighbors.

Anger is less reasonable and more sincere than envy. Anger breaks out abruptly: envy is a great prefacer. Anger wishes to be understood at once: envy is fond of remote hints and ambiguities; but obscure as its oracles are, it never ceases to deliver them till they are perfectly comprehended. Anger repeats the same circumstances over again: envy invents new ones at every fresh recital. Anger gives a broken, vehement and interrupted narrative: envy tells a more consistent and more probable, though a falser, tale.

Law-breakers always come to evil in the end. In Great Britain there is a law under which certain officers mark a line on a vessel's hull to show how deep in the water she may be loaded. On one occasion a captain wanted to carry a greater load than the law allowed. He took a lantern and a paint-brush one night, and moved the regular "load-line" up several inches. The officers who inspected the load thought that it was all right, as they could trace the line along the edge of the water. So far the captain's trick was successful. He passed out of the Thames and went to sea bound for a foreign port. But the vessel never afterwards was heard from. She was overloaded, and so foundered in a storm.

A young woman who served out a sentence of five years in the Maine state's prison found means of education, and, becoming thoroughly reformed, left the prison in appearance a lady. She was employed by a dry-goods firm in Portland as saleswoman, and gave

perfect satisfaction to her employers, till one day a wealthy lady of the place entered the store and recognized her. Calling the proprietor aside, she told him that the girl had been in the state's prison. He replied that he knew it, but she had done her duty faithfully, and that they were well satisfied with her. "Well," said the lady, "if you keep her in your store I will neither trade with you myself nor suffer any of my friends to, if I can help it." So the proprietor, rather than lose his customer, called the poor girl and discharged her.

John the Almsgiver, Bishop of Alexandria, was one day visited by a nobleman. In the course of conversation the nobleman declared, with warmth, that he would never, to his dying day, forgive a certain man who had cruelly wronged him. Just then the bell in the Bishop's private chapel rang for prayers.

Entering the chapel, the two men knelt before the altar. Presently the Bishop began to repeat, in a loud voice, the Lord's prayer, and the nobleman repeated each petition after him.

"Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread." The bishop stopped abruptly. The nobleman went on alone: "and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us." Then, finding that he alone was praying, he also stopped. The bishop remained kneeling, but was silent. Suddenly the sense of the petition he had uttered rushed on the nobleman's mind. He was appalled at his own prayer. Silently he arose from his knees, went forth, and finding the man who had injured him, frankly forgave him.

Two brothers had fallen out, and in the heat of his passion the elder struck the younger on the cheek. Brave as steel and quick as lightning, the younger raised his arm to return the blow; but ere it fell he remembered how he had read that morning by his mother's knee these words, "When one smites thee on the one cheek, turn to him the other also." A simple child, who took Christ's words in their ordinary sense, he drops his arm, and turning on his brother eyes where tears of forgiveness had quenched the flash of anger, he offered the other cheek for a second blow. It was the other's turn to weep now, Surprised, subdued, melted, he fell on his brother's neck and kissing him, acknowledged his offense, and asked forgiveness. And there, locked in fond embrace, the two boys stood, a living proof that our Lord's highest and apparently most impracticable injunctions admit of a more literal obedience than any give them.

Blasphemy.

It is no mark of a gentleman to swear. The most worthless and vile, the refuse of mankind, the drunkard and prostitute, swear as well as the best dressed and would-be gentleman. No particular endowments are required to give a finish to the art of cursing. The basest and meanest of mankind swear with as much tact and skill as the most refined; and he that wishes to degrade himself to the very lowest level of pollution

and shame should learn to be a common swearer. Any man has talents enough to learn to curse God, and imprecate perdition on himself and his fellow-men. Profane swearing never did any man any good. No man is the richer or wiser or happier for it. It helps no one's education or manners. It commends no one to any society. It is digusting to the refined; abominable to the good; insulting to those with whom we associate; degrading to the mind; unprofitable, needless and injurious to society; and wantonly to profane his name, to call his vengeance down, to curse him, and to invoke his vengeance, is perhaps of all offenses the most awful in the sight of God.

There are men who are so in the habit of using profane language that it almost flows from their lips without malice or meaning; and there are those who regard profane language as an indication of manly courage and gentlemanly bearing. Dr. Annesley, while dining at a coffee-house, ordered a glass of water to be sent to the gentleman in the next box, whose profane oaths were very annoying. He was surprised, and said he had given no such order. The doctor said, gravely, "I thought to cool your tongue after the fiery language you have been using." The man was offended and challenged him, but he excused himself on account of his cloth. Some years after he met the man, who apologized and thanked him for his reproof, which had cured him of a wicked habit.

The habit of profane blasphemy, once fixed upon a man, is hard to overcome. A very estimable man of sixty years was prostrated with brain fever, and in his

delirium shocked his friends by his blasphemous profanity. After his recovery he was told of it, and confessed that in youth he was terribly profane. "It is forty years since I uttered a profane word. I supposed the habit was gone from me; but the leprosy is still in my blood. The tiger is chained, but he is alive." Daily grace is the only cure. Beware of profanity in youth.

The Sunday-school in Rockville was assembled for their monthly concert. The lesson was about swearing, and when the children had repeated their verses, the minister rose to talk to them.

"I hope, dear children," he said, "that you will never let your lips speak profane words. But now I want to tell you about a kind of swearing which I heard a good woman speak about not long ago. She called it *wooden swearing*. It is a kind of swearing that many people besides children are given to when they are angry. Instead of giving vent to their feelings in oaths, they slam the doors, kick the chairs, stamp on the floor, throw the furniture about, and make all the noise they possibly can. 'Isn't this just the same as swearing?' said she. 'It's just the same kind of feeling, exactly, only they do not like to say those awful words; but they force the furniture to make the noise, and so I call it wooden swearing.' I hope, dear children, that you will not do any of this kind of swearing either."

It is better to let alone wooden swearing, and all other kinds of swearing.

A young man came to Poemen greatly distressed by temptations to blasphemy. "Do you take pleasure

in these thoughts?" asked the Abbott. "I hate and detest them," answered the hermit. "Be of good cheer," said Poemen; "if you cast them out without giving them consent, they cannot hurt, though they may distress you."

We are told that some of the ruthless ancients, not very justly called fathers, struck out of the Bible that passage, "Jesus Wept"—they thinking, as appears by the testimony of Epiphanius, that his weeping was a degradation of his character.

Take care how you treat the Bible, the altar, the church. Words of contempt may easily rise to your lips, but they mean more than you intend them to mean. You throw a little pebble into the broad lake; you thought it would go straight down and be seen no more. So far you may be right, but the circles are on the surface, and they vibrate and widen and multiply and make the whole lake throb, and who can tell what may come out of contemptuous criticism of Jesus Christ and his ministry? Understand that the blatant atheist who sells his atheism, and pronounces its first little syllable with a vicious emphasis, does not always see or feel at the moment the result of his blasphemies.

Profanity and refinement are necessarily strangers to each other.

To say that we have a clear conscience is to utter a solecism; had we never sinned we should have had no conscience.

The spirit of blasphemy is open to the contempt of all right thinking people. The puny arm that raises itself in feeble efforts to oppose God is the outward

sign of a weak judgment and a vicious heart. None but a weakling will make such a useless trial of strength.

No one can hide from the judgment. A century ago an infidel German countess dying, gave orders that her grave should be covered with a solid slab of granite; that around should be placed square blocks of stone, and that the whole should be fastened together by strong iron clamps. On the stone, by her order, these words were cut: "This burial-place, purchased to all eternity, must never be opened." Thus she defied the Almighty. But a little seed was sprouted under the cover, and the tiny shoot found its way through between two of the slabs, and grew there, slowly and surely, until it burst the clamps asunder, and lifted the immense blocks.

FALSEHOOD.

Let falsehood be a stranger to thy lips;
Shame on the policy that first began
To tamper with the heart to hide its thoughts!
And doubly shame on that inglorious tongue
That sold its honesty and told a lie. HAVARD.

SOME men seem to have a constitutional inability to tell the simple truth. They may not mean to lie, or to tell an untruth, but they are careless—careless in hearing, careless in understanding, careless in repeating what is said to them. These well-meaning but reckless people do more mischief than those who

intentionally foment strife by deliberate falsehood. There is no fire-brand like your well-meaning busybody, who is continually in search of scandal, and by sheer habit misquotes everybody's statements.

This carelessness is a sin of no small magnitude. A man's duty to God and his fellows requires him to be careful; for what else were brains and common sense given him? Of course that other class, the malignant scandalmongers who take a fiendish pleasure in promoting strife, who deliberately garble men's words and twist their sentiments, is in the minority, and people have a very decided opinion regarding them. Most men misrepresent because they don't seem to think that care in speaking the truth is a pre-eminent duty.

The effects of this careless misrepresenting of others are seen everywhere. Its effect on the individual is to confirm him in a habit of loose, distorted and exaggerated statement, until telling the truth becomes a moral impossibility. No other thing causes so many long-standing friendships to be broken, so many dissensions in churches, so much bitterness in communities, and so much evil everywhere. It is an abuse that calls for the rebuke of every honorable man—a rebuke that should be given not only in words whenever occasion demands, but by example. The Persians were said to teach their youth three things: to ride, to draw the bow, and to speak the truth. A little more instruction on this latter head would do no harm to our "advanced civilization."

It is a good thing to be stable-minded, for "a

double-minded man is unstable in all his ways." To be of one opinion at one time, and another soon after, and to be continually changing, is not wise. There are times when it is wisdom to change our opinions; when we are convinced that we are wrong, or that there is a better way, it would be unwise to hold to them; but those changeable-minded persons, who advocate a thing at one time and oppose it at another —those people whose mind changes so often that you never know where to find them are not to be depended upon, and therefore do not amount to much.

How little there is in the world of a really scrupulous reverence for truth, one may see but too many proofs every day. Falsehood, like poison, will generally be rejected when administered alone; but when it is blended with wholesome ingredients may be swallowed unperceived.

All bad work is lying. It is thoroughly dishonest. You pay for having a work done well; it is done badly and dishonestly. It may be varnished over with a fair show of sufficiency, but the sin is not discovered until it is too late. So long as these things continue, it is in vain to talk of the dignity of labor, or of the social value of the so-called working-man. There can be no dignity of labor where there is no truthfulness of work. Dignity does not consist in hollowness and in light-handedness, but in substantiality and in strength. If there be flimsiness and superficiality of all kinds apparent in the work of the present day more than in the work of our forefathers, whence comes it? It is from eagerness and competition, and the haste to be rich.

There is a duplicity of life which is quite as bad as a verbal falsehood. Actions have as plain a voice as words. The mean man is false to his profession. He evades the truth that he professes to believe. He plays at double dealing. He wants sincerity and veracity. The sincere man speaks as he thinks, believes as he pretends to believe, acts as he professes to act, and performs as he promises.

Lying is one of the most common and conventional of vices. It prevails in what is called "Society." *Not at home* is the fashionable mode of reply to a visitor. Lying is supposed to be so necessary to carry on human affairs that it is tacitly agreed to. One lie may be considered harmless, another slight, another unintended. Little lies are common. However tolerated, lying is more or less loathsome to every pureminded man or woman. "Lies," says Ruskin, "may be light and accidental, but they are an ugly soot from the smoke of the pit, and it is better that our hearts should be swept clean of them, without our care as to which is largest or blackest."

"Lying abroad for the benefit of one's country," used to be the maxim of the diplomatist. Yet a man should care more for his word than for his life. When Regulus was sent by the Carthaginians, whose prisoner he was, to Rome, with a convoy of ambassadors to sue for peace, it was under the condition that he should return to his prison if peace were not effected. He took the oath, and swore that he would come back.

When he appeared at Rome he urged the senators to persevere in the war, and not to agree to the

exchange of prisoners. That involved his return to captivity at Carthage. The senators, and even the chief priest, held that as his oath had been wrested from him by force, he was not bound to go. "Have you resolved to dishonor me?" asked Regulus. "I am not ignorant that death and tortures are preparing for me; but what are these to the shame of an infamous action or the wounds of a guilty mind? Slave as I am to Carthage, I have still the spirit of a Roman. I have sworn to return. It is my duty to go. Let the gods take care of the rest." Regulus returned to Carthage, and died under torture.

Speaking of the prevalence of false actions, coupled with pretended repentance, an author thus speaks of its utter falsehood:

"There are hoary-headed rascals who have never lost their power to express their feelings through their lachrymal gland. They secrete tears with as much facility as they secrete other people's money. Crying is as easy as lying. One of the most incorrigibly treacherous and untruthful men I ever heard of is periodically overtaken by a penitential boohoo. The worst of men have the best of feelings."

Beware of exaggeration, watch your words, and speak *just* the truth. Exaggeration is the plantlet, falsehood the full-grown tree. Do not let us lie at all. Do not think of one falsehood as harmless, and another as slight, and another as unintended. Cast them all aside. It is more from carelessness about the truth than from intentional lying that there is so much falsehood in the world. The more weakness, the more falsehood;

strength goes straight. Every cannon ball that has in it holes or hollows goes crooked. Weaklings *must* lie.

God is the author of truth; the devil is the father of lies. If the telling of a truth shall endanger thy life, the Author of truth will protect thee from the danger, or reward thee for thy damage. If the telling of a lie will secure thy life, the father of lies will beguile thee of thy gains, or traduce the security. Better by losing of a life to save it, than by saving of a life to lose it. However, better thou perish than the truth.

Those whose minds cannot grasp political sagacity substitute dissimulation for prudence. He who practices concealment deprives himself of a most important instrument of action, namely, confidence.

The following words of the wise man may be read with profit in this connection: "The words of his mouth were smoother than butter, but war was in his heart; his words were softer than oil, yet were they drawn swords. These six things doth the Lord hate, yea, seven are an abomination unto him: A proud look, a lying tongue, and hands that shed innocent blood, an heart that deviseth wicked imaginations, feet that be swift in running to mischief, a false witness that speaketh lies, and him that soweth discord among brethren. The words of a tale-bearer are as wounds, and they go down into the innermost parts of the belly."

Much food for thought is found in the following reflections upon falsehood:

Falsehood, like a drawing in perspective, will not bear to be examined in every point of view, because it is a good imitation of truth, as a perspective is of the

reality. Falsehood and fraud shoot up in every soil, the product of all climes. Round dealing is the honor of man's nature; and a mixture of falsehood is like alloy in gold and silver, which may make the metal work the better, but it embaseth it. A liar would be brave toward God, while he is a coward toward men; for a lie faces God and skrinks from man. No falsehood can endure touch of celestial temper but returns of force to its own likeness. Figures themselves, in their symmetrical and inexorable order, have their mistakes like words and speeches: An hour of pleasure and an hour of pain are alike, only on the dial, in their numerical arrangement. Outside the dial they lie sixty times. Somebody tried to excuse a liar to Dr. Johnson, saying, "You must not believe more than half what he says." "Ay," replied the doctor, "but which half?"

CRUELTY.

NERO was not developed in a day. When the first death-warrant was brought to him to sign he said he wished he had never learned to write. This was the speech of him who finally so grew in wickedness and indifference to blood and crime that the groans and cries of the Christians, as they were thrown into the dens of wild beasts, became his sweetest music. So with Commodus, that rival of Caligula and Nero in crime and cruelty. So, also, Barere, whom Macaulay describes as one of the most ruthless actors in the

French Revolution, as one who had been a mild, generous, humane man in early life, but who in time, when he had once tasted blood, came to like it so well that cruelty became with him a habit, then a passion, then a madness.

I always distrust a boy who is wantonly cruel to animals. They know well when they are unkindly treated, and soon learn to distinguish friends from foes. Birds are equally sagacious. From one of the nests in our orchard one egg was taken to help make up a boy's collection in natural history. The mother king-bird was very much angered when her remaining eggs were hatched. A dozen times every day, or every time the boy came near the house or her tree, she flew down and picked his hat, or would sweep close to his eyes, so that we were indeed afraid that she would pick them out. After a while she left, but soon returned to hatch another brood, and again her warfare began on the boy. All through that season she never forgot; aud what seemed strange to us, although other boys of the same size and age came to play in the grounds, she always knew her boy. Birds, fishes, even frogs, can all be tamed by kindness. He is a pitiful coward who injures those helpless creatures.

The reckless cruelty with which many people cut and slash the already wounded feelings of their fellow creatures, thereby giving them their death stab, is equal to the French surgeon in the following story:

Sir Astley Cooper, on visiting Paris, was asked by the surgeon-in-chief of the empire how many times he had performed a certain very difficult operation. Sir

Astley answered that he had performed the operation but thirteen times.

"Ah, but monsieur," said the Frenchman, "I have done him one hundred and sixty times."

Sir Astley was amazed. The curious Frenchman, looking at the Englishman's blank face, asked, "And how many times did you save his life?" Very modestly the great surgeon answered, "I saved eleven out of the thirteen."

It was his turn to question: "And how many did you save out of the one hundred and sixty times?"

"Ah, Monsieur," replied the Frenchman, "I lose dem all, but de operation was very brilliant.

The place where we least expect a cruel action is sometimes the one where it is surest to confront us. Nor is it necessary to be intentional on the actor's part. Many of the most cruel actions are the result only of heedlessness; or a little childish vanity to display one's wit; or the pride of learning, the elation of success, or the awkward endeavor to lend a helping hand. There is a place for everything, and everything to its place.

There was a poor woman who had one child, the joy of her heart, the one ewe-lamb of her household. She worked for it early and late. But there came a time when one day it sickened. She watched it by day and carried it in her arms by night. But she could not keep the little heart beating or the body warm; so it was taken away and laid in the cold ground. She felt puzzled, crushed. It was a bright morning, the church-bells were ringing, and she

thought, "I will go and hear what the preacher has to say." She crept in after the service had commenced and took a retired seat. The organ was playing a soft, low tune: the hymn was soothing—some of our music is still devotional. The clergyman arose and announced his text. She lifted her veil and raised her eager, trembling face towards him. Did he tell her that not a sparrow falleth to the ground without our Father in heaven, or did he tell how that heavenly Father pitieth his children, and gave his only begotten Son for our sins and sorrows? No, he told her about Louis Napoleon! She waited till the congregation had passed out. There were among them happy mothers, leading dear little children. She grasped the gate-post at the side of the church door in the weakness of despair and said, There is no God.

Dog won't eat dog, but men will eat each other up like cannibals, and boast of it too. There are thousands in this world who fly like vultures to feed on a tradesman or a merchant as soon as ever he gets into trouble. Where the carcass is, thither will the eagles be gathered together. Instead of a little help, they give the sinking man a great deal of cruelty, and cry, "Serves him right." All the world will beat the man whom fortune buffets. If providence smites him, all men's whips begin to crack. The dog is drowning, and therefore all his friends empty their buckets over him. The tree has fallen, and everybody runs for his hatchet. The house is on fire, and all the neighbors warm themselves. The man has ill luck, therefore his friends give him ill usage; he has tumbled into the

road, and they drive their carts over him; he is down, and selfishness cries, "Let him be kept down, then there will be the more room for those who are up."

One of the ill effects of cruelty is that it makes the bystanders cruel. How hard the English people grew in the time of Henry Eighth and Bloody Mary. Cruelty, like every other vice, requires no motive outside of itself; it only requires opportunity.

The cruelty done to children by some parents, as well as by teachers, is indescribable. Children are held to be of the same mental nature, of the same temperament, of the same adaptability to learn, as their parents and teachers. Yet the boy who cannot learn his lessons as quickly as another is thrashed, or he is degraded in some way. Grown people forget the intense misery to which children are thus exposed. The child's horizon is so limited that he sees no remedy to his woes, and his sorrow absorbs his whole little being.

What an enormous amount of cruelty is perpetrated upon dumb animals—upon birds, upon beasts, upon horses, upon all that lives. The Roman gladiators have passed away, but the Spanish bull-fights remain. As the Roman ladies delighted to see the gladiators bleed and die in the public amphitheater, so the Spanish ladies clap their hands in exultation at spectacles from which English warriors sicken and turn away. "It must be owned," said Cabellero, "and we own it with sorrow, that in Spain there is very little compassion shown to animals among the men and

women; and among the lower classes there is none at all."

What a history of cruel actions our Anglo-Saxon race has made for itself. The furies of the under world, as portrayed by savage nations, may be passed over with lightness and covered from sight by the mantle of charity; but the fiendish pursuits of the English-speaking race, possessing a knowledge of the Prince of Peace, and owing its great advancement in civilization to his spirit and teachings, is beyond a thinking man's comprehension.

The most atrocious crimes have been perpetrated in the name of civilization, and the very principles of the Gospel which they professed to carry to the heathen lands they invaded, have all been sacrificed, and the sacred banner trailed in the dust.

The blood of the Hindoo robed in his garments of caste, clothed with self-righteousness and loaded with his religious ceremonies, though he be, yet cries to heaven for vengeance. Poor, poverty-stricken, famine-parched and opium-cursed India, thy wrongs are more than the sands of the seashore, and darker than the gloom of thy jungles, and it is but an evidence of the sure power of the great hand that never grows palsied, and in whose hollow we are all safely held, that thine oppressors are scourged and heart-sick even in their victory.

The cry to heaven from the friends and kinsmen of four millions of murdered people in China, cruelly slaughtered that the lust for gain of the English and American traders might be satisfied is but another link

in the chain that is being welded by the ages; and with that the savage attack upon a Christian people in South Africa, whose only crime was that they had valuable lands and goods that the Anglo-Saxon coveted.

Time would fail me to write all the grievous and cruel horrors of the English race. They seem monstrous even beside those set to the account of the Spaniards in their early conquests of the New World.

But when I pass to notice our own fair and loved land, and think of the stains and foul blotches upon our own fair fame, my hand is stricken with palsy, and my heart almost ceases to beat. My face blanches with fear. We have revelled in cruelty and we have said to war, thou art our kinsman, and to rapine thou shalt be our bedfellow. We have made the blood of human beings to flow as a river, and the vultures of the air and beasts of prey have fattened in our track. The red men have faded from before our approach, as the light fades before approaching darkness, and our contact with them has produced the withering curse that is felt when the simoom sweeps the deserts of Arabia.

Says an Indian chief, "This glorious land, running so wild with rivers, and blooming back the Great Spirit's smile in such wealth of flowers, once belonged to the red man, and of most of it he has been shamelessly robbed. If those of our race who have been slain by the white man, should spring up from the sod as trees, there would be one broad moaning forest from the great river to the sea. Those of us who

have been spared are sneered at, despised, enslaved and spit upon as dogs."

Nor does our crime end with the red man. We forced the Celestial empire to open her doors and allow her sons to come to our shores, after the cruel slaughter of more than four millions of people, and now we hound the poor creatures to death, and fail to afford them protection from the cruel rabble of a lazy and profligate class who come to us from another part of the globe. A patient, educated, honest and industrious people are allowed to fall victims to a cruel, lazy, ignorant and vicious pack of human vampires, the offscouring, the ragtag and the dregs of the Old World!

REVENGE.

"Revenge at first, though sweet, bitter ere long back on itself recoils."

THE spirit of revenge is the most demoralizing and degrading of all the passions to which the human heart is subject. That man who allows it to take possession of his heart and control his actions harbors a monster of the most pitiless and tyrannical nature. It absorbs all the greenness of his soul, it embitters his life and drowns his happiness. His heart becomes the seat of such fierce and contending emotions that his live is burned out like a furnace, and his soul is blasted as a tropical garden after the simoom has passed over it. His eyes become bloodshot, his features wear a pinched and ferocious aspect, his ears

are deaf to the cries of mercy, while he suffers all the pangs of a hell upon earth. They talk about revenge being sweet, but the common experience of all who have glutted themselves at this feast is, that it is a most fearful bitter-sweet! Ask the outlaw, roaming the mountain wild, startled at the chirp of a bird and turning pale at his own shadow, if it is sweet! Ask the poor wretch who is about to pay the penalty for gratifying this passion upon the gallows, and you need not wait for the answer before deciding. Ah, no! How different from that One, of whom it is said, However much he was persecuted he loved his persecutors none the less.

If a person be passionate, and give you ill language, rather pity him than be moved to anger. You will find that silence, or very gentle words, are the most exquisite revenge for reproaches; they will either cure the distemper in the angry man and make him sorry for his passion, or they will be a severe reproof and punishment to him. But, at any rate, they will preserve your innocence, give you the deserved reputation of wisdom and moderation, and keep up the serenity and composure of your mind. Passion and anger make a man unfit for everything that becomes him as a man or as a Christian

Job said, "Oh, that mine adversary had written a book!" It seems almost impossible that human nature had in that day degenerated into the weakness of writing books as a matter of spite. But that many books are to-day produced from such low motives is a well-known fact.

Revenge is a fever in our own blood, to be cured only by letting the blood of another; but the remedy too often produces a relapse, which is remorse—a malady far more dreadful than the first disease, because it is incurable. A man that studieth revenge keepeth his own wounds green, which otherwise would heal and do well. Revenge is a debt, in the paying of which the greatest knave is honest and sincere, and, so far as he is able, punctual. There are some professed Christians who would gladly burn their enemies, but yet forgive them merely because it is heaping coals of fire on their heads. Diogenes being asked by what means a man might revenge himself upon his enemies, replied, "By becoming himself a good and an honest man."

A Christian told Sisoes, the Theban, of his intention to revenge a wrong done him. He advised him against such a course, but to leave vengeance to God. "I will not; I cannot," said the man. Then they knelt together in prayer, and Sisoes prayed, "O God, take, we pray thee, no more concern about our affairs; be no longer our protector; we are going henceforth to manage for ourselves, avenge ourselves, and do all the rest that thou hast hitherto done for us!" The man became ashamed of himself, and abandoned his intention. Revenge is an act of passion; vengeance, of justice; injuries are revenged, crimes are avenged. The best sort of revenge is not to be like him who did the injury. Revenge is a cruel word; manhood, some call it; but it is rather doghood. The manlier any man is, the milder and more merciful.

The Social Tyrant.

A correspondent of the Baltimore "Sun," writing from California, says: "A cure for wife-whipping was authorized by the last legislature of Nevada. The authorities of Austin, a mining town in that state, have erected a whipping-post to punish summarily wretches who abuse their wives by blows. We wish it were practical to apply appropriate correction to the no less unmanly tyranny of unfeeling exaction and cruel words by which too many husbands keep their wives in never-ending torment. If man had the brains he boasts, he would speak ever kindly to the mother of his household, if it were only for selfish motives."

Make your wife happy by tender and affectionate treatment, and you will make your home a paradise more precious than gold and costly mansions. We admire the Hindoo parable (and believe its instruction) that describes a woman at the gates of Heaven praying that her naughty husband might be admitted. "He was ever kind and true to me, and if you would make me happy, I must share with my husband." Instantly the portals opened and the angels bid him enter: "Because of thy wife's prayer thy sins are forgiven. Who live in harmony on earth, in Heaven are not divided."

In a country of the East the bride and the bridegroom eat a quince together to sweeten their breath. What a pity that all brides and grooms could not eat

some sort of fruit whose fragrance would remain to make them sweet-voiced and sweet-tempered all their lives. What a pity that all the newly-wedded could not remember that from the apples of discord is expressed the vinegar of hate, while from the sweet-tempered grapes of kindness is distilled the wine of perpetual bliss. Look at that man who has just shut his gate with a bang, and is scraping his feet at the door. What a pity he could not scrape his heart, too, before he opens the door. There is as much dirt and defilement on his heart as on his boots, and the effects will be far more serious.

The selfish, sordid, cross, ill-tempered, pitiful little soul. His devoted wife dare not ask him for a dollar. She would rather have a tooth pulled any time. He is always grumbling. He is a chronic growler. He thinks the world was made for him, and wonders it was not made bigger on his account. He is like an old he-bear that goes snarling after the mother-bear, and if she chance to drop the little cub that she is tugging along in her mouth, he gives the toiling creature a grim and ugly bite.

I saw just such an old bruin near Salt Lake once. A husband and wife emerged from the car. She was loaded down with the baggage and his overcoat, and he was bustling along, hurrying her up, lest she fail to catch the train. I wanted to interview that man for about two minutes.

There is in the countries of the East a species of black ant that suddenly attack articles of furniture. The work is insidious and unseen. Externally all

seems right, until suddenly the whole thing collapses in a cloud of dust. So it is where discord and harshness exist in domestic life. It will eat out the very life of home. Heaven is transformed into hell. The angelhood of earth is exchanged for demoniacal sorrow and sin. It always takes an angel to make a devil. That which is most beautiful is made most hideous by unworthy transition.

If women's devotedness to men in any relation of life teaches the latter to be selfish, lazy, exacting, imperious, the act is not a merit but a sin, and causes their beloved ones to sin. Therefore, if a mother by overweening indulgence helps her son to become a thoughtless scapegrace; if a wife by cowardly subserviency converts her husband into a selfish brute; even if a daughter—sets up a weak, luxurious, unprincipled father as the idol of her life, and expects everybody to bow down and worship him—all these foolish women have condoned sin, and called vice virtue; have left the truth, and believed, or pretended to believe, a lie.

If a man is selfish and self-willed, intolerant and unsympathizing; if he has no respect for the judgment of other men, and no disposition to sacrifice his own convenience and inclination to theirs; if he is ostentatious and fussy in his very kindness and self-abnegation; he ought not to wonder that he provokes impatience and irritation.

I have spoken of tyranny; there is nothing so absolute as the tyranny of weakness. Sometimes a really good man will suffer himself to be so victimized

by a nervous, silly, selfish wife, that he dare not call his soul his own. By a thousand underhand ways, she succeeds in alienating him from his own family—breaking his natural ties, hindering his most sacred duties; putting a stop to his honest work in the world—his rightful influence therein, and all the pleasures that belong thereto. And these being, to a man, so much wider than any woman's, the loss is the greater, the pain the sharper.

One can imagine a large-minded, honorably ambitious man actually writhing under the sacrifices forced from him by a wife feeble in every way—who destroys not merely his happiness, but his good reputation. Since, when it is seen that her merest whims are held by him of paramount importance—that her silly, selfish yes or no is to decide every action of his life, do not his friends laugh at him behind his back, even though before his face they may keep up a decorous gravity? "Poor fellow! with such a goose for his wife!" Yet the pity is akin to contempt; and something more than contempt is felt—especially by his mother, sisters, or critical female friends—towards that wife who exacts from him the renunciation of all his duties, except those towards herself; in plain English, "makes a fool of him," because in his devotion he has offered everything to her, and she has meanly accepted the sacrifice.

He ought never to have made it. He ought to have given her care, tenderness, affection—all that man should give to woman, and strength to weakness; but there it should have ended. No wife has a right

to claim the husband's whole life, its honorable toil, its lawful enjoyments. If she cannot share, she should learn at least not to stand in the way of either. And the man who submits to be so tyrannized over, as weak women in their small way can tyrannize, with that "continual dropping that weareth away the stone," deserves all he gets; his friends' covert smiles, his enemies' unconcealed sneer.

The father of Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, was such a tyrannical man towards his children, that at one time he flew into a rage, beat his son Frederick with his cane, because he persisted in playing upon his flute against the orders of his father. On another occasion, the king, in a great rage, threw heavy earthen plates at the heads of his son and daughter while they sat at dinner, and their lives were saved only by their dexterity, gained by long practice in similar encounters, in dodging the missiles. On another occasion, after months of the vilest persecution and degradation of both son and daughter, the king threw the latter into prison, and gave out his intention of putting to death her brother.

Miss Mulock speaks of the evil effects of the tyrannical actions of father and sons, as follows: "These girls, accustomed to be considered inferior animals, who must get their own way by stratagem, grow up into those designing young ladies who owe their power over men to first flattering and then deceiving them.

"But what a future for the new generation! How many unhappy girls have paid dearly for the early upbringing of their young husbands, who, the first

glamour of love passed, treat their wives as they were allowed to treat their sisters, and as they saw their fathers treat their mothers, carelessly, disrespectfully, with a total want of that considerate tenderness which is worth all the passionate love in the world. This—though they may pass muster outside as excellent husbands, never doing anything really bad, and possessing many good and attractive qualities, yet contriving somehow quietly to break the poor womanly heart, or harden it into that passive acceptance of pain which is more fatal to married happiness than even temporary estrangement. Anger itself is a safer thing than stolid, hopeless indifference."

The waste of time, the waste of strength, and the waste of health which women accept on account of fashion is appalling. The shoes of women have pegs for heels half-way under the foot, on which they walk with a tottering, hobbling gait, like Chinese women. Gaudy jewelry, gewgaws and trinkets, in the way, vulgar, unladylike, are worn upon the street and at church; bangs, deforming the features and reproducing the ape-like expression the Darwinian attributes to our ancestors; powder for the face, hot irons for the hair, cosmetics for the skin—all alike are wicked and silly, nay absurd and repulsive to all sensible men. Frills, fringes, cords, straps, buttons, pull-backs and flounces, supposed to be ornamental, but which have no other use, burden and deform even our young girls. If the rising generation is to be healthy, there must be a return to simpler as well as more becoming styles. We need artists who can devise simple and beautiful

dresses which shall secure to the wearer the free and untrammeled use of the whole body.

Our home joys are the most delightful earth affords. And the joy of parents in their children is the most holy joy of humanity. It makes their hearts pure and good; it lifts men up to their Father in heaven. But what must be the despair and torment of that father or mother whose selfish lives have only resulted in estranging the hearts of their children from home, from relatives and from God,— whose boast, perhaps, is that they can make warm friends and enjoy the approval of their associates everywhere else but at home. Their hearts grow cold towards those whom the ties of nature would bind most closely to them. Their parents, though doting and idolizing them, yet by their tyrannical manner have driven them from the sacred limits of a home, that to their young minds is the darkest place upon earth.

What a unique and meaning expression was that of an Irish girl in giving testimony against an individual in a court of justice the other day. "Arrah, sir," said she, "I'm sure he never made his mother smile." There is a biography of unkindness in that short and simple sentence. Says a lady writer:

"I object on purely selfish grounds to accepting invitations from friends to visit them in their homes for any length of time. In the long run I pay pretty dearly for their hospitality—that is, in most cases. Though when at home I hire my dressmaking done and have a maid to wash the dishes, I have been in a

manner compelled to do much of this kind of work in the houses of my friends. Not that I am unwilling to make myself agreeable and useful to those I visit, but the consciousness of being imposed upon impairs my self-respect.

"Not long since I visited by special request a family in which one of its members was at the point of death, that I might aid in performing the last sad offices, and though there was abundance of help in the house, I was left to do the dish-washing. The water was hard and the rest didn't care to have chapped hands in cold weather.

"Again, I have visited at houses where, although I was little better than an invalid, my services were so constantly demanded, either by hint or outspoken requests, that I really worked harder than I was accustomed to do at home, and when my visit was ended, I went home too tired and ill to do anything but keep as still as possible.

"In the majority of cases it is almost impossible for a guest to refuse a request made by her hostess, a request that is courteous in form if not in spirit. It is hard for her not to feel that she must do what she seems expected to do, even when the action involves a greater personal sacrifice than it is just to herself to make. And so it seems to me that we ought to use some care in regard to what we ask of our guests. If we cannot dispense with their services when they are with us, why ask them at all? Why decoy them from home comfort and ease to share our burdens? No

hostess has any right to make a waiting-maid of her guest. This is a side of the question which is too seldom considered."

Reckless or Fearless.

Every one who heedlessly or unnecessarily, for bravado or through thoughtlessness, or even from mistaken pious zeal, goes in the way of infection, or helps in the spread of it, commits a crime against society, which society cannot too strongly protect itself from.

When I see rabid religionists carrying handfuls of tracts into reeking, typhus-doomed cottages, where they ought first to have carried food and clothes, or, better still, have leveled them with the ground and built up in their stead wholesome dwellings; when I hear clergymen with young families, and going daily into other families and schools, protest that it is "their duty" to enter infected houses in order to administer spiritual consolation to people dying of small-pox or scarlet-fever, I look upon them much as I would upon a man who thought it "his duty" to carry a lighted candle into a powder-house.

Nothing may happen; but if anything does happen, what of him who caused the disaster by his fatal folly —misnamed faith? As if "salvation" did not mean a saving from sin rather than from punishment; and, therefore, though men's souls may be in our hands during life, they must be left solely in God's when

death comes—and after. These so-called religious persons are apparently much more bent upon doing their own will in their own way than the Master's in his way. For the will of God, so far as we can trace it through his manifestation of himself in his Son, seems to be the prevention and cure of not only moral but physical evil by every possible means, prior to its total extinction.

Speaking of the insane motives that prompt action in many cases, Miss Mulock says:

"Young men will go their own way; sow their wild oats—and reap them. I do not speak of extreme cases of reckless dissipation, upon which retribution follows only too swift and sure, but of small dissipations, petty sins. A young fellow will dance till four in the morning several times a week, when he knows that every day in the week he must be at his office at nine, and is, being an honest fellow who wishes to get on in the world. But he does not consider how much he takes out of himself in life and health and strength, and sometimes out of his master's pocket too; for, with the best intentions, he cannot possibly do his work as well as it ought to be done. But he, too, does what he likes best to do, and deludes himself that it is the best; and all the arguments in the world will never convince him to the contrary.

"No more will they convince those other sinners—whose sin looks so like virtue—the clever men who kill themselves with overstudy; the ambitious men who sacrifice everything to the mad desire of getting on in

the world; of being—not better or wiser or greater—but merely richer than their neighbors."

True bravery is shown by performing without witnesses, what one might be capable of doing before all the world. This line of action is characteristic of the truly fearless man. Alas! that so much merely reckless action should be characterized as fearless. It is not fearlessness at all. It is rank cowardice—cowardice at the opinion of the public. On the other hand, the man who does not care for others, who does not sympathize with and help others, is very often pursued with a just retribution. He dosen't care for the foul pestilential air breathed by the inhabitants of houses a few streets off; but the fever which has been bred there floats into his house and snatches away those who are dearest to him.

Most men live blindly to repeat a routine of drudgery and indulgence, without any deliberately chosen and maintained aims. Few live distinctly to develop the value of their being; know the truth; love their fellows; enjoy the beauty of the world, and aspire to God.

When a man grows desperate for pleasure, that which ordinarily would be a weak temptation becomes to him very strong. In Esau, appetite was stronger than duty or honor. He thought lightly of his place in the family, and was in little real sympathy with his people; and thus he did what was not really of a moment, but of a habit of mind and a state of heart he had been cherishing for years. Men come by different and gradual stages to commit great crimes.

Small sins open the way for the greater that are to follow. Let sin be resisted at the threshold, and thus the way is blocked up against the commission of great sins afterwards.

Goldsmith mentions an old lady, who, having been given over by her physician, played with the curate of the parish to pass the time away. Having won all his money, she next proposed playing for the funeral charges to which she would be liable. Unfortunately, the lady expired just as she had taken up the game!

Of all the instances that can be given of recklessness of life, there is none that comes near that of the workmen employed in what is called *dry* pointing; the grinding of needles and of table-forks. The fine steel dust which they breathe brings on a painful disease of which they are almost sure to die before forty. And yet not only are men tempted by high wages to engage in this employment, but they resist to the utmost all the contrivances devised for diminishing the danger; through fear that this would cause more workmen to offer themselves, and thus lower wages! The thing would appear incredible if it were not so fully attested. All this proves that reckless avarice overcomes the fear of death. And so may vanity; witness the many women who wear tight dresses, and will even employ washes for the complexion which they know to be highly dangerous and even destructive to their health.

The number of imprudent persons who have been killed since the Franco-Prussian war in trying to empty the German shells that have been found unexploded

in the fields round Paris, is extraordinary. At St. Denis, the past autumn, an old man of sixty-eight, who had a collection of German shells, was trying to empty another, when it exploded and blew him and his shop to pieces. The remnants of his body were found scattered in all directions. A similar accident is also reported from the arsenal of Belfort, where one artilleryman was killed and five wounded. Just so is it with those who needlessly take up what Paul calls "doctrines of devils," those destructive forms of atheistic unbelief that shatter our faith both in God and in humanity, which ruins both individuals and society. Keep off the devil's territory, and do not pervert the advice, "Prove all things," to encourage an inquisitive study of infidel books.

Anger, of such a quality as the Bible calls righteous, may make one fearless, without being reckless. Luther says, "I never work better than when I am inspired by anger; when I am angry I can write, pray and preach well; for then my whole temperament is quickened, my understanding sharpened, and all mundane vexations and temptations depart."

I once heard this anecdote of Judge Parsons, the great Massachusetts advocate and lawyer. It is said that being about to try a mercantile case, he ordered a jury to be summoned, and among the names was that of Col. Thomas H. Perkins, the leading merchant of Boston in that day, and a personal friend of Judge Parsons. When the officer made his return, he laid down a fifty-dollar bill before the Judge.

"What is that?" said Parsons.

"Col. Perkins says he is very busy ineeed to-day, and prefers to pay his fine."

"Take that back to Col. Perkins," said the Judge, "and tell him to come here at once; and if he refuses, bring him by force."

When Col. Perkins appeared, the Judge looked sternly at him, and said, "What do you mean, sir, by sending money when you were summoned to sit on this jury?"

Col. Perkins replied: "I meant no disrespect to the Court, your Honor; but I was extremely busy fitting out a ship for the East Indies, and I thought if I paid my fine I might be excused.

"Fitting out a ship for the East Indies, sir!" shouted the Judge; "and how happens it that you are able to fit out a ship for the East Indies?"

"Your Honor, I do not understand you."

"I repeat, then, my question: How is it that you are able to fit out a ship for the East Indies? If you do not know, I will tell you. It is because the laws of your country are properly administered. If they were not, you would have no ships. Take your seat, sir, with the jury."

The career of a missionary is the most dutiful and heroic of all. He carries his life in his hand. He braves danger and death. He lives among savages, sometimes among cannibals. Money could not buy the devotion with which he encounters peril and misery. He is only upheld by the mission of mercy with which he is charged. What are called "advanced thinkers" have nothing to offer us for the self-imposed work of

missionaries at home and abroad. Mere negation teaches nothing. It may pull down, but it cannot build up. It may shake the pillars of our faith and leave nothing to hold by, nothing to sanctify, to elevate, or to strengthen our natures.

War.

The feast of vultures, and the waste of life.

That fearful scourge of God,—cruel, relentless war. Only the wicked or the ignorant can wish for war. Those whose hearts are steeled to human woe may welcome war as the means of their aggrandizement; and those who do not know what war is—who have never seen battle-fields, or hospitals, or besieged and destroyed cities—who have never helped to bury noble friends in shallow ditches right where they died—who never followed the wake of a desolating army—who have never known the poverty and the hunger, the widowhood and orphanage, the madness and the sin of war; these may talk glibly of military glory, but the good man, who is wise, hates war and prays evermore for peace.

Wherever there is war, there must be injustice on one side or the other, or on both. There have been wars which were little more than trials of strength between friendly nations, and in which the injustice was not to each other, but to the God who gave them life. But in a malignant war there is injustice of ignobler

kind at once to God and man, which must be stemmed for both their sakes.

War is the matter which fills all history, and consequently the only, or almost the only, view in which we can see the external of political society is in a hostile shape; and the only actions on which we have always seen, and still see all of them intent, are such as tend to the destruction of one another. As long as mankind shall continue to bestow more liberal applause on their destroyers than on their benefactors, the thirst of military glory will ever be the vice of the most exalted characters.

The first great obstacle to the extinction of war, is the way in which the heart of man is carried off from its barbarities and its horrors by the splendor of its deceitful accompaniments. There is a feeling of the sublime in contemplating the shock of armies, just as there is in contemplating the devouring energy of a tempest; and this so elevates and engrosses the whole man, that his eye is blind to the tears of bereaved parents, and his ear is deaf to the piteous moan of the dying, and the shriek of their desolated families.

In war, people judge for the most part by the success, whatever is the opinion of the wiser sort. Let a man show all the good conduct that is possible; if the event does not answer, ill fortune passes for a fault and is justified but by a very few persons.

The following thoughts are culled from many sources: Civil wars leave nothing but tombs. Anarchy and confusion, poverty and distress follow a civil war. Take my word for it, if you had seen but one day of

war, you would pray to Almighty God that you might never see such a thing again. The fate of war is to be exalted in the morning, and low enough at night! There is but one step from triumph to ruin. The fate of a battle is the result of a moment, of a thought; the hostile forces advance with various combinations, they attack each other and fight for a certain time; the critical moment arrives, a mental flash decides, and the least reserve accomplishes the object.

Woe to the man that first did teach the cursed steel to bite in his own flesh, and make way to the living spirit. Providence for war is the best prevention of it.

The bodies of men, munition and money may justly be called the sinews of war.

Among uncivilized nations only one profession is honorable—that of arms. I abhor bloodshed, and every species of terror erected into a system as remedies equally ferocious, unjust and inefficacious against evils that can only be cured by the diffusion of liberal ideas.

Nobody sees a battle. The common soldier fires away, amid a smoky mist, or hurries on to the charge in a crowd which hides everything from him. The officer is too anxious about the performance of what he is specially charged with to mind what others are doing. The commander cannot be present everywhere, and see every wood, water-course or ravine in which his orders are carried into execution; he learns from reports how the work goes on. It is well; for a battle is one of those jobs which men do without

daring to look upon. Over miles of country, at every field fence, in every gorge of a valley or entry into a wood there is murder committing, wholesale, continuous, reciprocal murder. The human form, God's image, is mutilated, deformed, lacerated in every possible way, and with every variety of torture. The wounded are jolted off in carts to the rear, their bared nerves crushed into maddening pain at every stone or rut; or the flight and pursuit trample over them, leaving them to writhe and groan, without assistance, and fever and thirst, the most enduring of painful sensations, possess them entirely.

Take heed
How you wake our sleeping sword of war;
We charge you in the name of God, take heed.
For never two such kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint
'Gainst him, whose wrong gives edge unto the swords,
That make such waste in brief mortality.

Shakespeare.

DUELLING.

Of all the cowardly, craven excuses for shirking a man's duty and quieting his conscience, this senseless appeal to a wounded "honor," is the most despicable and wicked. A man seeks an excuse for gratifying his desire for revenge, and gives or accepts a challenge. He and his misguided friends think it is an honorable thing. But he places himself upon a level with the lowest assassin and sneak-thief, for he yields to the basest passions that ever swayed the human heart.

It is the duty of every true man to cry out with unblushing earnestness against the wicked, senseless practice of duelling. Boys should be taught that there is a high standard of bravery where the fear of being called a coward will have no lodging-place. They should be taught that an inward consciousness of courage, and responsibility to God, is of greater consequence than all the satisfaction that can ever be rendered to "wounded honor." A perfect horror of the sacrifice of a human life, or the shedding of human blood, should be incorporated into the completed education of every young man and young woman of our land, and then, and not till then, will duelling cease.

Men are very slow to give up their faith in physical force, as necessary for the guidance, correction and discipline of others. Force is a very palpable thing, and dispenses with all inquiry into causes and effects. It is the short way of settling matters without any weighing of arguments. It is the summary logic of the barbarians, among whom the best man is he who strikes the heaviest blow or takes the surest aim.

Even civilized nations have been very slow to abandon their faith in force. Until very recent times, men of honor, who chanced to fall out, settled their quarrels by the duel: and governments, almost without exception, resort to arms to settle their quarrels as to territory or international arrangements. Indeed, we have been so trained and educated into a belief in the efficacy of force—war has become so identified in history with honor, glory, and all sorts of high-sounding names—that we can scarcely imagine it possible

that the framework of society could be held together, were the practice of force discarded, and that of love, benevolence and justice substituted in its place.

And yet doubts are widely entertained as to the efficacy of the policy of force. It is suspected that force begets more resistance than it is worth, and that if men are put down by violent methods, a spirit of rebellion is created, which breaks out from time to time in violent deeds, in hatred, in vice, and in crime. Such, indeed, has been the issue of the policy of force in all countries and in all times. The history of the world is, to a great extent, the history of the failure of physical force.

A bill has been introduced into the South Carolina Legislature by Senator Henderson which defines the offense, and fixes the punishment for duelling thus: If one person kills another in a duel, he shall be deemed guilty of murder, and suffer the punishment of death; and so shall all the seconds or aids of the murderer. If, in a combat, either party should be wounded, no matter how slightly, any and all parties thereto shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and, upon conviction, be imprisoned in the State penitentiary for not less than twenty years. The same law applies in the event of a challenge being accepted in that State, and the duel fought in another, with either of the above results.

We take the above from a secular paper. Such a law in every State would be a good one. Stalwart measures should be taken to make duelling odious.

A writer who describes the celebrated duel be-

tween Cilley and Graves, at Washington, thus closes the account:

The wretched man who thus, from a false sense of honor, deprived Cilley of his life, his country of his services, and his young family of a tender and devoted father, soon retired from congress and lived out the remainder of his days in obscurity and wretchedness. The memory of his deed haunted him to the last. There is no more miserable being than one who has killed his fellow-man for no cause except to satisfy a false worldly pride. Remorse is, and should be, his perpetual portion and punishment.

There appeared, many years ago, in a quaint old English publication an allegory, giving the imaginary origin of gaming. It is represented as a woman, the offspring of the God of War and the Goddess of Fortune. As she grew up she was courted by all the gay and extravagant of both sexes; for she was of neither sex, and yet combining the attractions of each. At length, however, being mostly beset by men of the sword, she formed an unnatural union with one of them, and gave birth to twins—one called Duelling, the other Suicide. These became their mother's darlings, nursed by her with constant care and tenderness, and her perpetual companions.

GROWLING.

MISERYMONGERS (the word is not to be found in Webster, yet it suits) are those who do not really suffer affliction, but make a trade of it—and often a very thriving business too. They are scattered among every class, but especially they belong to the "genus irritable"—the second or third rate order of people who live by their brains. Not the first order, for the highest form of intellect is rarely miserable. True genius of the completest kind is not only a mental but a moral quality. Itself creates the atmosphere it lives in; a higher and rarer air than that of common earth.

"Calm pleasures there abide;—majestic pains."

A habit of scolding indicates a want of self-discipline. The machinery has got from under our own hands, and has fallen to grating and destroying itself under the friction and perplexities of life.

"Possess thyself" is a more important rule than "Know thyself." Without this primary virtue we are not in a condition to receive much good to ourselves, or to afford aid to others.

Of all things which are to be met with here on earth there is nothing which can give such continual, such cutting, such useless pain as an undisciplined temper. The touchy and sensitive temper, which takes offense at a word; the irritable temper, which finds offense in everything, whether intended or not; the violent temper, which breaks through all bounds

of reason when once roused; the jealous or sullen temper, which wears a cloud on the face all day and never utters a word of complaint; the discontented temper, brooding over its own wrongs; the severe temper, which always looks at the worst side of whatever is done; the wilful temper, which overrides every scruple to gratify a whim—what an amount of pain have these caused in the hearts of men, if we could but sum up their results! How many a soul have they stirred to evil impulses, how many a prayer have they stifled, how many an emotion of true affection have they turned to bitterness! How hard they make all duties! How they kill the sweetest and warmest of domestic charities! Ill-temper is a sin requiring long and careful discipline.

Every one must see daily instances of people who complain from a mere habit of complaining. With some, growling is chronic. Life is but one long fret. The flesh is feverish, the nerves unstrung, the spirit perturbed and in a state of unrest. The physical condition and material surroundings may have a strong tendency to disturb our equanimity and to exasperate our feelings; but we ought to bear in mind that scolding never did anybody any good, and withal, grows to be very uncomfortable to the party who indulges in it.

Scolding turns a household into a pandemonium, and a church into an inquisition. Bear in mind that kindness and gentle speech are a great deal easier to practice than opposites. Why practice the wrong thing when harder? Arrest yourself in the indul-

gence of this bad habit right here. Begin now, and put yourself under bonds to be good natured.

People of gloomy, uncheerful imaginations or of envious, malignant tempers, whatever kind of life they are engaged in, will discover their natural tincture of mind in all their thoughts, words and actions. Worry is the bane of the times. It is everywhere. It comes in a thousand forms, and from ten thousand sources, and its inlets are wide open in the hearts of the multitude. People fret, and fume, and chafe themselves into disease and wretchedness, and finally into inanition and an untimely grave.

Generally speaking, if you are troubled with "the blues," and cannot tell why, you may be sure that it springs from physical weakness. Instead of lying on a sofa and courting painful ideas, if you are a desponding lover, a hypochondriac or a valetudinarian, you should be up and stirring yourself.

The blood of a melancholy man is thick and slow, creeping sluggishly through his veins, like muddy waters in a canal; the blood of your merry, chirping philosopher is clear and quick, brisk as newly broached champagne. Try, therefore, to set your blood in motion. To effect this, don't go to guzzling down brandy-smashes, gin-cocktails or any of the other juggling compounds in which alcohol is disguised; for every artificial stimulant will drag you down two degrees for every one it lifts you up. The devil always beats us at barter. Try, rather, what a smart walk will do for you; set your pegs in motion on rough, rocky ground, or hurry them up a steep, cragged hill;

build a stone wall; swing an ax over a pile of hickory or rock-maple; turn a grindstone; dig ditches; practice "ground and lofty tumbling;" pour water into sieves with Danaides, or with Sisyphus "up the high hill heave a huge round stone;" in short, do anything that will start the perspiration, and you will soon cease to have your brains lined with black, as Burton expresses it, or to rise in the morning, as Cowper said, "like an infernal frog out of Acheron, crowned with the ooze and mud of melancholy."

Nine-tenths of the worry of life is borrowed for nothing. Do your part; never leave it undone. Be industrious; be prudent; be courageous. Then throw anxiety to the winds. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof;" therefore do not borrow any for to-morrow. No one ever looked for the dark side of life without finding it. Keep impatience out of your voice and manners as well as your heart. Some snap and slam through force of habit, even when their hearts are making as much music as a tea-kettle over glowing coals. Those passionate persons who carry their hearts in their mouths are rather to be pitied than feared; their threatenings serving no other purpose than to forearm him that is threatened.

The "Congregationalist," telling of the death of a young man who was not prepared for it, gives this history of his father's family: "They were church members, but many years ago had changed their residence from the country to the city, and their position in the church from one of influence in a small society to one of comparative obscurity in a large one. The

new status never pleased them; they were proud and disappointed; they did not enjoy their back seats. Then they began to grumble. They grumbled at the minister, who did not do pastoral work enough to please them; they had been accustomed to see the pastor every day or two in the old home; this man seemed indifferent to them; neither did his preaching please them; and he had altogether too big a salary, and they fancied, seemed to preach for the money. They grumbled at the aristocrats in the church, people who were "stuck up," the church itself becoming too expensive a luxury for poor folks. The result of it all was that the formerly respectable family sank into one that was low and indifferent, and the death alluded to came as one of the natural and inevitable consequences." The picture thus presented has many counter-parts through all the churches, and they all tell the same story. If Christians spend their strength in criticisms and complaint, they will perish under so deteriorating a discipline. Living faith, earnest going to work in devotion to God and love for our fellow-men, will bring salvation, but a failure to do this will work the other way.

It is doubtful if there is philosophy enough in the world, even if it were impartially distributed, to put a stop to worry. Some people would begin to fret the next day after such a distribution of the antidote, that they hadn't got their share. And then some things are as much stronger than philosophy as blood is thicker than water. Temperament is one of them. Inherited mental traits or habits that have crystallized

into disposition, are more of the same sort. A man who has the elements so mixed within him that he naturally borrows trouble, and crosses bridges before he gets to them, and permits things small or great to fret him, is bound to worry. He may as well attempt to alter his complexion, or change the thickness of his skin, as to stop worrying. The most he can do is to control the expression of his mental state within himself—and that is often more wearing to him than to give vent to his feelings. Speech is the safety-valve for constitutional growlers, and they are truly blessed if they have a friend with a willing ear and a buoyant nature, on whom their poured-out troubles have no more effect than a summer shower on a silk umbrella.

DEGRADATION.

Close beside every man there walks the ghost of what he might have been.

If you do not wish to trade with the devil, keep out of his shop.—*Thos. Fuller.*

A MAN may corrupt his taste and introduce an element of vulgarism into his expressiveness by careless familiarity with the foul and unlovely. There are a great many men that read books to understand human nature, who do not know that they are pouring filth into the currents of their souls. There are a great many men who, when they are abroad, go to see sights that human eyes ought not to look upon, except they be eyes of mercy looking to save men as brands from the everlasting burning. A man at the center must

be thoroughly and immaculately pure, if he would be at the circumference filled with fine sensibilities and delicate tastes so as to appreciate the nobly grand and the singularly beautiful.

Man is an animal that cannot long be left in safety without occupation; the growth of fallow nature is apt to run to weeds. A few days since, a man put an end to his life because he could not find employment. After his death, a hotel bill was found in his pocket, the amount of which was fifty-four dollars, more than half of which was charged under the head of "Bar."

None are so much hardened as those who hear the word, and are not converted under it; they are beaten into adamante by Satan himself on the anvil of hell. When a person has his heart filled with sinful thoughts and desires they prevent the Lord from working in such a heart to turn it from sin to holiness.

A skeptic at a social party engrossed general attention by an effort to prove that human beings have no souls. Seeing the company staring at him in wonder and silence, he finally said to a lady, "What do you think of my arguments, madam?" She promptly replied, "It appears to me, sir, that you have been employing a good deal of talent to prove yourself a beast." There was both wit and wisdom in the lady's reply, for if man be not immortal, what is he more than a beast? How degraded is that man who can pride himself on his skill in attempting to prove himself degraded.

It is held by many philosophers that man has in

his single nature the elements of every animal, bird and reptile on the globe.

This alleged philosophical truth is applied in detail by mankind in general. It is common to say that a certain kind of man is a fox; that another is a donkey; another a hog; another a snake. Girls are apt to describe a certain kind of bachelor as "a perfect old bear." Young men, in a certain state of heart, are given to ornithological metaphors and call their sweethearts birds, doves, etc. An affectionate, playful wife, sometimes refers to her husband as "a dear old goose." A certain kind of man is always spoken of contemptuously as "an old biddy," because he is weak and fretful, and goes clucking and scratching around like an old hen.

The most revolting creature which is elemental in the human heart, though men are seldom compared to it, is the buzzard.

The buzzard of the air feasts on decaying substances. The buzzard of the heart feasts on decaying character. It revels in slander, and in all the moral debasement which is exhibited by depraved souls in their efforts to drag others down to their own wretched condition.

These buzzards of the heart are found in all ranks of society. Let one of them, in a car, or on a steamboat, or at a party, or in a church vestibule, begin to tear at a bit of scandal ever so gently, and other similar creatures, with like depraved appetites, will gather around.

Let the dove in a man coo good of a fellow mortal,

and these same persons will instinctively shrink away from him as a bore, while doves in other hearts respond with answering coos of appreciation.

For our part, we prefer the doves of human nature to the buzzards.

A curious case is reported in the London papers of 1820 of James Lloyd, who practiced on the credulity of the lower orders by keeping a *Little Go*, or illegal lottery. He was brought up for the twentieth time to answer for that offense. This man was a Methodist preacher, and assembled his neighbors together at his dwelling on a Saturday to preach the gospel to them, and the remainder of the week he was to be found, with an equally numerous party, instructing them in the ruinous vice of gambling. The charge was clearly proved, and the prisoner was sentenced to three months' imprisonment with hard labor.

> "The sharp, the black-leg, and the knowing one,
> Livery or lace, the self same circle run:
> The same the passion, end and means the same—
> Dick and his Lordship differ but in name."

The truth is, we have become too selfish. We think of ourselves far more than of others. The more devoted to pleasure, the less we think of our fellow-creatures. Selfish people are impervious to the needs of others. They exist in a sort of mailed armor, and no weapons, either of misery or want, can assail them. Their senses are only open to those who can minister to their gratifications. "There are men," says St. Chrysostom, "who seem to have come into the world only for pleasure, and that they might fatten this perishable body. At sight of their luxurious table the

angels retire—God is offended—the demons rejoice—virtuous men are shocked—and even the domestics scorn and laugh. The just men who have gone before left sumptuous feasts to tyrants, and to men enriched by crime, who were the scourges of the world."

We no longer know how to live upon little. A man must have luxury about him. And yet a man's life does not consist in the abundance of things he possesseth; he must live honestly, though poor. Retrenchment of the useless, the want even of the relatively necessary, is the high road to Christian self-denial, as well as to antique strength of character.

The idle and selfish man cares little for the rest of the world. He does nothing to help the forlorn or the destitute. "What are they to me?" he says; "let them look after themselves. Why should I help them? They have done nothing for me! They are suffering? There always will be suffering in the world. What can't be cured must be endured. It will be all the same a hundred years hence!"

"Don't care" can scarcely be roused by a voice from the dead. He is so much engrossed by his own pleasures, his own business, or his own idleness, that he will give no heed to the pressing claims of others. The discussions about poverty, ignorance or suffering annoy him. "Let them work," he says; "why should I keep them? Let them help themselves." The sloth is an energetic animal compared with "Don't care."

John Plowman speaks as follows: "Everything in the world is of some use; but it would puzzle a doctor of divinity, or a philosopher, or the wisest owl in our

steeple, to tell the good of idleness; that seems to me to be an ill wind which blows nobody any good—a sort of mud which breeds no eels, a dirty ditch which would not feed a frog. Sift a sluggard grain by grain, and you'll find him all chaff. I have heard men say, "Better do nothing than do mischief," but I am not even sure of that; that saying glitters well, but I don't believe it's gold. I grudge laziness even that pinch of praise; I say it is bad, and bad altogether; for, look ye, a man doing mischief is a sparrow picking corn—but a lazy man is a sparrow sitting on a nest full of eggs which will all turn to sparrows before long and do a world of hurt. Don't tell me, I'm sure of it, that the rankest weeds on earth don't grow in the minds of those who are busy at wickedness, but in foul corners of idle men's imaginations, where the devil can hide away unseen, like an old serpent as he is.

I don't like our boys to be in mischief, but I would sooner see them up to their necks in the mud in their larks than sauntering about with nothing to do. If the evil of doing nothing seems to be less to-day, you will find it out to be greater to-morrow; the devil is putting coals on the fire, so the fire does not blaze, but, depend upon it, it will be a bigger fire in the end. Idle people, you had need be your own trumpeters, for no one else can find any good in you to praise. I'd sooner see you through a telescope than anything else, for I suppose you would then be a long way off; but the biggest pair of spectacles in the parish could not see anything in you worth talking about.

Debt is so degrading, that if I owed a man a penny

I would walk twenty miles in the depth of winter to pay him, sooner than to feel that I was under an obligation. I should be as comfortable with peas in my shoes, or a hedgehog in my bed, or a snake up my back, as with bills hanging over my head at the grocer's, and baker's, and the tailor's. Poverty is hard, but debt is horrible; a man might as well have a smoky house and a scolding wife, which are said to be the two worst evils of our life. We may be poor, and yet respectable, which John Ploughman and wife hope they are and will be; but a man in debt cannot even respect himself, and he is sure to be talked about by the neighbors, and that talk will not be much to his credit. Some persons appear to like to be owing money; but I would as soon be a cat up a chimney with the fire alight, or a fox with the hounds at my heels, or a hedgehog on a pitchfork, or a mouse under an owl's claw.

An honest man thinks a purse full of other people's money to be worse than an empty one: he cannot bear to eat other people's cheese, wear other people's shirts, and walk about in other people's shoes, neither will he be easy while his wife is decked out in the milliner's bonnets, and wears the draper's flannels. The jackdaw in the peacock's feathers was soon plucked, and borrowers will surely come to poverty—a poverty of the bitterest sort, because there is shame in it.

Living beyond their incomes is the ruin of many of my neighbors; they can hardly afford to keep a rabbit, and must needs drive a pony and chaise. I am afraid

extravagance is the common disease of the times, and many professing Christians have caught it, to their shame and sorrow. Good cotton or stuff gowns are not good enough nowadays; girls must have silks and satins, and then there's a bill at the dressmaker's as long as a winter's night, and quite as dismal.

Show and style and smartness run away with a man's means, keep the family poor, and the father's nose on the grindstone. Frogs try to look as big as bulls, and burst themselves. Ten dollars a week apes five thousand a year, and comes to the county court. Men burn the candle at both ends, and then say they are very unfortunate—why don't they put the saddle on the right horse, and say they are extravagant? Economy is half the battle in life; it is not so hard to earn money as to spend it well. Hundreds would have never known *want* if they had not first known *waste*.

SECRET SINS.

The nurse of infidelity is sensuality.—*Cecil.*

What is sin? Is it an overt act of the body? Is it necessarily a visible movement? Does sin reside in the material world as the pestilence? Surely not. Sin is in the thought, in the imagination, in the affections, in the will. It is there where we resist God and his holiness. It is there where we form character for eternity. It is there where God's eye rests.

"Temptations lurk," says Bishop Huntington, "in

the pillows of comfort on which thoughtless heads are laid; in pleasures that make earth so satisfying that we feel no need of heaven; in traffic, whose gain is offered for falsehood; in labor, where the world gambles for the soul; in emulation, where ambition is mistaken for wisdom; in fellowship, where criminality is mistaken for cordiality and flattery for friendship. These are clothed like angels of light. Here in our hearts is Satan's seat, but no harm can come but by the yielding of a perverted will."

Look at that oyster shell. Do you see a little hole in the hard roof of the oyster's house? That explains why there is a shell but no oyster. A little creature called the whelk, living in a spiral shell, dropped one day on the roof of the oyster's house. "The little innocents," some one has called the whelks. "The little villains," an oyster would call them, for the whelk has an auger, and bores, and bores, and bores, until he reaches the oyster itself, and the poor oyster finds he is going up through his own roof. He goes up, but he never comes down.

A writer speaks of noticing on the shores of Brittany the holes in the oyster bored by its enemy, both burglar and murderer, we should call him.

"A little sin, a little sin!" cries a boy who may have been caught saying a profane word, or strolling with a bad associate, or reading a bad book, or sipping a glass of beer. "Don't make too much of it!" he says.

Young friend, that's the whelk on the oyster's back. You have given the tempter a chance to use his auger,

and he will bore and bore till he reaches the center of all moral worth in the soul, and draws your very life away.

In the highway of every life there is a lion, who wrestles with us and strengthens us. Some of the finest light dawns upon our souls from successful conflict with secret sins. In the commission of evil, fear no man so much as thyself. Another is but one witness against thee: thou art a thousand; another thou mayest avoid: thyself thou canst not. Wickedness is its own punishment. Temptation is not sin, and no man need be defiled by it except through his own yielding and failure to turn aside from it.

The ruin of most men dates from some vacant hour. Occupation is the armor of the soul; and the train of idleness is borne up by all the vices. I remember a satirical poem in which the devil is represented as fishing for men, and adapting his baits to the tastes and temperament of his prey; but the idler, he said, pleased him most, because he bit the naked hook. To the young man away from home, friendless and forlorn in a great city, the hours of peril are those between sunset and bedtime; for the moon and stars see more of evil in a single hour than the sun in his whole day's circuit. A vile imagination, once indulged, gets the key of our minds, and can get in again very easily, whether we will or no, and can so return as to bring seven other spirits with it, more wicked than itself; and what may follow, no one knows.

The gnawings of appetite are like a roused lioness with her whelps. How many there are who wish they

were released from its thraldom! But they have not tried to be, or have tried, it may be repeatedly, and have failed. The first external revelations of the dry-rot in men is a tendency to lurk and lounge; to be at street corners without intelligible reason; to be going anywhere when met; to be about many places rather than any one; to do nothing tangible but to have an intention of performing a number of tangible duties to-morrow or the day after.

Original sin is in us like the beard: we are shaved to-day and look clean, and have a smooth chin; to-morrow our beard has grown again, nor does it cease growing while we remain on earth. In like manner original sin cannot be extirpated from us; it springs up in us as long as we exist; nevertheless we are bound to resist it to our utmost strength, and to cut it down unceasingly.

Love is rarely a hypocrite. But hate! how detect, and how guard against it. It lurks where you least expect it, it is created by causes that you can the least foresee; and civilization multiplies its varieties whilst it favors its disguise; for civilization increases the number of contending interests, and refinement renders more susceptible to the least irritation the cuticle of self-love.

The fallen angels had been long obedient, but one sin, the first sin, turned God's heart against them. He swept them from his presence and from his heart. It had another effect. It completely changed their hearts towards God. Don't trifle with one sin. Who can tell of the bitterness that has been in the hearts of these

angels ever since from trifling with one sin? Of the wrath, the eternal blight that came upon them? God spared them not, but cast them down to hell. They are now reserved in chains, in darkness, unto the judgment of the great day, and at the end are to be cast into the lake of fire. All for one sin, no kindness shown them from the beginning. Why God has compassion for our world when he has none for the fallen angels, no man can tell.

It is an awful thing to see a soul in ruins; like a temple which once was fair and noble, but now lies overthrown, matted with ivy, weeds and tangled briers, among which things loathsome crawl and live. He shall reap the harvest of disappointment,—the harvest of bitter, useless remorse. The crime of sense is avenged by sense, which wears by time. He shall have the worm that gnaws, and the fire that is not quenched. He shall reap the fruit of long indulged desires, which have become tyrannous at last, and constitute him his own tormenter. His harvest is a soul in flames, and the tongue that no drop can cool; passions that burn, and appetites that crave, when the power of enjoyment is gone. He has sowed to the flesh; "God is not mocked." The man reaps.

There are persons who go through life sinning and sorrowing, sorrowing and sinning. No experience teaches them. Torrents of tears flow from their eyes. They are full of eloquent regrets. You cannot find it in your heart to condemn them, for their sorrow is so graceful and touching, so full of penitence and self-condemnation. But tears, heartbreaks, repentance,

warnings, are all in vain. Where they did wrong once, they do wrong again. What are such persons to do in the next life?

God only knows. But Christ has said: "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven."

The heart — the heart — there is the evil! The imagination, which was given to spiritualize the senses, is often turned into a means of sensualizing the spirit. Beware of reverie, and indulgence in forbidden images, unless you would introduce into your bosom a serpent, which will creep, and crawl, and leave the venom of its windings in your heart. Think not that guilt requires the burning torches of the Furies to agitate and torment it. Frauds, crimes, remembrances of the past, terrors of the future,—there are the domestic Furies that are ever present to the mind of the impious. Malice is mental murder; you may kill a man and never touch him.

No man, for any considerable period, can wear one face to himself and another to the multitude, without finally getting bewildered as to which may be true. It is astonishing how soon the whole conscience begins to unravel if a single stitch drops; one single sin indulged in makes a hole you could put your head through.

Perhaps envy, like lying and ingratitude, is practiced with more frequency, because it is practiced with impunity; but there being no human laws against these crimes, is so far from an inducement to commit them, that this very consideration would be sufficient to deter the wise and good, if all others were ineffectual; for of

how heinous a nature must those sins be which are judged above the reach of human punishment, and are reserved for the final justice of God himself.

Are you the keeper of a guilty secret? And do you think it can never break the walls of your heart, and pass by the affrighted sentinels of your lips? It will escape in spite of your careful dreaming. Confess it to Christ, and be rid of the burden forever.

Vicious Amusements.

A morning paper recently contained the following advertisement:

"Wanted—A dog. Will pay ten dollars for a good young dog. Bring dog for two days to ————, C—— Hotel."

The advertisement was sent to the paper by a number of friends (?) of the gentleman whose name appeared with it, the object being only to perpetrate a practical joke. The victim of the joke was absent from the city during the day on which the advertisement appeared, but when he returned to his hotel in the evening, what was his surprise and bewilderment to be pounced upon by what seemed to him for a moment a small army of dog-owners, each anxious to dispose of an ill-favored cur. It is needless to say that every one of them went from the hotel carrying his dog with him, while a vengeful spirit took possession

of the irate victim as he ascended the stairs to his room.

Macaulay's truthful words concerning practical jokes came to mind when we heard of this silly proceeding. Speaking of Frederick the Great, the brilliant essayist says:

"He had one taste which may be pardoned in a boy, but which, when habitually and deliberately indulged in by a man of mature age and strong understanding, is almost invariably the sign of a bad heart—a taste for severe practical jokes. If a friend of the king was fond of dress, oil was flung over his richest suit. If he was fond of money, some prank was invented to make him disburse more than he could spare. If he was hypochondriacal, he was made to believe that he had the dropsy. If he particularly set his heart on visiting a place, a letter was forged to frighten him from going thither.

"These things, it may be said, are trifles. They are so, but they are indications not to be mistaken of a nature to which the sight of human suffering and human degradation is an agreeable excitement."

What do you think, boys — was Macaulay right when he said this taste for so mean a thing as practical joking *may* be pardoned in a boy? If it is a thing to be shunned by men, ought not boys to let it alone?

"They cheated a man and killed him," said a little boy to his father. The father was about to remonstrate and to inform the child that cheating was not killing. But the child continued his story. That one of his school-fellows informed him that several men had com-

bined to make another man believe that they were drinking gin, when in fact it was only water; and that the man fell a victim to the imposture, by continuing to drink as much gin as his companions did water, until he killed himself. Thus cheating turned out to be killing the body, and we fear has sometimes killed the soul.

It is right that we should brighten our lives with innocent pleasure; far be it from me to deny the humanizing effects of harmless happiness. But while this is right and allowable, it is not grand nor heroic. The highest type of character, be he stoic, monk or apostle, thinks little of his own happiness, and scarcely knows the meaning of the word pleasure. There are flowers for the bridal garland, blossoms for the May queen's crown, but for the brow of the hero, only the gray of the olive, only the green of the laurel.

That which weakens one's power or dwarfs his spiritual nature can never be sanctioned as an appropriate amusement. The physical life, the intellectual life, the spiritual life, in their subtle relations, must enter into the problem of recreations, as must also our brother's good. It is far from my design severely to condemn the innocent pleasures of life; I would only beg leave to observe that those which are criminal should never be allowed; and that even the most innocent will, by immoderate use, soon cease to be so.

Rollin, the historian, asserts that the decline and fall of the Athenian States was owing to the fondness of the people for theaters. No nation can long endure and advance whose ideal ignores moral beauty. Cor-

ruption brings death. Culture can only carve and whiten the sepulchre of a nation; it cannot stay the progress of dissolution. No virtue on the part of our parents can save us if the salt of our character has lost its savor.

A Roman Catholic bishop of New York, in conversation with a bishop of the Protestant Episcopal church, recently stated that the work of the confessional revealed the fact that nineteen out of every twenty women who fall can trace the beginning of their sad state to the modern dance.

Crockford's, which was opened in 1827, was the most famous of modern London gambling-houses. It was fashionable. Crockford was originally a fishmonger. In 1840 he retired a millionaire, much as an Indian chief retires from a hunting country when there is not game enough left for his tribe. Turf-gambling has long been one of the most conspicuous of English immorals. Lord Foley, who died in 1793, is supposed to have lost a million dollars on the turf. In 1867, the late young Marquis of Hastings lost five hundred thousand dollars on Hermit. When rapid decay and a premature death put an end to his sufferings, many felt that he had atoned for his errors and indiscretions, while all united in considering him another unfortunate victim added to the long list of those who have sacrificed their fortune, health and honor to the gambling Moloch presiding over the turf of England.

Not less vicious and cruel is that mind which can find amusement in the slaughter of any of God's creatures, even though it be nothing more than a little fly.

A very bad state of things prevails at the Bass Rock in the Firth of Forth. The solon goose has made it the favorite haunt of bird-killers. Yachts and steamers sail round the rock, and for hours keep up an incessant and deadly fusillade. The birds, young and old, fall in scores, and, whether wounded or dead, are left to their fate. The wounded, with broken legs or bleeding wings, toss about the restless ocean, mutilated waifs, and die in tortures impossible to describe. And yet inhuman beings call this "sport."

Here, for instance, is a case in which the brute was much better than the man. A certain dog belonged to a farmer in Cumberland. The man made a bet that his dog would drive a flock of sheep from Cumberland to Liverpool, a distance of more than a hundred miles, without help or supervision. Considering the tortuous road, the groups of animals and conveyances to be met on the road, and the length of the journey, the dog's chances seemed hopeless. Nevertheless, in the course of a few days, the dog reached Liverpool with all his flock. The dog had done his duty, but he was famished. After delivering up his charge, he fell down dead on the street of Liverpool — a victim to his master's brutality.

A constant habit of amusement relaxes the tone of the mind, and renders it totally incapable of application, study or virtue. Dissipation not only indisposes its votaries to everything useful and excellent, but disqualifies them for the enjoyment of pleasure itself. To those persons who have vomited out of their souls all remnants of goodness, there rests a certain pride in

evil; and having else no shadow of glory left them, they glory to be constant in iniquity.

"No one," says Jerome, "loves to tell of scandal except to him who loves to hear it." Learn, then, to rebuke and check the detracting tongue by showing that you do not listen to it with pleasure. It is observed of the hen that, loathing the plenty of meat that is cast before her on a clean floor, she will be scratching in a hole or spurring the dunghill in search of one single musty grain. So these over busy people, neglecting such obvious and common things into which any man may inquire and talk of without offense, cannot be satisfied unless they rake into the private and concealed evils of every family in the neighborhood. It was smartly said by the Egyptian who, being asked what it was he carried so closely, replied, it was therefore covered that it might be secret.

Luxury and dissipation, soft and gentle as their approaches are, and silently as they throw their silken chains about the heart, enslave it more than the most active and turbulent vices. The mightiest conquerors have been conquered by these unarmed foes; the flowery fetters are fastened before they are felt. The blandishments of Circe were fatal to the mariners of Ulysses, as well as the cruelty of Polyphemus and the brutality of the Læstrigous. Hercules, after he had cleansed the Augæan stables, and performed all the other labors enjoined upon him by Euristheus, found himself a slave to the softness of the heart; and he who wore a club and a lion's skin in the cause of virtue condescended to the most effeminate employ-

ments to gratify a criminal weakness. Hannibal, who vanquished mighty nations, was himself overcome by the love of pleasure; and he who despised cold and want, and danger, and death, on the Alps, was conquered and undone by the dissolute indulgences of Capua.

Before Telemachus landed on the island of Cyprus, he unfortunately lost his prudent companion Mentor, in whom wisdom is so finely personified. At first he beheld with horror the wanton and dissolute manners of the voluptuous inhabitants. The ill effects of their example were not immediate. He did not fall into the commission of glaring enormities, but his virtue was secretly and imperceptibly undermined, his heart was softened by their pernicious society, and the nerve of resolution was slackened. He every day beheld with diminished indignation the worship which was offered to Venus. The disorders of luxury and profaneness became less and less terrible; and the infectious air of the country enfeebled his courage and relaxed his principles. In short, he had ceased to love virtue long before he thought of committing actual vice; and the duties of a manly piety were burdensome to him before he was so debased as to offer perfumes and burn incense on the altar of the licentious goddess.

Those who have not yet determined on the side of vanity, who, like Hercules (before he knew the Queen of Lydia, and had learned to spin), have not resolved on their choice between virtue and pleasure, may reflect that it is still in their power to imitate that noble hero in his noble choice, and in his virtuous

rejection. They may also reflect, with grateful triumph, that Christianity furnishes them with a better guide than the tutor of Alciades, and with a surer light than the doctrines of pagan philosophy.

Dirt, Disease and Death.

There are few more prolific causes of disease than the miasmic exhalations which occur especially in new and unsettled regions, or which arise from the presence of stagnant water or decaying and putrescent substances. Sometimes through such malarial influences, all who inhabit a certain house, or drink of a certain well, or reside in a certain city, or who dwell upon the borders of some stream or marsh, are especially liable to be seized with some deadly disease which pursues them to their very tombs. Thus many localities are known to be notoriously unhealthy, and the general condition of the dwellers there is a condition of infirmity, feebleness and disease. And though some robust constitutions may overcome these evil tendencies, and may escape for the time the dread infliction, yet these cases are exceptional, and with the multitude the case is otherwise.

But there are other miasmic influences which affect the mental and spiritual life of man. There are schools of thought which are pestilential; there are educational influences which are ruinous. There are communities where the moral tone is low and un-

healthful, and where moral disease and spiritual death seem to prevail. There are classes of opinions which exercise the direst influence upon those who embrace them. There are religious communities in which the sap and life which appertains to Christian faith have been withdrawn and destroyed by the presence of some insidious and deadly error which poisons and ruins everything around them.

Spiritual degradation as naturally follows and supervenes upon physical degradation, as night follows upon day. Surround a man or woman with low, debasing circumstances; induce one to forego the common habits of cleanliness; force him to abstain from habitual means of comfort and happiness; and his moral tone will be lowered in direct ratio. Habit of mind may be so strong as to hold him from the indulgence of vice, but the inclination will be much stronger to do evil than before.

The man who has fixed principles of care for his bodily health, and who attends closely to the observance of the rules of hygiene, will, other things being equal, offer a much stronger resistance to temptations to an evil life, and if he is overtaken and overcome by seductive circumstances, he will rally to a reformed life in almost every instance, while the careless man, reckless of his physical health, sinks lower and lower, too indolent to grasp the opportunity for reformation.

It is impossible for one to lead a righteous life and at the same time be indifferent to personal cleanliness. It has been well said "Cleanliness is next to Godli-

ness." In fact it is so near to Godliness, that the latter cannot dwell long in the human heart without the former. The professing Christian, who continues indifferent to filth and its accompanying discomforts, belies his profession, for the Gospel teaches the doctrine of purity of body as well as of soul.

Dirt, as well as disease and death, is one of the accompanying curses of sin, and as we get out from under the dominion of sin, we put off our affiliation and companionship with its associates. To keep clean, then, is not only a means of comfort, happiness and health, but is a Christian duty, incumbent on every one of us who profess to be led by Him who came to bestow life upon a dying race.

Not very long ago I heard a clergyman seriously proclaim that "the Gospel" must first be given to the starving, sinning, suffering denizens of London courts and alleys—the Gospel first, and food, clothes, soap and water, and decent dwellings afterwards. It is one of the trying things of going to church that whatever a man says one must hear him; one cannot stand up and contradict him; else I should like to have suggested to this well-meaning but narrow-visioned preacher how much a man's moral nature depends upon his surroundings. Diogenes might not have been a cynic if he had not lived in a tub; and I doubt if the noblest man alive, if compelled to inhabit a pigsty, would long remain much better than a swine.

Therefore it behooves us to take heed that the corporeal habitation into which our spirit is put—for this life at least—is dealt with as kindly as circumstances

allow, carefully cherished, swept and garnished, and made the most commodious residence possible, so as to allow free play to its immortal inhabitant.

TRAMPS.

VAGABONDAGE, which is, in its present form, a new thing in this country, should be made a penal offense, and the tramp be regarded as an enemy to social order, to be summarily arrested and compelled to earn his bread by hard labor. Until some such plan as this is adopted, the evil will continue, and will grow to such unendurable proportions that citizens will be driven to desperate measures to rid themselves of the evil.

The following sensible words are taken from a recent periodical: "All through the country during the past few years there has been an unheard-of pother concerning tramps, who, like locusts, have been swarming over the land. They have proved themselves beggars, thieves, robbers and murderers, and have become a scourge to the rural communities. Where do they come from, and what condition of society has produced them, are interesting questions. They are a class unknown until quite recently. Local authorities have been much troubled as to the disposition of these pests. A bill has been introduced into the Legislature of New York, providing for their arrest and confinement. To meet the expenses it is

provided that they may be farmed out and compelled to work; and if they wish to be sent to their homes, they are to be obliged to work and earn the money it would cost to transport them there. These tramps are getting to be such a nuisance, and such a danger, that something must be done to protect the people in the country from their depredations."

The "New Haven Register" contains the following: "A reverend gentleman recently went to the town agent's office to make explanations in regard to a family that was making considerable trouble for the authorities. He said that the husband was utterly unfit to have the care of a family and would not support his wife, and therefore was very much in favor of a legal separation as the best thing, not only for the man and woman, but for the town. The case was one that excited considerable interest among the authorities, as it was found that the husband was the son of a father and mother, both of whom had during the later years of their lives been recipients of town charity.

"When this fact was ascertained, the question naturally arose, 'Is pauperism hereditary?' A search in the records of the town agent's office, so far as they go, has been made at leisure times by Clerk Zunder, and the result is a confirmation of the theory so often advanced by thinkers, that pauperism, like other crimes—for pauperism is in many cases little less than a crime—is hereditary, and the number of cases where pauper parents transmitted their pauperism to the children is something astonishing to one not familiar with the intricacies of social science."

Many very interesting essays and pamphlets have been written by men who have made the history of crime a study; and a similar research into the causes of pauperism would undoubtedly result in much good, showing to the managers of charities and town authorities the whys and wherefores of the increase of pauperism, and perhaps also give them hints as to the best way in which to prevent and cure it.

Here in this city the theory that pauperism is hereditary has been acted upon to a certain extent by the managers of our local charities, and their efforts have been directed towards effecting a cure, if possible. Their method is to induce all who spring from pauper parents to work and learn habits of industry. If they are assisted by either the town or the local charities, it is almost certain that they will always depend upon them for support, and will not work for a living unless they are forced to do so.

The investigations in the town agent's office show that a large number of the people in the alms-house and out of it, who are weekly recipients of the town's charity, and who also receive aid from the central office or charitably disposed persons, are sons and daughters of parents who were either town paupers or supported by charity. In some cases only one parent was supported by outside aid, and then it has been the case that the children who most nearly resemble the pauper parent were paupers, while those resembling the industrious parent were industrious children.

The results of pauperism, connubial infelicities and family troubles, which bring about such disagreements

as result in crimes of a greater or less degree, are almost invariably transmitted to future generations, and the researches show this to be the fact in nine cases out of ten. This is even found to be the fact in several cases that have come to light, when the children were not aware of the fact that their progenitors were dependent on charity. The taint of pauperism runs in the blood, and must be educated out of the system, or else it can never be conquered.

Another fact has been discovered by the researches, and one that is universal and indisputable. A child of pauper parents never makes a good father or mother, and a marriage between two of that class is absolutely certain to result in abject misery, an unhappy union, squalid poverty, and usually a large family, that has to be supported by charity. The homes of such families are no homes at all; and in the light of these facts it seems almost a criminal matter to unite in the bonds of wedlock parties who spring from such a diseased root.

It is a row of empty houses that gets its windows broken; and empty heads, empty hearts and idle hands are sure to come to grief. A lazy boy makes a lazy man, just as sure as a crooked sapling makes a crooked tree. Who ever saw a boy grow up in idleness that did not make a shiftless vagabond when he became a man, unless he had a fortune left him to keep up appearances? The great mass of thieves, criminals and paupers have come to what they are by being brought up in idleness. Those who constitute the business part of the community—those who make

our great and useful men—were taught in their boyhood to be industrious.

A young man was recently found in the Mersey, drowned. On a paper found in his pocket was written: "A wasted life. Do not ask anything about me; drink was the cause. Let me die; let me rot." Within a week the coroner of Liverpool received over two hundred letters from fathers and mothers all over England, asking for a description of the young man.

Some curious incidents now and then occur, connected with the lives of tramps. It would be a matter of great surprise, could the history be written of all those who make begging a "trade" and actually succeed in accumulating large sums of money in this way. A ragged old tramp was arrested at Buffalo. When taken to the police station and subjected to the customary search, he resisted furiously. His reason was apparent when three thousand two hundred and forty-two dollars in bonds and money was found sewed up in his clothes.

A tramp asked for a meal at a residence in Columbus, Ohio. The head of the family said, "Get along, or I'll set the dog on you." The tramp bet that within five minutes he would be invited to eat of the best that the house afforded. He won, too, because he proved that he was a wandering son returned.

The Christian pulpit has not been exempt from the depredations of these shiftless human beings. Many a poor, suffering congregation have been bored and wearied with the driveling efforts of some wandering tramp, who wearied of honest and earnest toil at home,

has started out to draw subsistence from the flowers by the wayside.

"Of all the agencies of destruction to which our churches are exposed, perhaps none do their work so swifty and thoroughly as unprincipled men calling themselves ministers."

One of the characteristics of the persistent tramp is his rebellious affirmation of the afflicting hand of Providence. He thinks that God and man are arrayed against him and that his various afflictions are not at all the result of his own wrong doing. He ever has a flippant reason for the course he pursues. A well-known writer has said: "Afflictions sent by Providence melt the constancy of the noble-minded but confirm the obduracy of the vile. The same furnace that hardens clay liquefies gold; and in the strong manifestations of divine power Pharaoh found his punishment, but David his pardon."

COWARDS.

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.—*Shakespeare.*

WHO has a word to say in praise of cowardice? Does not the universal conscience condemn it? The coward is mean and unmanly. He has not the cour age to stand by his opinions. He is ready to become a slave. "Half of our virtue," says Homer, "is torn away when a man becomes a slave;" and "the other

half," added Dr. Arnold, "goes when he becomes a slave broken loose."

Yet it requires courage to deal with a coward. A foolish young man who quarreled with Sir Philip Sydney, and tried to provoke him to fight, went so far as to spit in his face.

"Young man," said Sir Philip, "if I could as easily wipe your blood from my conscience as I can wipe this insult from my face, I would this moment take your life." This was noble courage. It is a lesson for every one; how to bear and how to forbear.

As to moral courage, I have very rarely met with the two o'clock in the morning courage. I mean unprepared courage, that which is necessary on an unexpected occasion, and which, in spite of the most unforeseen events, leaves full freedom of judgment and decision. Any coward can fight a battle when he's sure of winning, but give me the man who has pluck to fight when he's sure of losing.

An unfortunate young man who felt that his life was no use whatever in this world, determined publicly to put an end to it. The man had cultivated his intellect, but nothing more. He had no idea of duty, virtue or religion. Being a materialist, he feared no hereafter. He advertised that he would give a lecture and then shoot himself through the head. The admission to the lecture and the sensational conclusion was a dollar a head. The amount realized was to be appropriated partly to his funeral expenses, and the rest was to be invested in purchasing the works of three London materialists, which were to be placed in the town

library. The hall was crowded. A considerable sum of money was realized. After he had concluded his lecture he drew his Derringer and shot his brains out according to his promise. What a conclusion of an earthly life—rushing red-handed into the presence of his God!

Perhaps this horrible deed was the result of vanity, or perhaps to make a sensation. His name would be in the papers. Everybody would be shouting about his courage. But it was cowardice far more than courage. It must have been disappointed vanity. Sheridan once said, "They talk of avarice, lust, ambition, as great passions. It is a mistake; they are little passions. Vanity is the great commanding passion of all. This excites the most heroic deeds, and impels to the most dreadful crimes. Save me from this passion, and I can defy the others. They are mere urchins, but this is a giant."

General Paoli once observed to Dr. Johnson that "men who have no opportunity of showing courage as to things in this life take death and futurity as objects on which to display it." Johnson answered, "That is mighty foolish affectation. Fear is one of the passions of human nature, of which it is impossible to divest it. You remember that the Emperor Charles V, when he read upon the tombstone of a Spanish nobleman, 'Here lies one who never knew fear,' wittily said, 'Then he never snuffed a candle with his fingers.'"

Fear is the root of many a so-called self-sacrifice. Weak natures find it so much easier to submit to a wrong than to fight against it. Less trouble also.

Many lazy women prefer getting their own way in an underhand, roundabout fashion, by humoring the weaknesses of the men they belong to, instead of honorably and openly resisting them, when resistance becomes necessary. That is, using the right—the only honest "right"—a woman has, of asserting her independent existence before God and men as a responsible human being, who will neither be forced to do wrong herself, nor to see another do wrong, if she can help it.

Yet how many women not only err themselves, but aid and abet error, knowing it to be such—under the compulsion of that weak fear of man, which is called, or miscalled, "conjugal obedience."

Miserable people are invariably weak and cowardly people.

> Oh, well for him whose will is strong,
> He suffers, but he will not suffer long;
> He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong."

Of course not, because his firm will must in time shake off any suffering; and because no amount of externally inflicted evil is to be compared to the evil which a man inflicts upon himself, by feebleness of purpose, by cowardly non-resistance to oppression, and by a general uncertainty of aims or acts.

He who sees the right and cannot follow it; who loves all things noble, yet dare not fight against things ignoble in himself or others; who is haunted by a high ideal of what he wishes to be, yet is forever falling short of it, and tortured by the consciousness that he does fall short of it, and that his friends are judging him, not unjustly, by what he is rather than by what he vainly

aims at being—this man is, necessarily, one of the unhappiest creatures living. One of the most harmful, too, since you can be on your guard against the downright villain, but the æsthetic evil-doer, the theoretically good and practically bad man, who has lofty aspirations without performances, virtuous impulses and no persistence—against such a one you have no weapons to use.

He disarms your resentment by exciting your pity; is forever crying, "Quarter, quarter!" and though you feel that he deserves none, that his weakness has injured yourself and others as much as any wickedness, still, out of pure compassion, you sheath your righteous sword and let him escape unpunished. Up he rises, fresh as ever, and pursues his course, always sinning and always repenting, yet claiming to be judged not by the sin but the penitence; continually and obstinately miserable, yet blind to the fact that half his misery is caused by himself alone.

Nothing sinks a young man into low company, both of women and men, so surely as timidity and diffidence of himself. If he thinks that he shall not, he may depend upon it he will not, please. But with proper endeavors to please and a degree of persuasion that he shall, it is almost certain that he will.

The following paragraph touches upon a phase of cowardice peculiarly American, and applicable to other parts of our country besides Chicago. It is said that New England is rapidly losing its native population and passing largely into the hands of a foreign population, mainly from this one cause alone:

"Any one who studies the marriage license reports, cannot fail to observe the fewness of American names in that interesting record. They are chiefly Germans, Irish, Scandinavian, Bohemian, Polish and Swede. The census of 1890 and 1900 will have a new tale to tell about the national complexion of the population of Chicago. The people who are marrying are, moreover, of the working classes, as may be inferred from their residences, and they are, as a rule, young—from twenty to twenty-five years of age. Why do not a larger proportion of the young Americans marry? The reason is not far to seek. "Young America" spends all he earns on fancy clothes, cigars, amusement tickets and drives. He is able to save nothing to get married on. He could not furnish a kitchen. The young lady he would perhaps wish for a wife is like himself in some respects; she is fond of fine costumes, rich jewelry and expensive entertainments; she must have a carriage every time she goes to a concert or the theatre. How can she think of marrying a young man on a salary less than five or ten thousand dollars a year? So the marriage licenses issue only to the steady folks who prefer happiness to gaudy show."

Southern tells us that "Lying's a certain mark of cowardice." Every brave man shuns more than death the shame of lying.

"I am in the habit," writes a sea-captain, "of reading the Scriptures to the crew. I have suffered much lately at sea, having been dismasted, and had all my boats washed away, a little to the westward of Cape

Clear. I then had an opportunity of seeing who was trustworthy, and I found the most unprincipled men the most useless and the greatest cowards in this awful gale, and the Bible men altogether the reverse, most useful and courageous."

The following reflections upon cowards in general will, we hope, be not inappropriate: A fawn one day said to her mother, "Mother, you are bigger than a dog, and swifter and better winded, and you have horns to defend yourself; how is it that your are so afraid of the hounds?" She smiled and said, "All this, my child, I know full well; but no sooner do I hear a dog bark, than somehow or other, my heels take me off as fast as they can carry me."

It is said that a tall, stalwart Indian is often seen about the streets of Virginia City, dressed in calico, like a squaw. He is compelled by the Piutes to wear woman's clothes for cowardice shown in battle several years since. If all of us who have been cowards in the conflicts of life were compelled to wear calico, what a terrible figure prints would reach!

A coward in the field is like the wise man's fool, his heart is at his mouth, and he doth not know what he does profess; but a coward in his faith is like a fool in his wisdom; his mouth is in his heart, and he dare not profess what he does know. I had rather not know the good I should do than not do the good I know. It is better to be beaten with few stripes than many.

Sponging.

Some cynic has said that the world is divided into two classes, the *Gullor* and the *Gullee*. By this he means that one part of humanity lives by sponging on the other part. And when we see so large a class of people who make their living by devious ways, and who belong to that class of irresponsibles that cannot be trusted out of sight, we are disposed to agree with him.

Young men abound, both in city and country, whose sole aim seems to be to get something for nothing; to fasten themselves upon some one who can carry them; to suck their substance, like the leech, from the blood of honest and hard working men. Nor is it men alone who are guilty of this dastardly practice. Good looking, apparently well-bred and plausible women swell the ranks of these adventurers.

These people are always loud in their assertions of willingness to work hard; fervent in their professions of friendship; urgent in their desire for a fair trial; plausible in their excuses for failing to perform their duties. When you indignantly remonstrate with them for deceiving you, their angry denial is tempered with grief that you should so misunderstand them, and their hints of power to injure you, if not utterly crush you, is so covered with honeyed words and fair promises as to lull the suspicion even of a Solomon, and win gold from the pockets of a miser.

This class of spongers includes the clerk who neglects to attend to little items of business in his employer's absence; who spends time in business hours to gossip and flirt with his lady friends, and rushes through his allotted work in a hasty and careless manner, that he may attend an evening *soiree*. It includes the traveling agent who keeps his hotel room because it is disagreeable out-of-doors, or he feels blue, when he ought to be on the street driving his business with enthusiasm. It includes all those men who occupy positions of trust and confidence, who fail to render the full amount of service for which they are paid, drawing salaries that they do not fully earn. It includes the hired helper, who stands about, doing nothing, waiting to be set at work, when he knows there are many odds and ends of work waiting for his hands; but he is too careless and indifferent to think them up and set himself at them. In fact sponging is a fine art when practiced to perfection.

The world owes you a living, does it? Then I will tell you what I would do. I would go to work and collect the debt as soon as possible, before it gets outlawed. I have noticed that it makes very little difference how much men owe me, if I do not attend closely to the business of collecting. There are men who owe me enough to make me richer than I have any prospect of being, but the trouble is, they do not seem likely to pay; and I am of the opinion that the world is very much like them in this respect.

I will tell you what I would do, if I thought the world owed me a living. I would get me a hoe and

go out somewhere where I could get a good chance at the world, and commence to dig and drop in a few seeds here and there, as I had opportunity; and I think if the world really owed me a living, by sticking close to it with my hoe, I could collect the debt in the course of the season. This seems the readiest way I can think of to collect what the world owes. The fact is, there are so many creditors of this kind who claim that the world owes them a living, that some of them will lose their debts as sure as fate, if they do not begin early and work hard to collect their claims. The world is no doubt able to pay, provided it can have time. It generally takes the world about six months to get around after the claims are presented and vigorously hoed in; but the man who delays and dallies about the matter will find that, while the world may owe him a living, other people will have collected their claims before him, and there will be nothing left when he comes.

"The sluggard will not plough by reason of the cold; therefore shall he beg in harvest, and have nothing."

Take your hands out of your pockets, young man. You are losing time. Time is valuable. People feel it at the other end of the line when death is near and eternity is pressing them into such small quarters, for the work of this life craves hours, days, weeks, years. If those at this end of the line, if youth with its abundance of resources would only feel that time was precious. Time is a quarry. Every hour may be a nugget of gold. It is time in whose invaluable moments we

build our bridges, spike the iron rails to the sleepers, launch our ships, dig our canals, run our factories. You might have planted twenty hills of potatoes while I have been talking to you, young man. Take your hands out of your pockets.

The world wants those hands. The world is alive, wide awake, pushing, struggling, going ahead. The world wants those hands. You need not take them out of America. They can find a market here at home. The country wants those hands, selling dry-goods in New York, cradling wheat in Minnesota, raising cotton in Alabama, weaving cloth in Lowell, picking oranges in Florida, digging gold in Colorado, catching mackerel from the deck of a down-east fishing-smack. Take your hands out of your pockets.

And what a laudable thing it is to meet the wants of society and do your best! When you are an old man, what an honorable thing your hand will be!

Did you ever think of the dignity investing the wrinkled hand of an old worker? It has been so useful, lifted so many burdens and wrought in such honorable service. Who wants a hand without a character when old age comes—a soft, flabby, do-nothing hand?

You are willing to work, you say, but can't find anything to do?

Nothing to do! Do the first thing that comes along. Saw wood, get in coal, go on errands. In short, do anything honest with your hands, but don't let them loaf in your pockets.

The loudest beggars are often the least needy. Sturdy impudence fattens on misdirected charity, while

honest poverty hides in garrets, and suffers and pines alone. Christians need to be "of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord," and full of ready, yet cautious sympathy for the suffering and distress which honest people often strive to conceal. Careless charity may give a crust or a shilling to every importunate impostor that comes to the door, but "pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to *visit* the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." Personal *visitation* is the safeguard against deceptions and shams, and this, and this only, enables us to be sure that our gifts are a blessing rather than a curse.

The interesting old Flemish city of Bruges, which in the height of its prosperity had a population of some two hundred thousand souls, has, since the sanguinary persecutions under Phillip II, been gradually declining in wealth and numbers, so that at present it does not possess one-fourth the population it had three centuries ago. The population of the city which in 1869 numbered forty-seven thousand six hundred and twenty-one, fell to forty-four thousand nine hundred and fifty in 1877. The lethargy of the inhabitants is attributed to the effect of the numberless convents and the richly endowed benevolent institutions, which, by perpetually supplying the wants of large numbers of the inhabitants without any exertion on their part, have tended to deprive them of that energy and spirit of independence which are indispensable to success in commercial life.

Some rather amusing things occur in connection

with this undercurrent of sponging, so prevalent in all grades of modern civilized society. "Will you settle that old account of yours this morning?" said a colonist. "No, sir; you are mistaken in the man. I am not one of the old settlers." But this incident has its reprehensible as well as amusing side: On Thanksgiving day the thirty-five girls employed by a clothing firm in Boston presented the two members of the firm with a handsome album which cost twenty-two dollars. The presentation ceremonies occupied about half an hour, which was deducted from their pay.

Having entered a pew, *move along;* be sure and move along. Do not block up the end of the pew as if you did not intend to have anybody else to enter it, or as if you were holding it for some special friends. Do not rise to let others in; but move along and leave the pew invitingly open, so that they will know they are welcome. If a pew holding six has five already in it, do not file out in formal procession to let one poor, scared woman go to the further end, but move along and let her sit down at the end next the aisle. It is not necessary now for a stalwart man to sit at the end ready to rush out and kill Indians, as possibly it was once.

A business has grown into formidable dimensions, within a few years, in London, which it is impossible to regard with complacency. "Private Inquiry" offices are an invention to the credit of which England is perfectly welcome; and we devoutly hope that nobody on this side of the water will either copy or infringe upon their peculiarities. They employ great numbers of

young men and women, nominally engaged as house-servants, clerks and so on, who collect and communicate to a central office all the gossip, scandal and personalities that they can pick up. This information, in vast quantities, is carefully recorded and tabulated. This information, these family secrets obtained by infamous bribery and espionage, are for sale. To these offices a husband or a wife proceeds in search of evidence, when thinking of applying for a divorce. Thither, also, go morbid wretches in search of food for jealousy; partners who doubt each other; employers who suspect their agents.

The loafer who sponges a meal is mean, but the man who grudges to pay for the gospel is meaner. There is something, best called "religiosity," perhaps, which takes very small account of the decalogue. A kind of sniffling sentimentality called Christianity, by some, goes hand in hand with studied rascality. A man, and white men do it, sings loud and blubbers in "meetin," while he is deep in plots to rob his neighbors —not with false keys, but with false weights, false representations, or false promises. Our same stalwart defender of the faith crams his pockets with other people's money, and covers it all with his splendid services to the cause of truth. Nor is this the worst of it; churches and Christians knowing of the deflections from the straight paths of honesty, condone the offenses because the offender shoots the devil with gospel bullets, or scalps some other sect with the two-edged sword. Christianity needs to be cleared of such things. An unloading of the dishonest element

would give Christianity a standing which it can never have while religiosity is allowed to cover a multitude of sins. Out with that religion which does not make men honest. And out with men who serve the Lord with dirty hands and pockets crammed with other peoples' money. Let ministers preach on honesty, and faithfully deliver the word of the Lord on the subject.

As a nation of professed Christian people, we of America have the most unenviable of reputations as "spongers." We sponge at home and we sponge abroad. The individual sponges from his neighbor, the officer from his government, and the government in return from its subjects. Our government also, has practiced the most fraudulent ways in obtaining property from other peoples and governments; witness our transactions with China, and with the aboriginal races of our continent. It has been stated on high authority, that not a single treaty has been made with the Indians by our government during the past seventy years that we have not shamelessly broken. The following paragraph taken from a late work may not be out of place:

Men, even savage men, judge each other by their deeds, not by their words. Professing Christians, like venders of bad coinage, often expose genuine religion to suspicion. "In true kindness of heart," said Dr. Guthrie, "sweetness of temper, open-handed generosity, the common charities of life, many mere men of the world lose nothing by comparison with such professors; and how are you to keep the world from saying, 'Ah! your man of religion is no better than others; nay, he is sometimes worse?' With what frightful

prominence does this stand out in the never-to-be-forgotten answer of an Indian chief to the missionary who urged him to become a Christian. The plumed and painted savage drew himself up in the consciousness of superior rectitude, and with indignation quivering on his lip and flashing in his eye, he replied, 'Christian lie! Christian cheat! Christian steal, drink, murder! Christian has robbed me of my lands, and slain my tribe!' Adding, as he haughtily turned away, 'The Devil, Christian! I will be no Christian!' Many such reflections teach us to be careful how we make a religious profession! And having made the profession, cost what it may, by the grace of God let us live up to it, and act it out."

God has blessed one of the best Baptist laymen in this city with large means and a warm heart, but he has the everyday business cares that any two men might account sufficient to fill every working hour. Yet applications to help this, that and the other object flow in to him in streams. Persons that he never saw or heard of walk right in, to get money for one sort of thing and another. In one day last week nine men, representing churches in debt pressed their claims upon him, and besides these, four earnest solicitations of the same sort came by letter! What name is to be given to this sort of thing? Is it an abuse, or is it a virtue? If it is a virtue, we hope it will become a means of grace to our highly respected friend, but if it is an abuse of all that is good in propriety and self-respect, ought it not to be stopped, or be so modified that the number of drafts proposed to be made on a

Christian man's pocket or time in the city of New York shall not exceed one or two a day? Thirteen in one day! Submissively to endure it a man needs nothing short of the faith of Abraham, the meekness of Moses, and the patience of Job all in himself.

If, then, the man who sponges upon his fellow-man is so despicable, so low, how much worse in the sight of that great Benefactor, who is the greatest of friends, must our actions appear, who take from his hands time, talents, money, happiness, and render little or nothing in return? How must we appear to the angels and the Heavenly Host, who are thus constantly sponging in spiritual matters, taking all we can get, but giving little, if anything, back.

SHIRKING.

An old writer says: "The road to hell is paved with good resolutions."

Every man must work at somethiug. The moment he stops working for himself the devil employs him.

The genius who is to invent a practical substitute for work has not yet been born and never will be.

PROCRASTINATION has been called the thief — the thief of time. I wish he was no more than a thief. He is a murderer, and that which he kills is not time merely, but the immortal soul.

The reason why some men get along so slowly in this world is because they spend two thirds of their time talking about what they are going to do, and during the other third they have to sleep.

God does not want lazy men to do his work. If you hope ever to be put at some grand work worthy of what you think your talents are, you must keep busy doing something which is useful. Loafing is contemptible in any view, and religious loafing is the most contemptible of all. There is no one who cannot find as much as he can do if he will but do what his *hands find* to do—not what his eyes are looking for away off yonder in the distance.

There is a great work for to-day. What we do will stay done, and will tell grandly on the ages to come. What we leave undone will breed confusion and disaster, and our children and children's children will justly hold us responsible for not laying hold on the opportunities afforded us. Worship is easier than obedience. Men are ever readier to serve the priest than to obey the prophet, and sacerdotalism flourished in Israel, while prophecy decayed and died.

It is impossible for a man to be careless in his business affairs, or unmindful of his business obligations, without being weak or rotten in his personal obligations. Show me a man who never pays his notes when they are due, and who shuns the payment of his bills when it is possible, and does both things as a habit, and I shall show you a man whose moral character is beyond all question bad. We have had great men whose business habits were simply scandalous—who never paid their bills unless urged and worried, and who expended for their personal gratification every cent of money they could lay their hands upon. These delinquencies have been apologized for as

among the eccentricities of genius, or as the unmindfulness of small affairs which naturally attends all greatness of intellect and intellectual efforts; but the world has been too easy with them altogether. I could name great men—and the names of some of them arise before the readers of this essay—who are atrociously dishonest. I care not how many amiable and admirable traits they possess. They are dishonest and untrustworthy in their business relations, and that simple fact condemns them.

He who puts off the performance of duty shows that he has no heart to perform it. Cultivate the habit of promptly doing what conscience calls thee to do. The opposite habit of putting off and shirking comes by nature, like weeds in our gardens; and if the soil remains unbroken by good efforts, will overshadow and kill out all the good within us. As the little mountain brook, gurgling over its stony bed, may be easily turned aside to a new channel; so the selfish love of ease that first prompts to shirk a duty may be turned into the channel of pleasure at duties well performed. But the mountain stream, as it broadens into a mighty river, is no easier turned aside than the wretched habit of shirking, when once it takes possession of a human soul.

There is a striking moral in Lessing's fable of the "Dying Wolf." A wolf lay at his last gasp, and was reviewing his past life. "It is true," he said, "I am a sinner, but yet I hope not one of the greatest; I have done evil, but I have also done much good. Once I remember a bleating lamb, that had strayed from the

flock, came so near me that I might easily have throttled it; but I did it no harm!" "I can testify to that," said his friend the fox, who was helping him to prepare for death, "I remember perfectly all the circumstances. It was just at the time when you were so dreadfully choked with that bone in your throat."

A missionary meeting had been held in some town in Canada, and into this town, to the meeting, trudged a farmer and his son Sammy. It was a walk of some seven miles, after a long day's work, too; but the farmer did not mind. His heart was given to the Lord, and he had made many a sacrifice to send the good news of a Saviour to others. During the meeting the speakers pleaded the necessity for more money and more helpers in the Lord's work. The farmer's heart was stirred; even Sammy, who did not love Jesus, felt a little moved and uneasy.

The meeting ended, and their walk home was in silence for more than a mile. Then the farmer said:

"Sammy, I think—no, I *will*—give up coffee!"

Sammy's answer was a short grunt; he did not like this *giving up* at all.

Two miles passed in silence, then the farmer broke it by asking—

"What'll *you* give up, Sammy?"

A very uncomfortable question for Sammy, meeting with a shorter grunt. The darkness hid the signs of Sammy's inward conflict.

Just before they got home, Sammy spoke—

"Father, I've found something to give up."

"That's right, my boy," heartily responded the farmer. "What is it?"

"Well, I guess I can give up *pickled mackerel*, 'cause I don't like it a bit."

Alas! alas! what a large number of "Sammys" there are in the world! They give unto the Lord what costs them nothing, and it takes them a deal of time to find out anything they like little enough to spare for him. What are you giving up for Jesus? And which are you, Sammy or the farmer?

The great difficulty with Christian manhood is, that it is too much deformed. Some are without arms; they have never helped one over the rugged places in life. Some are without feet; they have never gone an inch out of their way to serve others. Some are voiceless; they have never, even by word, encouraged any one who was cast down. Some are deaf; they have never listened to the voice of suffering. Some are without hearts; they do not know what sympathy and generous feeling are. What an appearance a procession of such characters would make, if they could be seen as they are on the street! What an appearance a crippled Christian makes in the light of heaven!

Talleyrand, the prince of French diplomatists, long denied the doctrine of deathless retribution as the result of a life of sin. But as he confronted things eternal, he said to his kingly friend, Louis Philippe, "Sire, I suffer already the pangs of the damned."

These so-called Christians have always plenty of arguments on their side; especially the parable of the Prodigal Son, and the "joy in heaven over one sinner

that repenteth." But they forget that the prodigal when his father met him was no longer a prodigal: he had forsaken his evil ways, never to return to them more. Also that the "joy" is supposed to be over a repentant sinner, not a sinner who still remains in sin. Christ, in his divinest charity, never does more for offenders than to pardon them until they cease to offend. "Go," he says; "go and sin no more, lest a worse thing happen unto thee." But for those who continue to sin, there is, even according to the quoters of Holy Writ — often so egregiously twisted and misapplied—a worse thing; even as in the parable of the fig-tree: "Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?" And sometimes the kindest, wisest, most Christian act is—to let it be cut down.

For instance, everyone who gives money to a confirmed drunkard or profligate, thereby encouraging him in his vices; every one who, for any reason, however compassionate, speaks what is called "a good word" for a person whom he knows to be bad, condones sin, and is guilty of the result that follows. His lazy laxity allows these cumberers of the ground to take the life from wholesome trees. And, even as a man who sits with his hands folded, and allows his humble neighbors to wallow in dirt like pigs, saying, "I can't help it; it is not my affair," may one day have to see ghastly fever, bred in those back slums, stalk in at his own front door, and carry off his best-beloved child; so any one who laughs at error as mere "folly," and puts a plaster upon ugly sin, connives dangerously at both. He has shirked what was unpleasant; he has been too

lazy to take trouble; he has done his benevolence in the easiest way. He may yet have to pay for his mistaken mercy by being ground under the ever-moving wheel of an unerring justice; justice which, though it does not always reward, assuredly knows the way to punish.

Many Christians would like to labor for the salvation of men if they could do it on a magnificent scale; if they could have a great tabernacle with five thousand people inside, and as many more trying to get in; if they could preach like Apollos, and sing like David with his harp of solemn sound; if they could spread a big net like Simon Peter, and haul in a hundred and fifty-three great fishes at once, and have the story reported in the newspapers and proclaimed upon the housetops, they would be very well content. But they are not willing to toil in obscurity, and patiently wait for the Master to reveal their work in the last day. Jesus never shirked a duty, nor sought for thanks from those he healed.

Miseries of Sin.

Fancy runs most furiously when a guilty conscience drives it.
Thomas Fuller.

The following words, as they fell from the lips of one of the most gifted men the world ever knew, can but feebly portray the vividness of his picture, presented to the ears of his hearers:

"In executing a scene descriptive of its abominations, methinks the acute conception of fancy, and the

loftiest flights of the imagination, would be inadequate to the task. Could we change the mighty ocean to paint, transform every stick into a brush, make every man an artist, every star a scaffold, and the outstretched, boundless sky a canvas; could we take the dismal clouds for shade, the frightful lightnings for tinge, the midnight's darkness for drapery and gloom; could we use the doleful winds for sighs, the countless drops of rain for tears; the broken music of the howling storm for wails, for shrieks and cries, the earthquake's violent shock for agonizing pain, and the long, loud rumbling thunder for piteous, dying groans; and could we, with pious Joshua, command the glowing sun to stand still in the west, and the full, blushing moon in the east, and there wait while laboring artists dash the amazing horrors of sin on the expanding sheet, to delineate all its loathsome, horrible and everlasting effects, would quite exhaust the ocean, wear out every instrument, tire every artist, and more than fill heaven's immeasurable blue from pole to pole."

Ages of unutterable woe shall have passed, and the agonizing shrieks of the lost are reverberating through the fiery vaults of hell: "Tell me, ye companions of iniquity, how long shall I endure this torture?" Eternity! eternity! "Tell me, thou spirit of my sainted mother, thou, whose prayers, *fervent and anxious*, I disregarded, whose counsels I rejected, how long, O how long shall I suffer this dreadful punishment? Always consuming, but never consumed, always dying, but never to die!" Eternity! eternity! eternity!

Millions of years shall again have inflicted their

allotted portion of misery, and the wailings of despair and supplications are yet reverberating: "Tell me, O God, whose love I spurned, whose wrath I willfully enkindled, is there no mercy in heaven? All, all I ask is annihilation." "Ye knew your duty, but ye did it not!" is the response of Him who has promulgated to the world, "The wages of sin is eternal death."

Sin is like a river with a strong current, and the farther you go down stream, the less likely it is that you will ever return. To sin against knowledge is a much greater crime than an ignorant trespass; as the crime which is capable of no excuse is more heinous than the fault which admits of a tolerable plea. Sin may be defined as the mistaken pursuit of happiness. Transgressions of the Divine law constitute not merely the sin and sorrow of the individual, but the sin and sorrow of nations. Outside of Christianity, neither prosperity nor freedom will ever be lasting.

A single evil will expand itself and usurp the place of much good. A tooth is a little thing, but its aching shuts out the light of sun and stars, the songs of birds, the joy of a household, the wealth of a continent, the power of a kingdom. A guilty conscience drowns the joy of the most fortunate man, and plunges in misery the one who otherwise would be the happiest of mortals.

Every commission of sin introduces into the soul a certain degree of hardness, and an aptness to continue in that sin. Sin taken into the soul is like a liquor poured into a vessel; so much as it fills it also sea-

sons. The touch and tincture go together. So that, although the body of the liquor be poured out again, yet still it leaves that tang behind it which makes the vessel fitter for that than any other. In like manner every act of sin strangely transforms and works over the soul to its own likeness.

Every commission of sin imprints upon the soul a further disposition and proneness to sin, as the second, third and fourth degrees of heat are more easily introduced than the first. Drinking both quenches the present thirst and provokes it for the future. When the soul is beaten from its first station, and the mounds and outworks of virtue are once broken down, it becomes quite another thing from what it was before. In one single eating of the forbidden fruit, when the act is over, yet the relish remains; and the remembrance of the first repast is an easy allurement to the second. One visit is enough to begin an acquaintance; and this point is gained by it, that when the visitant comes again he is no more a stranger.

Nine tenths of the vices and miseries of the world proceed from idleness. Without work there can be no active progress in human welfare. No more insufferable misery can be conceived than that which must follow incommunicable privileges. Imagine an idle man condemned to perpetual youth, while all around him decay and die. How sincerely would he call upon death for deliverance!

But conscience is not dead. We cannot dig a grave for it, and tell it to lie there. We may trample it under foot, but it still lives. Every sin or crime has,

at the moment of its perpetration, its own avenging angel. We cannot blind our eyes to it or stop our ears to it. "'Tis conscience that makes cowards of us all." There comes a day of judgment, even in this world, when it stands up confronting us, and warning us to return to the life of well-doing.

Bees kill themselves by stinging. Sinners do likewise. There is many a man in the world who never committed but one act of folly, and who won't get to the end of it until he dies. Evil society is the death of piety.

He that hath tasted the bitterness of sin will fear to commit it; and he that hath felt the sweetness of mercy will fear to offend it. There are three things which the true Christian desires with respect to sin: Justification, that it may not condemn; sanctification, that it may not reign; and glorification, that it may not be.

Perhaps the cause of more misery than any other one thing in this world is the curse of drunkenness. But there are so many grades in peoples' estimations of what constitutes drunkenness, that it would not be any safer to put the limit as to where drunkenness begins, after the first drink is taken, than to state where it ends, this side of the grave.

Dr. Guthrie says: "I have heard the wail of children crying for bread, and the mother had none to give them. I have seen the babe pulling breasts as dry as if the starved mother had been dead. I have known a father turn a step-daughter into the street at night, bidding the sobbing girl who bloomed into

womanhood earn her bread as others were doing. I have bent over the foul pallet of a dying lad to hear him whisper, and his father and mother, who were sitting half drunk by the fireside, had pulled the blankets off his body to sell them for drink. I have seen the children blanched like plants growing in a cellar—for weeks they never breathed a mouthful of fresh air, for want of rags to cover their nakedness; and they lived in continual terror of a drunken father or mother coming home to beat them. I do not recollect of ever seeing a mother in these wretched dwellings dandling her infant, or hearing the little creature crow or laugh. These are some of drink's doings; but nobody can know the misery I suffered amid those scenes of wretchedness, woe, want and sin."

Only a few years ago, the mistress of one of the finest mansions in a suburban town, after ruining herself and breaking the heart of her husband, and scattering her fortune, was lost to her family for years; and was finally restored to them—a poor comfort—from the Boston police court, whither she had been taken as a vagrant and a common drunkard!

Within a year, the granddaughter of one of our presidents, once a beauty and a belle in Washington, long estranged from and finally lost by her family, died in the garret of a wretched tenement house in Sullivan street, New York. Is there no danger for our girls, as well as for our boys?

Pleasures of Piety.

Oh, who could brave life's stormy doom,
  Did not Thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom
  Our prayer branch from above?

Then sorrow, touched by Thee, grows bright
  With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
  We never saw by day. THOMAS MOORE.

"BLESSED are the pure in heart for they shall see God." This text should be one of the guiding mottoes of our lives. Pure in heart means a great deal. It means such a hatred of everything impure that not even wicked thoughts will be admitted. Or if they find their way in for a moment, they will not be allowed to remain. The promise is they shall "see God," that does not mean in the next life only, but in this world: the pure in heart learn to know a deep, rich meaning concerning things hidden to others. Blessed indeed are they who follow him so closely that they can see God!

Let it not be imagined that the life of a good Christian must necessarily be a life of melancholy and gloominess; for he only resigns some pleasures to enjoy others infinitely better. Those who hope for no other life are dead even for this. The Bible without the Spirit is a sun-dial by moonlight. Human things must be known in order to be loved. Divine things must be loved in order to be known. If the way to heaven be narrow, it is not long; and if the gate be straight, it opens into endless life.

Sometimes God puts such wonderful sweetness into the doing of, or the refraining from, some little thing for his sake, that we wonder what makes us so happy about it, and be conscious that it is not exactly one's mere natural feeling; is it not a precious experience of great reward?

A good conscience is to the soul what health is to the body; it preserves a constant ease and serenity within us, and more than countervails all the calamities and afflictions that can possibly befall us.

How independent of money peace of conscience is, and how much happiness can be condensed in the humblest homes.

Duty that is bought is worth little. "I consider," said Dr. Arnold, "beyond all wealth, honor, or even health, is the attachment due to noble souls; because to become one with the good, generous and true, is to be in a manner, good, generous, and true yourself. Every man has a service to do, to himself as an individual, and to those who are near him. In fact, life is of little value unless it be consecrated by earnest, pious actions."

Jesus Christ is the most certain, the most sacred the most glorious, of all facts; arrayed in a beauty and majesty which throws the "starry heavens above us" into obscurity, and fills us truly with ever-growing reverence and awe. He shines forth with the self-evidencing light of the noonday sun. He is too great, too pure, too perfect, to have been invented by any sinful and erring man. His character and claims are confirmed by the sublimest doctrine, the purest ethics,

the mightiest miracles, the grandest spiritual kingdom, and are daily and hourly exhibited in the virtues and graces of all who yield to the regenerating and sanctifying power of His spirit and example.

The historical Christ meets and satisfies all our intellectual and moral wants. The soul, if left to its noblest impulses and aspirations, instinctively turns to Him, as the needle to the magnet, as the flower to the sun, as the panting hart to the fresh fountain. We are made for Him, and our "heart is without rest until it rests in Him." He commands our assent, He wins our admiration, He overwhelms us with adoring wonder. We cannot look upon Him without spiritual benefit. We cannot think of Him without being elevated above all that is low and mean, and encouraged to all that is good and noble. The very hem of His garment is healing to the touch. One hour spent in His communion outweighs all the pleasures of sin. He is the most precious and indispensable gift of a merciful God to a fallen world. In Him are the treasures of true wisdom, in Him the fountain of pardon and peace, in Him the only substantial hope and comfort in this world and that which is to come.

Mankind could better afford to lose the whole literature of Greece and Rome, of Germany and France, of England and America, than the story of Jesus of Nazareth. Without Him history is a dreary waste, an inextricable enigma, a chaos of facts without a meaning, connection and aim; with Him it is a beautiful, harmonious revelation of God, the slow but sure unfolding of a plan of infinite wisdom and love.

Salvation is full of grace. Yet these things are required: "Let him that nameth the name of Christ depart from all iniquity." "Whosoever would be my disciple, let him take up his cross, deny himself daily, and follow me." "Ye cannot," says our Lord, "serve God and mammon." Shrink not from the pain these sacrifices must cost. It is not so great as many fancy. The joy of the Lord is His people's strength. Love has so swallowed up all sense of pain, and sorrow has been so lost in ravishment, that men took joyfully the spoiling of their goods, and martyrs went to the burning stake with beaming countenances, and sang their death-song amid the roaring flames.

Let us by faith rise above the world, and it will shrink into littleness and insignificance compared with Christ.

Some while ago two æronauts, hanging in mid-air, looked down to the earth from their balloon, and wondered to see how small great things had grown. Ample fields were contracted into small patches; the lake was no larger than a looking-glass; the broad river, with ships floating on its bosom, seemed like a silver thread; the wide-spread city was reduced to the dimensions of a village; the long, rapid, flying train appeared but a black caterpillar, slowly creeping over the surface of the ground.

And such changes the world undergoes to the eyes of him who rises to hold communion with God, and anticipating the joy of heaven, lives above it and looks beyond it. This makes it easy and even joyful to part with all for Christ—"this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

If a man were to travel through some dangerous wilderness, having but one jewel in all the world, in which his whole property consisted, and should hear some in one place, and some in another, crying out, under the hands of cruel robbers, O, in what fear would this traveler go, lest he should lose his jewel and be robbed of his all at once! Why my friend, thou art the man—this traveler is thyself—this wilderness is the world—this jewel is thy soul. Thou hast to travel through crowds of sinners, legions of devils, and a whole world of temptations; and if their utmost spite can keep thee out of heaven, thou shalt never come there.

What if thy sins committed, thy duties neglected, thy pride and worldly-mindedness should at last betray thy soul into the robbers' hands; other losses may be retrieved; but thy soul being lost—God is lost, Christ is lost, heaven is lost, all is lost, forevermore. Secure, then, the safety of this infinitely precious jewel—thy own immortal soul. Turn to the "stronghold," the "house of defense" the "city of refuge." Come unto Christ, who will save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him, and will preserve them "unto his heavenly kingdom."

The man who carries a lantern in a dark night can have friends all around him, walking safely by the help of its rays, and he be not defrauded. So he who has the God-given light of hope in his breast can help on many others in this world's darkness, not to his own loss, but to his precious gain.

See what a Christian is, drawn by the hand of

Christ. He is a man on whose clear and open brow God has set the stamp of truth; one whose very eye beams bright with honor; in whose very look and bearing you may see freedom, manliness, veracity; a brave man—a noble man—frank, generous, true, with, it may be, many faults; whose freedom may take the form of impetuosity or rashness, but the form of meanness never. Young men, if you have been deterred from religion by its apparent feebleness and narrowness, remember, it is a manly thing to be a Christian.

Child of God, if you would have your thought of God something beyond a cold feeling of his presence, let faith appropriate Christ. You are as much the object of God's solicitude as if none lived but yourself. He has counted the hairs of your head. In Old Testament language, "He has put your tears into his bottle." He has numbered your sighs and your smiles. He has interpreted the desires for which you have not found a name nor an utterance yourself. If you have not learned to say, "My Redeemer," then just so far as there is anything tender or affectionate in your disposition, you will tread the path of your pilgrimage with a darkened and a lonely heart; and when the day of trouble comes there will be none of that triumphant elasticity which enabled Job to look down, as from a rock, upon the surges which were curling their crests of fury at his feet, but could only reach his bosom with their spent spray.

There is a grand fearlessness in faith. He who in his heart of hearts reverences the good, the true,

the holy—that is, reverences God—does not tremble at the apparent success of attacks upon the outworks of his faith. They may shake those who rested on those outworks—they do not move him whose soul reposes on the Truth itself. He needs no props or crutches to support his faith. He does not need to multiply the objects of his awe in order to keep dreadful doubt away. Founded on a rock, faith can afford to gaze undismayed at the approaches of infidelity.

Every Day Religion.

The truly catholic spirit of Christianity accommodates itself, with an astonishing condescension, to the circumstances of the whole human race. It rejects none on account of their pecuniary wants, their personal infirmities, or their intellectual deficiencies. No superiority of parts is the least recommendation, nor is any depression of fortune the smallest objection. None are too wise to be excused from performing the duties of religion, nor are any too poor to be excluded from the consolations of its promises.

If we admire the wisdom of God in having furnished different degrees of intelligence so exactly adapted to their different destinations, and in having fitted every part of his stupendous work, not only to serve its own immediate purpose, but also to contribute to the beauty and perfection of the whole; how how much more ought we to adore that goodness which

has perfected the divine plan by appointing one wide, comprehensive and universal means of salvation; a salvation of which all are invited to partake; by a means which all are capable of using; which nothing but voluntary blindness can prevent our understanding, and nothing but willful error can hinder us from embracing.

The muses are coy and will only be wooed and won by some highly favored suitors. The sciences are lofty and will not stoop to the reach of ordinary capacities. But "wisdom (by which the royal preacher means piety) is a loving spirit; she is easily seen of them that love her, and found of all such as seek her." Nay, she is so accessible and condescending "that she preventeth them that desire her, making herself first known to them."

We are told by the same animated writer "that wisdom is the breath of the power of God." How infinitely superior in grandeur and sublimity is this description to the origin of the wisdom of the heathens, as described by their poets and mythologists. In the exalted strains of the Hebrew poet we read that "Wisdom is the brightness of the everlasting light, the unspotted mirror of the power of God, and the image of his goodness."

A man must be an infidel either from pride, prejudice or bad education; he cannot be one unawares or by surprise; for infidelity is not occasioned by sudden impulse or violent temptation. He may be hurried by some vehement desire into an immoral action, at which he will blush in his cooler moments, and which he will

lament as a sad effect of a spirit unsubdued by religion; but infidelity is a calm, considerate act, which cannot plead the weakness of the heart or the seduction of the senses. Even good men frequently fail in their duties through the infirmities of nature and the allurements of the world; but the infidel errs on a plan, on a fixed and deliberate principle.

Nothing does so open our faculties, and compose and direct the whole man, as an inward sense of God; of his authority over us; of the laws he has set us; of his eye ever upon us; of his hearing our prayers, assisting our endeavors, watching over our concerns; and of his being able to judge, and to reward or punish us in another state, according to what we do in this. Nothing will give a man such a detestation of sin, and such a sense of the goodness of God, and of our obligations to holiness, as a right understanding and a firm belief of the Christian religion; nothing can give a man so calm a peace within, and such a firm security against all fears and dangers without, as the belief of a kind and wise providence and of a future state. An integrity of heart gives a man a courage and a confidence that cannot be shaken. A man is sure that, by living according to the rules of religion, he becomes the wisest, the best and happiest creature that he is capable of being. Honest industry, the employing of his time well, and a constant sobriety, an undefiled purity and chastity, with a quiet serenity, are the best preservers of life and health; so that, take a man as a single individual, religion is his guard, his perfection, his beauty and his glory. This will make him the

light of the world, shining brightly and enlightening many round about him.

Life force may go into words or it may go into deeds. The power of steam may expend itself through the cylinder or through the whistle. Steady living, under the sweet pressure of genuine love for God, is vastly more eloquent than the most rhetorically sweet sounding declarations by the human voice. There may be a religion without words; there can be none without deeds. The old proverb puts it well: "None preaches better than the ant, and she says nothing."

A practical writer of the day gives us the following: "We want a religion that softens the step, and tones the voice to melody, and fills the eyes with sunshine, and checks the impatient exclamation and the harsh rebuke; a religion that is polite, deferential to superiors, courteous to inferiors, and considerate to friends; a religion that goes into the family, and keeps the husband from being spiteful when the dinner is late, and keeps the dinner from being late; keeps the wife from fretting when the husband tracks the newly-washed floor with his muddy boots, and makes the husband mindful of the scraper and the door-mat; keeps the mother patient when the baby is cross; amuses the children as well as instructs them—wins as well as governs; cares for the servants besides paying them promptly; looks after the apprentice in the shop, and the clerk behind the counter, and the student in the office, with a fatherly care and a motherly love; setting the solitary in families, and introducing them to pleasant and wholesome society, that their lonely feet

may not be led into temptation. We want a religion that will hold intercourse continually between the ruts and gullies and rocks of the highway of life and the sensitive souls that are passing over them.

"We want a religion that bears heavily, not only on the executive sinfulness of life, but the exceeding rascality of lying and stealing; a religion that banishes short measures from the counter, small baskets from the stalls, pebbles from the cotton rags, clay from the paper, sand from sugar, beet-juice from vinegar, alum from bread, strychnine from wine, water from milk cans and buttons from the contribution box. The religion that is to save the world will not put all the big strawberries at the top and the bad ones at the bottom. It will sell raisins on stems, instead of stems without raisins. It will not make one half of a pair of shoes of good leather and the other of poor, so that the first shall redound to the maker's credit, and the second to his cash; nor, if the shoes be promised on Thursday morning, will it let Thursday morning spin out till Saturday night. It does not send the little boy who has come for the daily quart of milk into the barnyard to see the calf, and seize the opportunity to skim off the cream; nor does it surround stale butter with fresh, and sell the whole for good; nor sell off the slack-baked bread upon the stable boy; nor dust the pepper; nor "deacon" the apples.

"The religion that is to sanctify the world pays its debts. It does not borrow money with little or no purpose of repayment, but concealing or glossing over

the fact. It looks upon a man who has failed in trade and continues to live in luxury as a thief. It looks upon a man who promises to pay fifty dollars on demand, with interest, and who neglects to pay it on demand, with or without interest, as a liar."

In brief, good works are the actions of a saved man, proving his salvation! They hang upon the Christian life, somehow as fruit does on a living tree.

"We often do more good," says Canon Farrar, "by our sympathy than by our labors, and render to the world a more lasting service by absence of jealousy and recognition of merit, than we could ever render by the straining efforts of personal ambition. A man may lose position, influence, wealth and even health, and yet live on in comfort, if with resignation; but there is one thing without which life becomes a burden—that is human sympathy."

It is true that kind actions are not always received with gratitude, but this ought never to turn aside the sympathetic helper. This is one of the difficulties to be overcome in our conflict with life. Even the most degraded is worthy of the mutual help which all men owe to each other. It should be remembered, as Bentham no less truly than profoundly remarked, that the happiness of the cruel man is as much an integral part of the whole human happiness as is that of the best and noblest of men. Then, again, a man cannot do good or evil to others without doing good or evil to himself.

The opportunities of doing good come to all who work and will. The earnest spirit finds its way to the

hearts of others. Patience and perseverance overcome all things. How many men, how many women, too, volunteer to die without the applause of men. They give themselves up to visiting the poor; they nurse the sick, suffer for them, and take the infectious diseases of which they die. Many a life has thus been laid down because of duty and mercy. They had no reward except that of love. Sacrifice, borne not for self but for others, is always sacred.

We need a gospel for the poor, that shall go to them with food for the soul in one hand, and food for the body in the other. The religion of the helping hand is the only one that will save our great cities from relapsing into barbarism. We have no sympathy with cold-hearted religion. We want that which kindles the eye, and loosens the tongue, and draws out the purse-strings—a religion that makes its presence known, warming the hearts and lives of those who profess to possess it.

The true test of any religion is the effect it produces upon the lives of those who profess it. And, indeed, the test of real merit everywhere must be the power it possesses of accomplishing desirable results. In this age of the world men are not judged by what they claim to be able to do, but by what they can do; not by what they are reputed to be, but by what they are. Here is where the religion of our own country rises superior to the faith of Mohammedan or Hindoo lands; for while there is much hypocrisy in the church, and far too much worldliness, there is yet an absence

of those sensual and brutal elements which characterize the religions of Arabia and the Ganges.

Religion is a thing of love, and it will die if commanded to be dumb. Instead of being content to live so as to escape blame, the Christian is required to live so as to prove a means of blessings. If religion is anything it is the whole of man's life; it is the carriage of his soul and of his body; it is the disposition of his time; it is the whole being aright.

Religion is not confined to devotional exercises, but rather consists in doing all we are called and qualified to do, with a single eye to God's glory and will, from a grateful sense of his mercy to us. This is the alchemy which turns everything into gold, and stamps a value upon common actions. Religion finds the love of happiness and the principles of duty separated in us; and its mission, its masterpiece is to reunite them. God hears the heart without the words, but he never hears the words without the heart.

Without prayer there is no such thing as religion; all that is so called will melt away into nothingness if it is not concentrated and shaped into prayer. Cleanse thy morning soul with private and due devotions; till then admit no business. The first-born of thy thoughts are God's, and not thine, but by sacrilege. Think thyself not ready till thou hast praised Him, and He will be always ready to bless thee.

The severance of religion from business in the minds and lives of many professors is lamentably manifest. A man who is not righteous with men cannot be righteous before God. A man who is wrong in

his lower relations is sure to be so in the higher. If one be untrue or tricky or dishonest with men, he cannot make amends before God by any amount of praying, or penance, or psalm-singing, or alms-giving, or church-going. If things are not done on "the square" in the shop, the store, the office, the home, a man need not think he can make up for them in the closet or in the church. Giving one half of ill-gotten gains does not rectify matters; giving all will not do it. Praying will not cancel cheating; nor attending prayer-meeting, lying. If a man would be right with God he must get right with men.

I know of no great expounder of moral principle, I know of no eloquent teacher of divine truth who is more useful in God's world, than a business man that carries his religion into his business. With many people, religion is merely a matter of words. So far as words go, we do what we think right. But the words rarely lead to action, thought and conduct, or to purity, goodness and honesty. There is too much playing at religion, and too little of enthusiastic work for Christ.

An everyday religion is one that loves the duties of our common walk; one that makes an honest man; one that accomplishes an intellectual and moral growth in the subject; one that works in all weathers and improves all opportunities, will best and most healthily promote the growth of a church and the power of the gospel.

When a Christian finds his belief in the doctrines of the gospel growing weak, his doubts arising, it is

well for him to look within, and to see whether it is not the fact that coldness of heart has given rise to wandering of the head. We need a sympathetic spirit in order to receive and understand the truth. We learn our most valuable lessons through experience. When experience ceases, our apprehension of the truth often ceases.

"I have been a member of your church for thirty years," said an elderly Christian to his pastor, "and when I was laid by with sickness only one or two came to see me. I was shamefully neglected." "My friend," said the pastor, "in all those thirty years how many sick have you visited?" "O," he replied, "it never struck me in that light." The trouble with this man was that he only thought of the obligations that other people owed him, and gave very little thought to his own obligations to them. It is too bad to think of, but just such persons, calling themselves Christians, are to be found in every community.

Carry God whilst thou livest, in the chariot of thy zealous soul, and thou shalt not want the chariot and horses of fire to attend thee when thou diest. Your Saviour has a human heart. There is no reason and really no place in the universe for a man who denies God's existence because he is out of sight on high. Is your heart hungry? So is Christ's heart! It is hungry with human love for human love. He was born of a woman. Christianity is the regeneration of our whole nature, not the destruction of one atom of it.

We are all ministers; some are speaking minis-

ters, some giving ministers, some sick-visiting ministers, some quiet, sympathetic ministers, but all the Lord's people are prophets, and we are only in the apostolic succession so long as we succeed to the apostolic spirit and to the apostolic doctrine.

The great duty of Christians is to win the world to Christ. It is a work for all, not for the preacher alone. It is a work for every day and hour all through life, not for occasional seasons merely and times of special interest. If the walls are not built, it is the fault of all the workmen who have failed in their duty. When all work, the walls go up surely and grandly; when a few work and the rest are idle, but few stones are laid, and they cannot protect us against the foe.

The Power of Prayer.

Christ's soldiers fight best on their knees.
Pray more and worry less.—*D. L. Moody.*

Ere you left your room this morning,
  Did you think to pray?
In the name of Christ, our Saviour,
Did you sue for loving favor,
  As a shield to-day?

When you met with great temptations,
  Did you think to pray?
By his dying love and merit,
Did you claim the Holy Spirit,
  As your guide and stay?

The more we pray, the more we forget to be unthankful, discontented, grumbling. We forget to be anxious and worried, because we lay our burdens

on the Saviour. We forget to be gloomy, because we draw near to the source of all joy. We cease to sin as much as before, because the heart becomes purified in its intercourse with Jehovah.

He that knows how to pray has the secret of safety in prosperity, and of support in trouble. He has the art of overruling every enemy, and of turning every loss into gain. He has the power of soothing every care, of subduing every passion, and of adding a relish to every enjoyment. Many things are good for me, but none so good as to draw nigh to God.

Faith builds, in the dungeon and the lazar-house, its sublimest shrines; and up, through roofs of stone, that shut up the eye of Heaven, ascends the ladder—prayer—where the angels glide to and fro. He that knows how to pray has the secret of support in trouble, and of relief from anxiety; the power of soothing every care, and filling the soul with entire trust and confidence for the future. Go and talk with God on the mount of prayer, and then descend with shining face and transfigured soul to bless the weary multitude beneath.

In this age of doubt, when nothing sacred escapes the contempt of the skeptic, and when he would seek to uproot the foundations of the faith of the ages, it could hardly be expected that prayer, which

> "——is the Christian's vital breath,
> The Christian's native air,"

would go untouched. Quite to the contrary, they have laid violent hands upon that, than which there is nothing more natural, and certainly nothing more

spiritual. Such is the awful sense of God's power and presence, and of man's utter dependence upon something above and beyond himself, that the very stress of circumstances into which even the worst are brought will wring from them the language of prayer.

It is a disposition of our normal nature to pray; God has made us for the duty of prayer. And in amazing accommodation he has linked an inherent power to the fervent, faithful prayer. "The effectual, fervent prayer of the righteous availeth much." I know of nothing beneath heaven's blue vault that is so powerful as the sincere, simple prayer. For to this an eternal omnipotent God has committed himself to use his power. The power that has propelled the wheels of the world, moving it forward to the advancing light of peace and harmony amid the nations of earth, has not been that which has emanated from the cabinets of presidents and kings; nor again that which has been derived from the shock of contending battalions upon the gory fields, but it has been the hidden power couched in the prayers of good men and godly women, wrestling with God in their silent closets. The conflict which gained the grandest victory for Scotland, and lifted her where she stands to-day, a land lit up with the altar-fires of intelligence and piety, did not originate in Holyrood Palace, nor was it waged upon the field of carnage, but in the solitary chamber of John Knox, who prayed all night, crying out in the desperation of faith, "Give me Scotland, or I die."

Young man, would you be a power for good—would you, like Jacob, become a prevailing prince

among men? Keep close to God in prayer. The mightiest man on earth to-day is he who has most power with God. "Prayer is the magic sound that saith to fate, so be it; prayer is the slender nerve that moveth the muscles of Omnipotence."

On the rocks by the seashore I have seen marine creatures living when the tide was out; not in the briny pools it leaves, but on the dry and naked rock—in the withering air—in the burning, broiling sun. They lived, because when twice each day the foaming tide came in, and rising, covered the rocky shelf they clung to, they opened their shut and shelly mouths to drink in water enough to last them when the tide went out, and till the next tide came in. Even so, twice a day also at the least, we are to replenish our thirsty souls —fill our emptiness from the ocean of grace and mercy that flows free and full in Christ, to the least of saints and chief of sinners. In him dwelleth all the Godhead bodily.

Prayer, which is a constant duty and privilege, is practically "desire." It is desire with its garments on; desire booted and saddled for traveling the heavenly road. Prayer without desire is dead; its soul has fled, it is but the carcass of prayer. When desire is burning in the soul it sends up the flame of prayer, or the sparks of sighs and groans. Prayer is the fiery chariot and desires are its horses of fire. Since, then, we are commanded to "pray without ceasing," we are really commanded to make known our desires continually. Give utterance to your desire in the best form you can, however difficult may be the task. I pray you do

this, for God would have you confess all to him. He says that "men ought always to pray and not to faint;" and again, "in everything by prayer and supplication let your requests be made known unto God." Jesus said, "Watch and pray," and his apostle said, "I will that men pray everywhere." And what is this but to make your desires known to God?

Bishop Taylor beautifully remarks: "Prayer is the key to open the day, and the bolt to shut in the night. But as the clouds drop the early dew and the evening dew upon the grass, yet it would not spring and grow green by that constant and double falling of the dew, unless some great shower at certain seasons did supply the rest; so the customary devotion of prayer twice a day is the falling of the early and the latter dew. But if you will increase and flourish in works of grace, empty the great clouds sometimes, and let them fall in a full shower of prayer. Choose out seasons when prayer shall overflow like Jordan in time of harvest."

Earnest, intense prayer is the key to the gate that opens into life's noblest success. When Martin Luther had much labor to do, he prayed much. Labor without prayer will rarely be a success from the highest stand-point. Labor is said to be of noble birth; but prayer is the daughter of heaven. Labor has a place near the throne; but prayer touches the golden scepter. Labor, Martha-like, is busy with much serving; but prayer sits with Mary at the feet of Jesus.

He that knows how to pray has the secret of safety in prosperity and of support in trouble. He

has the art of overruling every enemy, and of turning every loss into a gain. He has the power of soothing every care, of subduing every passion, and of adding a relish to every enjoyment. Many things are good for me, but none so good as to draw nigh to God.

The ordinary blessings of life will ever come to us in the ordinary way, and our prayers will, with very few indeed, if any, exceptions, meet their answer in the ordinary events in human life. When we pray, "Thy kingdom come," we expect the prayer to be answered by the operation of all the instrumentalities and agencies by which gospel grace is administered and gospel triumphs achieved. In like manner the daily prayer for daily bread and deliverance from evil will receive daily answers in fresh supplies and deliverance. And true devotion will see, in these daily blessings, the tokens of the All-wise and ever provident care and protection of the Father in heaven to whom we pray. That there may be wonderful and even miraculous interpositions is true; but they will not be looked for except on occasions of so extraordinary a nature as to demand them.

Faithful prayer always implies correlative exertion; and no man can ask honestly or hopefully to be delivered from temptation, unless he has himself honestly and firmly determined to do the best he can to keep out of it.

The prayers of men have not changed God's physical laws. They *were* well arranged when the world was set in order. But it is the prayers of loyal men—it is their work with God and his with them—which

planted this continent with men who wanted to obey His law. In the midst of personal selfishness and personal crime, the drift, the general wish, of this land has been to obey His law, as far as the land could make it out.

And prayer is a reassuring of one's self that God does exist. It is a reaching out and laying hold of the hand of God, as a timid child in the night is comforted by taking hold of a parent's hand. Prayer is not so much that by which we secure a change in the order of events as something by which we are made quiet, and content to let the afflictive order of events go on. It is the soul's assurance to itself that this suffering and this midnight darkness is all controlled by God, and that out of it he will bring the highest good. And so with prayer comes praise. The soul which by prayer has gained a sense of God's presence lifts up to him its joyful songs of praise. The world is full of troubled, sorrowing men—men who have been so afflicted that they have given up hope and are in despair. Now if you will only sing songs in the midnight, they may be persuaded that after all the world is ruled by God.

If a canoe be connected by a cord with a distant ship, one in the canoe may draw himself to the ship, if he cannot draw the ship to himself. So, it has been said, is it with prayer. If it do not bring God to man, it will bring man to God.

And this is always well for man. Conscious approach to God lifts man above himself; takes him, for the time, out of this world of everchanging phenomena

and places him among the changeless varieties of eternity.

Oh! it is a glorious fact that prayers are noticed in heaven. The poor, broken-hearted sinner, climbing up to his chamber, bends his knee, but can only utter his wailing in the language of sighs and tears. Lo! that groan has made all the harps of heaven thrill with music; that tear has been caught by God and put into the lachrymatory of heaven, to be perpetually preserved. The suppliant, whose fears prevent his words, will be well understood by the Most High.

Oh, fathers and mothers, are your homes prayerless? And when it is too late, when your children have grown and gone out into the stormy, tempting world, and when they are no longer impressible to the voice of prayer, will it be your reproachful, bitter regret that they have gone from your home and perhaps from the world without an example of prayer from you, and without any petition from their own lips! May God save you such an experience and help you towards the realization of a better fate! As you must make the first approach, you must make your home Christian. Do this, and as time severs the links that bind it in loving unity and one goes here and another there, it will be a delightful reflection that your home had an altar, a door opening towards heaven, and that ere long there will be a joyful family reunion and a sweet shout of praise in the heavenly home on high.

A sweet and intelligent little girl was passing quietly through the streets when she came to a spot where several idle boys were amusing themselves by

the dangerous practice of throwing stones. Not observing her, one of the boys, by accident, threw a stone towards her, and struck her a cruel blow in the eye.

She was carried home in great agony. The doctor was sent for, and a very painful operation was declared necessary. When the time came, and the surgeon had taken out his instruments, she lay in her father's arms, and he asked her if she was ready for the doctor to do what he could to cure her eye.

"No, father, not yet," she replied.

"What do you wish us to wait for, my child?"

"I want to kneel in your lap, and pray to Jesus first," she answered.

And then kneeling, she prayed a few minutes, and afterwards submitted to the operation with all the patience of a strong woman.

How beautiful this little girl appears under these trying circumstances! Surely Jesus heard the prayer made in that hour; and he will hear every child that calls upon his name. Even pain can be endured when we ask Jesus to help us bear it.

Three little children, about six, four and three years of age, respectively, were playing together when, disagreeing about something, two of them became rather sullen, and refused to go on with their play. The eldest of the three at once, and with a serious, matronly air, said: "Stop! and let us all kneel down and pray," which they did; and she, leading them, and having them repeat after her deliberately each word by itself, said: "Dear Jesus, make us love each other."

They all, in subdued and most serious tones, repeated the words after her; and then, rising up, went on with their play as pleasantly as could be wished.

A Christian woman in a town in New York desired to obtain a schoolhouse for the purpose of starting a Sunday school, but was refused by a skeptical trustee. Still she persevered and asked him again and again.

"I tell you, Aunt Polly, it is of no use. Once for all, I say you cannot have the schoolhouse for any such purpose."

"I think I am going to get it," said Aunt Polly.

"I should like to know how, if I do not give you the key."

"I think that the Lord is going to unlock it."

"Maybe he will," said the infidel; "but I can tell you this: he will not get the key from me."

"Well, I am going to pray over it, and I have found out from experience that when I keep on praying *something always gives way.*"

And the next time she came the hard heart of the infidel gave way and she received the key. More than this, when others opposed the school, he sustained her, and great good was done for perishing souls.

"Something gives way." Sometimes it is a man's will, and sometimes it is the man himself. Sometimes there is a revolution, and sometimes there is a funeral. When God's Spirit inspires a prayer in a believing Christian's heart, Omnipotence stands ready to answer it. "Something gives way."

How deeply rooted must unbelief be in our hearts

when we are surprised to find our prayers answered, instead of feeling sure they will be so, if they are only offered up in faith and are in accord with the will of God.

True Repentance.

Repentance is the key which unlocks the gate wherein sin keeps a man a prisoner.

Tears on the cheek of a repentant soul are more precious in the eyes of God than the pearls in the diadems that angels wear.

A determination to repent will result in a realization of the reasonableness and necessity of repentance, and a personal experience of it. Now, what is repentance? "True repentance is a grace of the Holy Spirit, whereby a sinner, from the sense of his sins and apprehension of the mercy of God in Christ, doth with grief and hatred of his sin turn from it to God, with full purpose of, and endeavors after, future obedience." This is repentance; it consists, radically and essentially, in turning the mind from evil to good. In the nature of the case that will be accompanied with sorrow for sin.

But sorrow need not be prescribed to a traveler who has gone the wrong way, and has to retrace his steps to get into the right way; he will be sorry enough without prescribing any penance as a punishment for his sin, or a prerequisite for pardon.

A willingness to trust in Christ for salvation will result in the assurance that we do thus trust in him, and are saved by him.

Prayer is the vehicle of faith—a means of acquiring it—thus the general belief in God's mercy through Christ, which sweetly prompts us to pray, procures that faith by which we are justified. A disposition to do the whole will of God will result in the assurance that we are saved by him. This is what is significantly called experimental religion. We leave the inquirer to make the experiment for himself, having no misgiving as to the result. We simply remark that the doubts of men are occasioned by their ignorance, indolence, pride, and prejudice, which indispose them to do the will of God. It follows that men are justly condemned for their unbelief, because it has in it the essence of disobedience, of which it is both cause and effect. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned."

Regeneration affects man's moral nature, changes the current of his thoughts and desires. It changes the life by changing the springs thereof. It sweetens and purifies the stream of individual influence by casting the sweetening and purifying substance into the fountain. God traces the evil and the good, that is revealed in individual life in evil thoughts and desires, on the one hand, and in good thoughts and desires, on the other, to the right source, the heart. Mind rules matter. Mind conceives the ideal, then guides the skilled and cunning hand in the production of the ideal in substantial form. It is the ruling power in the realm of literature and art.

But when we come to the consideration of man's complex nature, uniting the moral and the intellectual,

we find that, somehow, both in the light of history and of Scripture, the moral rules. The heart shapes and controls the thinking and the desires of the race. It gives to character its stamp and impress. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

Mere sensibility is not saving. Many are affected by the tragedy of the Cross who will not receive its doctrines, or deny themselves a single indulgence for His sake who hung thereon. The prodigal, when he said, "I will arise and go to my father," became, in a measure, reformed from that very moment. He not only left the swine-troughs, but he left the wine-cups and the harlots. He did not go with a harlot on his arm and wine-cup in his hand, and with these attempt to return to his father. This could not be. They were all left; and though he had no goodness to bring, he forsook his vices as soon as he proposed a better life. If we do not know what the sorrow of penitence is we are far from true peace. It is because we have been living only on the surface of life, unmindful of its deep realities, not seeing the grander glories.

These things, then, being true, it is manifest that if man ever attains to a correct outward life, the heart must be changed. A mere change of will is not sufficient. The drunkard wills to turn to a life of sobriety, but appetite conquers the will. The libertine wills to become pure and chaste in life; but passion bears down before its terrific power the unbuttressed will, and the man goes downward still. The remedy for this, the only remedy, lies in a change of the moral nature. Man must be taught, not only to love virtue

and right for their own sake, but be so strengthened in the springs of his moral being that he shall be able to obey the behests of the will. In a word, God must come in, cleanse, change the heart, and adorn it with the immortal garniture of the Spirit.

I do entreat you to remember that salvation is the one thing needful. Health, and riches, and titles are not needful things. A man may gain eternal life without them. But what shall the man do who dies not saved? Oh, that you would see that you must have salvation now, in this present life, and lay hold upon it for your soul. Oh, that you would see that, saved or not saved is the grand question in religion. Sects or parties, opinions and creeds, all these are trifling questions in comparison.

Repentance is not a change in the realm of the *intellect.* It is not a change of opinion, as when scientific men held for a time that the planets moved around the sun, following the course of a perfect circle, and afterwards changed their minds and concluded that the planets moved around the sun, following the course of an ellipse. That was a change of opinion. That is not repentance.

Repentance is not a change of *will,* as when a young man sits down, it may be at the beginning of the year, and he says: "I am going to turn over a new leaf. I am tired of my old life. I am going to live a better life." That of itself is very well; but it is not repentance. He finds, it may be soon, that he is like a little child rowing a small boat against a strong current,—though he struggles hard, he is ever borne

back further and further by the stream. This is not repentance. Mr. Moody defines repentance as containing two features; sorrow, and change of purpose. Repentance is not fear; it is not remorse; it is not feeling; it is not praying. It *is* turning from a sinful course and entering on a holy course.

No man ever saw himself a lost, ruined, helpless sinner save under the influences of the Spirit. The word is the sword of the Spirit, and is only mighty through God when wielded by the Holy Spirit. Repentance is the repudiation of self, and faith is the acceptance of Christ, and between the two is a gulf where many a man has been drowned in perdition. The proof that we believe in the reality of religion is that we walk in the power of it. And apart from this there is no argument to sustain it, no demonstration to establish it.

Wherever there is true repentance, there will be the beginning of a new and better behaviour. A man who repents will set out to be a better man. That is the reason why we cannot do our repentance and say good-bye to it, all up at one time. No; a man is ever to repent. His blessed Lord has taught him to pray the daily prayer: "Forgive us our trespasses." All through the Christian life, repentance is a factor in sanctification. A servant girl once asked for admission into a church in which the members were very particular whom they accepted for membership; so they gave her a very thorough examination, and among other questions asked her: "What makes you think that you really have become a Christian?" And she answered: "I sweep under the mats now." Before,

she had done her work superficially; now, she did it conscientiously. And so, wherever there is repentance, there will be the beginning of scrupulous behaviour. That is what the psalmist means when he says: "I will run the way of thy commandments when thou shalt enlarge my heart."

Repentance is a change of *heart*. God says: "Son, give me thine heart." As if he should say, if you will only give your heart, your whole nature must follow. And so we find it written that out of the heart are the issues of life. Repentance is a change of heart, a change of affection; so that a man who is a good lover and a good hater, if he is converted, will become a good Christian. Religion is a matter of the affections. Here we are, the roots of our lives matted together in this great sod of humanity, men, women and children. We have our father, mother, brothers, sisters, wife, children, sweet acquaintances and friends, and we stand in definite relation to this one and that one; but the time comes when there springs up a definite relation between us and God. Human life needs for its completeness perpendicular as well as horizontal relations. We need to be bound to God by relations of trust and love; and the formation of these relations to God—this is repentance. Repentance is the turning of the affections Godward.

We do not wish to hide anything; our hope lies in our heavenly Father's knowing all. There should be no wish to smuggle up even a stray desire, or to conceal the most doleful groan; all should be open and above-board between a sinner and his Saviour. What

secrets can there be between a soul convinced of sin and a pardoning God? It would have an ill look if we still sewed fig-leaves together, or hid among the trees of the garden. No, let us stand forth, and let our covering be such only as the Lord himself provides. Take care, then, in prayer to set forth the secrets of your soul before God. Tell Him your sin, and spread it out in all its sorrowful detail. Tell Him your fears for the past, your anxieties for the present, and your dreads for the future; tell Him your suspicions of yourself, and your trembling lest you should be deceived. Tell Him what salvation you wish for, and what work of grace it is that your soul desireth: make all your heart known unto God, and keep back nothing, for much benefit will come to you from being honest with your best Friend.

There are many who want to be religious, who desire to be real, genuine Christians; but they lack courage and resolution. They frame many frivolous excuses, and listen to many evil suggestions from the enemy. Sometimes they make the start, but are timid, irresolute, and are afraid they will perish without it; but they do not go resolutely to God with the determination that they will seek until they obtain. So they always remain doubting, trembling, irresolute and unhappy, desiring heaven, but unwilling to strive for it.

Behold the sinner on his knees, with the pricks of conscience lashing his poor soul until he is driven to a frenzy. His remorse is keen, his fear appalling, and his feeling and piteous prayers draw tears from the eyes of those who witness his struggles. He agonizes

in this manner without avail, and time and again seems sinking in despair, until a good and wise brother approaches, and, with a tenderness born alone of that love to God and peaceful indwelling of the Holy Spirit, whispers words of wisdom in his ear.

"My brother," says the man of God, "cease your struggles; your actions and your words are in vain, for they cannot save you. Though you poured out your prayers like the waters of the sea, and though your groans resounded through the arches of heaven, and your remorse found expression in the surging winds, yet it would all be of no avail. There was one who was 'wounded for our transgressions,' and on Him was laid the burden of providing salvation for all mankind. 'By His stripes' are we healed, and nothing, not anything whatsoever, remains for us to do that we may partake of that salvation. My brother, accept of the blessing that the dear Lord holds out to you, and in accepting it, prove that you are enjoying it and making it your own by a newness of life and action. But don't think that because of this new way of living you are saved! Oh, no! You are saved already through Him, and now partake of that salvation by using the newness of life He has given you."

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

All sunshine makes the desert.—*Arab Proverb.*

THEY tell in Europe of a poor man who was confined for many years in a cold, dark dungeon. There was but one aperture in the wall, and through that the sunbeams came for but a few minutes daily, making a bright spot on the opposite side of the cell. Often and often the lonely man looked upon that little patch of sunshine, and at length a purpose to improve it grew within his soul. Groping on the floor of his cell he found a nail and a stone, and with these rude implements he set to work on the white portion of the wall for the few minutes of every day, during which it was illuminated, until at length he succeeded in bringing out upon it a rude sculpture of Christ upon the cross.

Look on the bright side. It is the right side. The times may be hard, but it will make them no easier to wear a gloomy and sad countenance. It is the sunshine and not the clouds that makes the flower. The sky is blue ten times where it is black once. You have troubles—so have others. None are free from them. Troubles give sinew and tone to life—fortitude and courage to man. That would be a dull sea, and the sailors would never get skill, were there nothing to disturb the surface of the ocean. What though things look a little dark, the lane will turn, and night will end in a broad day. There is more virtue in a sunbeam than in a whole hemisphere of cloud and gloom.

All our afflictions are Christ's refinings; and the purer the gold, the hotter will be the fire; the whiter the garment, the harder the cleansing. Sorrow overwhelms us, yet God finds music in everything. Our sighs and sobs waft prayers to Him that bring deliverance down. They are really songs of triumph in minor keys. From a bruised and broken heart God's touch causes melody to flow forth.

The man who has learned to triumph over sorrow wears his miseries as though they were sacred fillets upon his brow, and nothing is so entirely admirable as a man bravely wretched. Every to-morrow extends either a hand of anxiety or a hand of faith. Men's lives should be like the days, growing more beautiful towards the evening.

Some kinds of adversity are chiefly of the character of trials, and others of discipline. By discipline is to be understood anything that has a direct tendency to produce improvement, or to create some qualification that did not exist before; and by trial anything that tends to ascertain what improvement has been made, or what qualities exist.

Shadows lie on many fields of knowledge, but the light of God falls on the path of duty. Seneca says that the good things which belong to prosperity are to be wished, but the good things that belong to adversity are to be admired. The virtue of prosperity is temperance, the virtue of adversity is fortitude; which latter is the more heroical virtue. Our sweetest songs are those which tell of saddest thought.

A black cloud makes the traveler mend his pace

and mind his home; whereas a fair day and a pleasant way waste his time, and that stealeth away his affections in the prospect of the country. However others may think of it, yet I take it as a mercy that now and then some clouds come between me and my sun, and many times some troubles do conceal my comforts; for I perceive if I should find too much friendship in any inn in my pilgrimage, I should soon forget my Father's house and my heritage.

Christians have frequently more of these sufferings than others. The husbandman does not prune the bramble, but the vine. The stones designed for the temple above require more cutting and polishing than those which are for the common wall. Correction is not for strangers, but children. The Christian mourns over those infirmities which are not viewed by others as sins, such as wandering thoughts and cold affections in duty. It is said of that beautiful bird, the bird of Paradise, that if it is caught and caged, it never ceases to sigh till it is free. Just such is the Christian. Nothing will satisfy him but the glorious liberty of the sons of God.

The weeping of the night dew is soon dried from the short grass, and abides not many hours upon the long, save where the shade of shrub or willow wards off the sun-rays. So the tears of sadness remain but for a short space upon the eyelashes of those who are young, and even the older ones soon become so interested in the pressing cares of daily life that their griefs vanish into the great sepulchre of time.

The greatest of difficulties often lie where we are

not looking for them. When painful events occur, they are, perhaps, sent only to try and prove us. If we stand firm in our hour of trial, the firmness gives serenity to the mind, which always feels satisfaction in acting conformably to duty. "The battles of the wilderness," said Norman Macleod, "are the sore battles of every-day life. Their giants are our giants, their sorrows our sorrows, their defeats and victories ours also. As they had honors, defeats and victories, so have we."

Tribulation may come as a flood into the church; we may be disappointed even in the brethren; but those who have the eye fixed on Christ "hold on their way." The word which they have heard and which they keep is a strong link binding them to Him who is more than all else to them.

Such are life's scenes. Change and disappointment are written upon every leaf of Time's book. The present seems cheerless, oftentimes sad, and we look forward to the future for a "reserved cup of bliss;" the future comes and we find the cup empty or sadly adulterated. Our dearest joys, how fleeting they are! We place our affections upon some cherished friend, and that friend is taken from us by death; we bestow all the wealth of our affections upon some idolized object, and that devotion is unrequited—perhaps held in derision.

Life, however, has some sunny spots; but they who seek happiness only from the world, find but few of them. The gifted Byron possessed of rank and talents by which he swayed at will the human heart,

and at the waking of whose "harp nations heard entranced," was most unhappy.

> "A wandering, weary, worn and wretched thing,
> A scorched, and desolate, and blasted soul,
> A gloomy wilderness of dying thought—
> Repined and groaned, and withered from the earth."

Every man throws on to his surroundings the sunshine or the shadow that exists in his own soul. There are two sides to everything—a sunny side and a shady side. Where are you? Come out of the shadow and sit in the sunlight. There you have warmth and bird-songs all the year round. Feelings come and go like light troops following the victory of the present; but principles, like troops of the line, are undisturbed and stand fast.

Are there no ways worth walking in but those uncertain trails blazed for us by pioneers through tangled forests on the frontiers of faith. Old roads there are that offer fair prospects and that lead to pleasant places; where the hedgerows every year are sweet with blossoms and musical with birds; from beneath whose sheltering rocks the living water springs as cool and fresh to-day as when our fathers drank thereof.

Most of the beatitudes which infinite compassion pronounced have the sorrow of earth for their subject, but the joys of heaven for their completion.

While we are wrangling here in the dark we are dying and passing to the world that will decide all our controversies, and the safest passage thither is by peaceable holiness.

The world's eye sees little beauty in the crown of thorns, and is unable to perceive the grandeur of the

faith that accepts the sorrow of the heaviest cross for the sake of the Christ it cannot see. There are, indeed, flashes of spiritual glory, beaming now and then from the Christian spirit in its agony, that are too bright to be concealed; but usually the mass of men are unable to hear the undertone of heavenly music that thrills through the cry of Christian sorrow, or detect the robes of the heavenly palace beneath the garments of great tribulation.

The children sometimes stretch a silver thread in the window, between the sashes, to make an Æolian harp, and while the air is calm and still there is no music, but when the wind blows softly a faint murmur of music is heard, and the stronger the wind, the louder and sweeter the melody becomes. It is so with many a human heart. The purest, sweetest, holiest joy I ever witnessed in mortal on earth was in one who for fourteen years had been sitting in her chair, unable to lift hand or foot. All these years her heart had been communing with God, and the sorrows that beat upon the chords of her soul struck out songs which might have fallen from an angel's tongue.

TRUTH.

THE possession of truth is a matter of the greatest importance. "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free;" but the tendency of the human mind to exalt *one truth* to the neglect of all

others, often leads to prejudice, bitterness and strife, and frequently hinders the progress of correct ideas. *The* truth is far more important than *a* truth; and frequently when persons suppose they are disseminating *the* truth, they are simply laboring to proclaim *a* truth; and in many cases *a* truth which is not of the greatest importance. Truth, considered in its length and breadth, comprehends the wisdom of an omniscient God. Our knowledge of truth is necessarily very limited, and our great danger is in setting some single truth in the foreground, and thus deranging the harmony of the divine system, instead of allowing every portion of the revealed truth to keep its appropriate position.

All truth is, in one sense, religious truth. It leads ultimately up to God; it is what it is by his will and authority. As all true virtue, wherever found, is a ray of the life of the All-Holy, so all solid knowledge, all really accurate thought, descends from the Eternal Reason, and ought, when we apprehend it, to guide us upwards to Him.

All that Christ, our great Teacher, delivers to us is truth—truth unmixed with error, truth of the mightiest importance, truth that can make us free, truth that can make us holy, truth that can make us blessed forevermore. "What is truth?" was the question which the whole world, not Pilate alone, was asking on the day when Christ was crucified. Pilate seems to have been divinely guided to answer his own question, when he cried, "Behold the man!"

Put holy truth in every false heart; instil a sacred

piety into every worldly mind and a blessed virtue into every fountain of corrupt desires; and the anxieties of philanthropy might be hushed and the tears of benevolent prayer and faith might be dried up and patriotism and piety might gaze upon the scene and the prospect with unmingled joy. Let the soul be turned as strenuously towards good as it usually is towards evil, and you will find that the simple love of goodness will give incredible resources to the spirit in the search after truth. Love, with intellect, will perform miracles.

Whenever the soul comes into a living contact with fact and truth, whenever it realizes these with more than common vividness, there arises a thrill of joy, a glow of emotion. And the expression of that thrill, that glow, is poetry. The nobler the objects, the nobler will be the poetry they awaken when they fall on the heart of a true poet.

No man is thirsty from the want of truth to slake that thirst, but from the want of the power to take hold of that truth, and so realize satisfaction. Jesus gives the power to do this when He gives the Spirit, and that Spirit gives satisfaction by the power He bestows to understand the things of God.

The condition of arriving at truth is not severe habits of investigation, but innocence of life and humbleness of heart. Truth is felt, not reasoned out; and if there be any truths which are only appreciable by the acute understanding, we may be sure at once that these do not constitute the soul's life, nor error in these the soul's death. For instance, the metaphysics of God's Being; the "plan," as they call it, of "salva-

tion;" the exact distinction between the Divine and human in Christ's Person. On all these subjects you may read and read until the brain is dizzy and the heart's action is stopped; so that of course the mind is bewildered. But on subjects of Right and Wrong, Divine and Diabolic, Noble and Base, I believe sophistry cannot puzzle so long as the life is right.

There are many departments of truth, human, divine and devilish. There are truths which are of little importance; truths which do not concern us, and truths the very knowledge of which would stain and pollute our souls; for the knowledge which Satan has led men to seek is not merely the knowledge of good, it is "the knowledge of good and *evil*." There are things which are ruinous to those who know them, there are truths which we would keep forever from the minds and comprehensions of those who are nearest and dearest to us.

Truth, to do good, must be *timed*. Firmness must be tempered by timeliness. To rebuke some sins under certain circumstances would be simply to awake all the combativeness there is in man's nature, and make him more determined in wrong doing. But there are times in the history of the social life of every community when for a pulpit to remain silent upon the questions of moral and social reform, to fail to speak plainly, pointedly, fearlessly against Sabbath desecration, card-playing, dancing, theater-going and so on to the end, is to be guilty of a gross delinquency of duty. The truth must be spoken, even though our position be surrendered because of our fidelity.

The truth learned in the Sunday school has sprung up in the heart of the sailor tossed on the stormy deep; and in the breast of the soldier breathing valor in the tented field. In the wild woods of the West the colonist recalls it; in the gloomy prison, in the convict ship, and the convict settlement, it tells the captive how he may be free. In times of sorrow, on beds of sickness, in the hour of disappointment or loss (for our wants are various and our woes are many), when the mind, subdued and tamed, recalls the scenes of childhood, the companions and friends of early years,—the heart swells, the eye fills, and the tear falls, as the text, the chapter or the hymn *learned in the Sunday school* tells of mercy yet in store, and leads the broken, wounded and bleeding spirit to the balm in Gilead, and to the physician there. "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."

There are old truths which, being neither Calvinistic nor Armenian nor philosophical, are so simple and precious that the humblest can understand and be glad. "Sanctify them through Thy truth, Thy word is truth." These words were uttered by our Lord, and they prove the necessity of a knowledge of truth in order for it to affect our lives. The object in giving the Church truth is to set them apart from the world, and to cleanse them "through obedience" to it. And if this end is not attained, then we will never be fit for the glorious position to which we are called by His word. If this *truth* was more impressed on the minds of Christians, they would endeavor to "worship God in

spirit and in truth," and we may safely say that only such worship is wholly acceptable to Him.

Truth is given, not to be contemplated, but to be done. Life is an action—not a thought; and the penalty paid by him who speculates on truth is that by degrees the very truth he holds becomes to him a falsehood. It is an endless work to be uprooting weeds. Plant the ground with wholesome vegetation, and then the juicies which would have otherwise fed rankness will pour themselves into a more vigorous growth; the dwindled weeds will be easily raked out then. It is an endless task to be refuting error. Plant truth, and the error will pine away.

Remember that truth commonly goes in russet and error in purple. The sober judgment which cannot be seduced by the glitter of false ideas, hides itself in by-ways among slow, humdrum people, while error envelops itself in alluring sophistries that captivate brilliant men and women. Do not deny this until you have well thought of it, and then you will not deny it.

Cultivate the love of truth. I do not mean veracity: that is another thing. Veracity is the correspondence between a proposition and a man's belief. Truth is the correspondence of the proposition with fact. The love of truth is the love of realities,—the determination to rest upon facts; and not on semblances. Take an illustration of the way in which the habit of cultivating truth is got. Two boys see a misshapen, hideous object in the dark. One goes up to the cause of his terror, examines it, learns what it is;

he knows the truth, and the truth has made him free. The other leaves it in mystery and unexplained vagueness, and is a slave for life to superstitious and indefinite terrors. Romance, prettiness, "dim religious light," awe and mystery—these are not the atmosphere of Christ's gospel of liberty. Base the heart on facts. Truth alone makes free.

Truth, whether in or out of fashion, is the measure of knowledge and the business of understanding; whatsoever is beside that, however authorized by consent, or recommended by rarity, is nothing but ignorance, or something worse. Adhere rigidly and undeviatingly to truth; but while you express what is true, express it in as pleasing a manner as possible. Truth is the picture; the manner is the frame that displays it to advantage. Blunt truths make more mischief than nice falsehoods do. Concrete the truth and make it shine. For heaven's sake and thy soul's sake, teach the truth and *let it alone!*

The answers which truth gives to a man, depend very much upon the questions which he puts to truth; the manner in which he puts his questions depends very much upon the principles which rule his life. The truer we become the more unerringly we know the ring of truth. All that is mortal and perishable will gradually weary us; truth alone will endure. He that is habituated to deceptions and artificialities in trifles will try in vain to be true in matters of importance; for truth is a thing of habit rather than will. You cannot in any given case, by any sudden and single effort, will to be true if the habit of your life has been

insincerity. Speaking truth is like writing fair, and comes only by practice; it is less a matter of will than of habit; and I doubt if any occasion can be trivial which permits the practice and formation of such a habit. The way of truth is like a great road. It is not difficult to know it. The evil is only that men will not seek it. Do you go at once and search for it.

Truth is a torch, but one of enormous size; so that we slink past it in rather a blinking fashion for fear it should burn us. All truths are not to be repeated, still it may be well to hear them. Truth never turns to rebuke falsehood; her own straightforwardness is the severest correction. Truth need not always be embodied; enough of it hovers around like a spiritual essence, which gives one peace, and fills the atmosphere with a solemn sweetness like harmonious music of bells.

Childhood often holds a truth with its feeble fingers, which the grasp of manhood cannot retain, which it is the pride of utmost age to recover. We must never throw away a bushel of truth because it happens to contain a few grains of chaff; on the contrary, we may sometimes profitably receive a bushel of chaff for the few grains of truth it may contain. The first great work is that yourself may to yourself be true. In troubled water you can scarce see your face, or see it very little, till the water be quiet and stand still; so in troubled times you can see little truth; when times are quiet and settled, then truth appears.

When attacked by a stupid or malicious critic, it is generally best to keep silent. Entering into contro-

versy with such will not better your situation. Remember that a truth once uttered cannot die; though it may be crushed, it will rise again, and the coming generations are almost sure to discover it and to give you the credit, despite all that the jealous critic may have said. If the truth is in your work, the critic cannot crush it; he cannot destroy its influence; but if the truth is not in it, you will be buried out of sight, whether there be a critic to dig your grave or not.

By resisting such critics one runs in danger of faring as did that old hunter who persistently and courageously followed up his game. After killing it he was obliged to bury his clothes. A word to the wise is sufficient. Such critics are generally a low game, not worth hunting, not worth disputing with; and he who indulges in a fight with them, generally comes out of the fight with less self-respect.

There are three motives that move men to labor. Love for money, love for fame, and love for truth. The man who labors only for money is selfish, he who sacrifices all for fame is foolish, he who lives for the truth is the true disciple. He may not become rich, he may not gather fame, but he is an honest man, and the consciousness of this fact is worth more than money or fame.

Truth should be enshrined in our inmost hearts, and become the object of our fervent contemplation, our earnest desire and aspiration. Consecrate, above all things, truth, whatever prejudices it may proscribe, whatever advantages it may forfeit, and whatever privileges it may level; truth though its recompense

should be the privations of poverty or the darkness of the dungeon; truth, the first lesson for the child, and the last word of the dying; truth, the world's regenerator, God's image on earth, the essence of virtue in the character, the foundation of happiness in the heart; truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

The remote effect of being true should have a place in our thoughts. The future is built on the present. Noble living projects itself into the future. It comes out in the power of children and children's children. Its widening and deepening influence goes out through the gates of the present into the ever deepening channels of the future.

When your duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
Know thou that there the Master's eye
Surveys your work approvingly;
Smiles on your task with sweetest grace,
Though humble and obscure your place.
Faint not; the crown is only won
Through patient toil, through duties done.

PROVIDENCE.

What men call accident is the doing of God's providence.—*Bailey.*

THE scriptures are crowded with explicit declarations that there is nothing in nature, animate or inanimate, which is self-sustaining. Nor is the Scripture less emphatic in affirming God's care and control of his human children than in declaring his sovereignty over nature. As a history the Bible is a continuous

record of God's direct guidance of his people. From the time of the first of the Patriarchs to that of the last of the Apostles, we have an unbroken series of special providences. The innumerable exhortations which we find in Scripture to put our trust in God and pray to him for guidance and daily blessings, are based upon this truth of God's special providence. Such exhortations as "Commit thy way unto the Lord," "Rest in the Lord and wait patiently for him," etc., would be meaningless without the certain knowledge that God does direct the affairs of men. We can go to him with confidence, seeking light and strength in each day's need because we have the assurance from him that all our times are in his hand.

But the special providence of God is not merely thus proved in the history and implied in the exhortations to trust which we find in the Bible; it is also explicitly stated. "A man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps." "The lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord." Most emphatic of all are the words of Christ himself on this point.

What the Bible thus strongly affirms, neither science nor our own consciousness can deny. While we could never have discovered from either of these sources the truth that God shapes our lives, both at least convince us of this, that we do not and cannot shape them for ourselves. Vainly do men defy the power—call it by what name they may—which they are forced to see does rule the world. "Circumstances," scornfully exclaimed Napoleon, "I make circum-

stances." But what availed that indomitable will, that vehement self-confidence in the end? The highest human might, the most resistless human energy must at length meet a force with which it cannot cope, to which, like the smallest and most obscure, it must succumb. The Christian's joy is to know that this all-controlling force is the will of his all-wise and all-loving Father; his peace and strength are in the believing acceptance of that blessed truth.

This is the providence in which we must believe, if we believe in any providence at all—a providence which includes not only the prominent events of life, but the passing incidents of each day. Nothing short of this embraces the truth. Nothing short of this realizes the blessing. It is idle to say, as people sometimes do, that we could conceive of a general supervision and guidance, but cannot imagine a direction which extends to the minute details of every day. Does not our experience teach us that those small details, seeming as they pass so trivial, are constantly determining the larger results within which they are included? And how could those results be determined, unless all the particulars which are seen to have served in bringing them to pass were also directed?

As well might we say that God, in creating the world, designed only the general outlines of continents and oceans, and left to the chance action of natural forces the details that fill them in, while we know that upon these very details the outlines themselves depend. It is futile for us to shun the name, *special providence*,

and yet seek to have the thing it means. If there is any providence at all, there must be special providence. If our lives are in any respect or to any extent controlled by God, they must be controlled by him completely.

It is hard—it is, here and now, impossible, and doubtless will be always, for us fully to grasp and comprehend such a doctrine—to explain the "how" which rests upon this "that." For ourselves we know that we could exercise no such control as God's providence is thus seen to involve except by absolute despotic direction. We cannot, through any experience of which we are capable, conceive of a foresight so perfect as to embrace every possible emergency, of a wisdom so broad as to provide for every influence, of a power so boundless as to accomplish its ends while leaving its agents entire freedom of will—of an omniscience, in short, so absolute and unerring as to have perceived in each case at the outset the working of all the varied, conflicting, wavering forces that act on human lives, and to have adjusted them to the bringing about of every event at the desired moment, as directly and as specially as if Omnipotence should miraculously intervene on each occasion.

But we need not understand the method, in order to accept and rejoice in the fact, of God's special providence. *That* is true, if anything is true that God's Word tells us about him, if that Word is to be trusted at all. It remains for us practically to cast all our care upon Him who, as He has so plainly declared, careth for us.

Methinks I hear some say, we should like to have this God for our guide. Blessed emotion! Cherish it, for it is a whisper of the Divine Spirit. Use the means by which the spark of holy desire shall kindle to a flame. Seriously consider that declaration of Jesus Christ: "No man cometh unto the Father but by me." He who said this is He that came into the world to save sinners. He saves them by His death endured on the cross as an atonement for the sins of the world. This death was endured for us as individuals, and must be applied to you as an atonement for your sins. Believing on Christ is the way by which you can be at peace with God, and there is none other way under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.

In speaking of the benefits of trial and suffering we should never forget that these things by themselves have no power to make us holier or heavenlier. They make some men morose, selfish and envious. Such is the effect of pain and sorrow when unsanctified by God's saving grace. It is only when grace is in the heart, when power from above dwells in a man, that anything outward or inward turns to his salvation.

A sick father once threw a book at his blind baby, who was toddling towards the fire. If he had not made her fall over the book, she would have been burned; but she cried. She thought her father was cruel. Sometimes God's blind children, not understanding what he means, feel as though he *must* be cruel. If they could see as he can, they would thank him. We

do not know from what evils we have been preserved; for dazzling prospects do not always bring the cheer and comfort we expect, and promise of future good often results in disappointment and sorrow. There are blessings and privileges in every life; let us be thankful for all those which fall to our lot.

Once a little girl, on her way to the depot, fell, hurt herself, missed the train. She asked her mother if God could love her, and let that sad thing happen to her. But before night that train ran off the track and many persons on it were killed. During the awful massacre at Paris, by which so many Christians were removed from the present world, the celebrated Moulin crept into an oven, over the mouth of which a spider instantly wove its web; so that when the enemies of the Christian inspected the premises, they passed by the oven with the remark, that no one could have been there for some days. So easily can God devise means for the safety of His servants.

An incident is told of the battle of Lake Champlain, when on a Sabbath morning Commodore Downie, of the British squadron, sailed down on the Americans as they lay in the bay of Plattsburgh. Commodore Downie sent a man to the mast-head to see what they were doing on Commodore M'Donough's ship, the flag-ship of the little American squadron.

"Ho, aloft!" said Downie. "What are they doing on that ship?"

"Sir," answered the look-out, "they are gathered about the mainmast, and they seem to be at prayer,"

"Ah," said Commodore Downie, "that looks well for them, but bad for us."

It was bad for the British commodore, for the very first shot from the American ship was a chain-shot which cut poor Downie in two and killed him in a moment. M'Donough was a simple, humble Christian, and a man of prayer, but brave as a lion in the hour of battle. He died as he lived, a simple-hearted, earnest Christian.

God is a sure paymaster. He may not pay at the end of the week, month, or year; but I charge you remember He pays in the end.

Quarrel not rashly with adversities not yet understood, and overlook not the mercies often bound up in them; for we consider not sufficiently the good of evils, nor fairly compute the mercies of Providence in things afflictive at first-hand. Behind the snowy loaf is the mill-wheel, behind the mill is the wheat-field, on the wheat-field falls the sunlight, above the sun is God.

Any close observer of American politics must have noticed instances wherein apparently trivial circumstances have changed the entire course of events. That Providence has overruled these apparent accidents for good must be maintained by all who believe in the beneficence of Deity and the active part of Providence in human affairs. Many times, however, the immediate result has so disappointed the wishes and hopes of the best men and women, that they are tempted to believed that Providence for once has lapsed, and forgotten to take charge of the course of

events. Some of these occasions are so near that it will be hard with many to

> "Assert eternal Providence
> And justify the ways of God to men."

But there are others, where the passions which for a time have obscured human vision have passed away, and revealed the hand of Providence so plainly visible that even the men who at the time most doubted can see that, after all, God is supreme and is ruling the universe for good. To recall some of these providential paradoxes which have already righted themselves will prove instructive, and give faith for the future.

Thirty-six years ago thousands of patriotic citizens fixed their hopes for the country on the election of Henry Clay as president. It was not to be. Fifteen thousand abolitionists in New York diverted their votes to Birney and elected Polk. The majority in New York State which decided the result was only five thousand one hundred and six. So narrow was the margin on which the future of the country depended. Yet to all human foresight the abolitionists, whose votes diverted from Clay had elected Polk, had made a grievous mistake. It hastened Texas annexation and made the Mexican war inevitable. It involved such an aggrandizement of slavery as sixteen years later resulted in four years of civil war and rebellion against the Union. Had the Great Compromiser been chosen President in 1844 there would have been no Mexican war, and the slavery agitation would have been indefinitely postponed. Slavery itself, with all its horrors, might have lasted another hundred years, and

have been ended by a convulsion even more terrible than our civil conflict. Who shall say now that the defeat of Clay, with the sad after-consequences, was not better for the country and for the world than any other result could have been? The horrors of our civil war of four years were less than would have followed the indefinite perpetuation and extension of human slavery.

It is right enough for partisans of either cause to do their utmost for what they regard as essential to the country. Their efforts are a part of the means which Providence uses, and are therefore indispensable. But we must remember that over all God reigns, and that Providence is able to cause even the wrath of man to praise him, and the remainder of wrath He will restrain. Such a thought should most wholesomely restrain the violent excitement, at least of Christian men and women, in all political contests.

There is not an unnecessary thing in existence, could we but understand it; not one of our experiences of life but is full of significance, could we but see it. Even misfortune is often the surest touchstone of human excellence. The most celebrated poet of Germany has said "that he who has not eaten his bread in tears, who has not spent nights of pain weeping on his bed, does not yet know a heavenly power." When painful events occur, they are perhaps sent only to try and prove us. If we stand firm in our hour of trial, this firmness gives serenity to the mind, which always feels satisfaction in acting conformably to duty.

Carlyle says: "Through every star, through every

grass-blade, and most through every living soul, there beams the glory of a present God." In what strange quarries and stone-yards the stones for that celestial wall are being hewn. Out of the hillsides of humiliated pride; deep in the darkness of crushed despair; in the fretting and dusty atmosphere of little cares; in the hard, cruel contact that man has with man; wherever souls are being tried and ripened, in whatever commonplace and homely ways—there God is hewing out the pillars of His temple.

Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes, and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needleworks and embroideries, it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a dark and solemn ground than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground: judge, therefore, of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly virtue is like precious odors, most fragrant when they are burned or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.

Some time ago a boy was discovered in the streets, evidently bright and intelligent, but sick. A man who had the feeling of kindness strongly developed, went to him, shook him by the shoulder and asked him what he was doing there.

"Waiting for God to come for me," said he.

"What do you mean?" said the gentleman, touched by the pathetic tone of the answer and the condition of the boy, in whose eye and flushed face he saw the evidence of fever.

"God has sent for father and mother and little

brother," said he, "and took them away to his home up in the sky, and mother told me when she was sick that God would take care of me. I have no home, nobody to give me anything, and I came out here and have been looking so long up in the sky for God to take me, as mother said he would. He will come, won't he? Mother never told a lie."

"Yes, my lad," said the man, overcome with emotion. "He has sent me to take care of you."

You should have seen his eyes flash and the smile of triumph break over his face, as he said:

"Mother never told a lie, sir; but you have been so long on the way."

They who walk dejectedly and hang their harp on the willows, must first distrust Providence and advertise God's purpose and plan a failure, and bar the windows to the birds which, as in spring-time, come to sing in the soul. What many need, to make the world brighter and better, is to swallow a sunbeam now and then, that there may be more sunshine in the soul; to come out of the dark and loathsome cellars and old ruins, the home of moles and bats, and build on the hilltops, where they can catch the earliest and latest sunshine, and the songs of the earliest and latest birds which sing. There is cheer enough all about us waiting to be ours, if we will only throw open the windows and unbar the doors and let it come in.

The wonder of wonders to me, in the personal dealings of God with me, is the patience he has had with me! Oh, how he has had to bear with me! How he has borne with me!

When I was in England, a lady told me a sweet story illustrative of what it is to have Christ between us and everything else. She said she was wakened up by a very strange noise of pecking or something of that kind, and when she got up she saw a butterfly flying backward and forward inside the window-pane in great fright, and outside a sparrow pecking and trying to get in. The butterfly did not see the glass and expected every moment to be caught, and the sparrow did not see the glass and expected every minute to catch the butterfly, yet all the while that butterfly was as safe as if it had been three miles away, because of the glass between it and the sparrow. So it is with Christians who are abiding in Christ. His presence is between them and every danger.

I do not believe that Satan understands about this mighty and invisible power that protects us, or else he would not waste his efforts by trying to get us. He must be like the sparrow—he does not see it; and Christians are like the butterfly—they do not see it, and so they are frightened and flutter backward and forward in terror; but all the while Satan cannot touch the soul that has the Lord Jesus Christ between itself and him.

We are not informed that when God created the world he did not decorate every portion of it alike beautiful, but we are authorized by his word to believe that if any spot received his peculiar consideration that was the garden of Eden.

There luxuriated in rich variety all the beauties of nature which have elicited the admiration, and engaged

the attention of all succeeding ages. There the rose, acknowledged queen of flowers, and the lily, fit emblem of maiden purity, grew spontaneous. There the lovely violet and the humble forget-me-not commanded the same attention as did the proud, majestic magnolia, loftily waving its expansive foliage in the pure atmosphere of heaven. But when we turn from that consecrated enclosure — that favored spot of divine love—all is conjecture and supposition.

The happiest conclusion is, that when God said, "Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit-tree yielding fruit," no section of the world was more prominently regarded than another. Doubtless, the most sequestered nooks and the most obscure places were then beautified and embellished by the prettiest of flowers; and who will think that those flowers were

> Born to blush unseen,
> And waste their sweetness on the desert air?

Have not the angels eyes? And did not they look down from their happy homes in heaven and unite in anthems of praise for what the great Despenser of all good had done for them.

Christian Charity.

That man may breathe, but never lives,
Who much receives, but nothing gives;
Whom none can love, whom none can thank
Creation's blot, creation's blank.
But he that marks, from day to day,
In generous acts, his radiant way,
Treads the same path the Saviour trod,
The path to glory and to God.

In this age of ostentation and selfishness Christian charity has almost lost its sweet meaning. Instead of the pure, spontaneous offering of the heart, owing all value to sentiment, it has become a humiliating insult, resorted to by the rich to remind the poor of their inferiority and dependence. Great attention to public manifestations is no evidence that true Christian charity exists. The most selfish, heartless being on earth, governed alone by the rule of self-interest, regardless of the responsibility devolving on every individual to contribute to the comfort of the indigent, to "clothe the naked and feed the hungry," can converse as glibly of relieving distress as though it were the fragrant breathing of a benevolent heart.

Men look upon their acts of mercy, as things purely voluntary, that they have no obligation to; and the effect of it is this, that they are apt to think very highly of themselves, when they have performed any, though never so mean, but never blame themselves, though they omit all: which is a very dangerous, but withal a very natural fruit of the former persuasion. If there be any charities, wherein justice is

not concerned, they are those which for the height and degrees of them are not made matter of strict duty, that is, are not in those degrees commanded by God. And even after these, it will be very reasonable for us to labor; but that cannot be done without taking the lower and necessary degrees in our way; and therefore let our first care be for them.

We are not, however, considering superficial or affected charity, but that which had its origin in heaven; that which suffereth long, envieth not, vaunteth not itself, seeketh not its own, thinketh no evil, and rejoiceth not in iniquity; that which beareth all things, believeth all things good, hopeth all things, endureth all things, for righteousness sake.

Our Master blessed the poor; His faith led Him among the lowly of the earth. He did not undertake to do His work by proxy, but He came Himself and associated with men in their low estate; visited them and talked with them; comforted them, fed them when hungry, healed them when sick, and thus not only ministered blessings to those who were in temporal need, but also bore our sicknesses, carried our sorrows, and was made "perfect through suffering," and now, "touched with the feeling of our infirmities," He knows how to sympathize with those that are in trouble and distress.

And He sends His disciples to be His representatives in works of mercy on the earth, and teaches them that it is more blessed to give than to receive. As He was, so are we in this world; and to those who sit in sadness, solitary and distressed; to the poor and to them

that have no helpers; to those who say in their despairing hours, "There is no God and no helper," He would have us go, and with the warmth of Christian friendship and the sympathy that is born from above, prove to them that God still lives, that Christ still loves, that there is blessing and mercy in store for the lost, that there are hearts that feel for their sorrows, and eyes that weep for their woes; and that they have but to enter into the fellowship of the family of God to find welcome and blessing more than we can tell, which shall crown their earthly lives with abiding joy, and fit them for the eternal bliss of the world that is to come.

Every miracle that Christ did was an act of mercy, and designed to cure as well as to convince. "He went about doing good;" he conversed among men like a walking balm, breathing health and recovery wheresoever he came.

Charity is the twin sister of humility, and they reciprocally strengthen each other, subduing all malice, all hypocrisy, and all evil speaking, spontaneously suggesting all that is forgiving, candid and compassionate; striving always to think others better than themselves; never severe on the frailties of others, because all are frail; declaiming not on a mote in another's eye, because none are exempt from flaws.

Genuine charity leads its possessor to scenes of poverty, misery and crime, gives simplicity to the character, levels the differences of the mind and station, facilitates a mutual flow of affection, and teaches the important truth that the efficacy of means of usefulness depends not on their imposing and expensive

character, but upon their skillful and earnest application.

Charity glorifies humanity. Its synonyn is love. It goes forth to meet the wants and necessities of the sorrow-stricken and oppressed. Wherever there is cruelty, or ignorance, or misery, sympathy stretches forth its hand to console and alleviate. The sight of grief, the sound of a groan, takes hold of the sympathetic mind, and will not let it go. Out of charity and justice some of the greatest events of modern times have emanated. Need we mention the abolition of slavery in England, America and France; the education of the untaught; the spread of Sunday schools; the efforts of the spread of temperance; the leveling up of the down-trodden classes, in which men and women of the best classes take so much interest?

There is room for the sympathetic help of all. He who loves God loves his neighbor—poor or rich—and cannot fail to be just, true and merciful. "The just man," said Massillon, "is above the world, and superior to all events. All creatures are subject to him, and he subject unto God alone." To tend the sick, to visit the widow and fartherless in their afflictions, to set on foot or to help in the schemes of benevolence, in elevating the poor—all this needs diligence, mercifulness and love.

Many women, young and old, nobly devote themselves to work such as this. They go into the courts and alleys of our towns and cities, and nurse those who might lie and die but for their services. Neither their hands nor their minds are stained by performing

the humblest and most repelling offices for their suffering fellow-creatures. Need we mention the work of Mrs. Walker among the poor girls in Poplar, Miss Octavia Hill in the West End courts, Mrs. Vickars among the fallen women at Brighton, Miss Robinson among the soldiers at Portsmouth? It must be confessed that these are exceptional workers, and that the world is still crowded with the helpless, the fallen, the poor and the destitute, without any help.

We have lately had taken from us Mary Carpenter, a true sister of charity. In the course of her active life she devoted herself to the reclamation of the neglected poor. She founded and superintended a reformatory institution in Bristol, the success of which proved a revelation to the country at large. Armed with purity of purpose, she went into courts and alleys through which a policeman could scarcely walk. The horrors of the back slums were opened to her sight. Nothing daunted, nothing disgusted her. She obtained the children for her Ragged Schools from these miserable quarters. She went to work with an intrepidity equal to that of John Howard himself. Her pen was always at work, keeping the subject continually before the public. At length she won a great victory, for the Government adopted her project, and established reformatory and industrial schools, which have done so much for the abandoned classes. There are thousands of men in our army and navy, and in all our industries, who have reason to bless the name of Mary Carpenter. Age did not stay her merciful work. In her sixtieth year she went out to India, to plant the seeds of her

educational system in the Eastern world. She paid in all four visits to India—the last being in 1876, when she was approaching her seventieth year. She lived to see the fruits of her labors springing up in all directions—in a generation of men and women, who, but for her, would have been left in the surroundings of vice and crime. What can be said of such women and of their noble sisters in such self-denying labors, but that they constitute the honor and hope of the human race?

Always proportion thy charity to the strength of thy estate, lest God proportion thy estate to the weakness of thy charity. Let the lips of the poor be the trumpet of thy gift, lest in seeking applause thou lose thy reward. Nothing is more pleasing to God than an open hand and a closed mouth. So far is charity from impoverishing, that what is given away, like vapors emitted from the earth, returns in showers of blessing into the bosom of the person that gave it, and his offering is not the worse, but infinitely better for it. Money spent on myself may be a millstone about my neck; money spent on others may give me wings like the eagles.

It is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn on the poles of truth. True charity consists not so much in doing what our hands find to do, as doing it cheerfully. Christian charity does not embrace the individual, who, with sin unrepented of, boldly demands its sympathy and respect. The divinity of charity consists in relieving a man's needs before they are forced upon us.

What a blessed inspiration that led to the writing of these lines:

> Trust not to each accusing tongue,
> As most weak persons do;
> But still believe that story false
> Which ought not to be true.

Could we all act fully upon this motto, how many heartaches and saddened lives would be saved.

We take the following suggestive, pleasing and useful thoughts from a very old book, called "The Whole Duty of Man," and would commend the perusal of the whole volume to all persons who can obtain it.

"But there is yet a farther excellency of this grace; it guards the mind and secures it from several great and dangerous vices; as first, from envy. This is by the apostle taught us to be the property of charity.

"And indeed common reason may confirm this to us; for envy is a sorrow at the prosperity of another, and therefore must needs be directly contrary to that desire of it which we showed before was the effect of love: so that if love bear sway in the heart, it will certainly chase out envy. How vainly then do these pretend to this virtue, that are still grudging and repining at every good hap of others?

"It is true, if this virtue were to be exercised but towards some sort of persons, it might consist with malice to others, it being possible for a man that bitterly hates one, to love another. But we are to take notice that this charity must not be so confined, but must extend and stretch itself to all men in the world, particularly to enemies, or else it is not that divine charity commended to us by Christ. The loving of

friends and benefactors is so low a pitch that the very publicans and sinners, the worst of men, were able to attain to it. And therefore it is not counted rewardable in a disciple of Christ; no, he expects we should soar higher and therefore hath set us this more spiritual and excellent precept of loving our enemies, and whoever does not thus, will never be owned by him for a disciple. We are therefore to conclude that all which has been said concerning this charity of the affections, must be understood to belong as well to our spiteful enemy as our most obliging friend.

"If one whom we know to be an innocent person be slandered and traduced, charity binds us to do what we may for the declaring his innocency, and delivering him from that false imputation, and that not only by witnessing when we are called to it, but by a voluntary offering our testimony on his behalf; or if the accusation be not before a court of justice, and so there be no place for that our more solemn testimony, but that it be only a slander tossed from one to another, yet even there we are to do what we can to clear him, by taking all occasions publicly to declare what we know of his innocency. But even to the guilty there is some charity of this kind to be performed, sometimes by concealing the fault, if it be such that no other part of charity to others make it necessary to discover it, or it be not so notorious as that it will be sure to betray itself. The wounds of reputation are of all others the most incurable, and therefore it may well become Christian charity to prevent them, even where they have been deserved; and perhaps

such a tenderness in hiding the fault may sooner bring the offender to repentance, if it be seconded (as it ought to be) with all earnestness of private admonition. But if the fault be such, that it be not to be concealed, yet still there may be place for this charity, in extenuating it and lessening it as far as the circumstances will bear. As, if it were done suddenly and rashly, charity will allow some abatement of the censure, which would belong to a designed and deliberate act; and so proportionably in other circumstances. But the most frequent exercises of this charity happen towards those, of whose either innocency or guilt we have no knowledge, but are by some doubtful actions brought under suspicion. And here we must remember, that it is the property of love, not to think evil, to judge the best; and therefore we are both to abstain from uncharitable conclusions of them ourselves, and as much as lies in us, to keep others from them also, and so endeavor to preserve the credit of our neighbor; which is oftentimes as much shaken by unjust suspicions, as it would be by the truest accusation."

Pure in her aims and in her temper mild;
Her wisdom seems the wisdom of a child.
She makes excuses when she might condemn;
Reviled by those who hate her, prays for them.
Suspicion lurks not in her artless breast—
The worst suggested she believes the best.
Not soon provoked, however stung and teased,
And, if perchance made angry, soon appeased;
She rather waives, than will dispute her right,
And, injured, makes forgiveness her delight.

Cowper.

The World's Hope.

Have you a hope of heaven? Then you are rich. When Alexander was preparing for his famous Persian expedition, he gave away the most of his crown possessions. He was asked what he had kept for himself. "My hopes," he said. Oh, how rich we are if we have a hope of heaven through the Saviour! Everything may go but that, and all will go at death, and yet you can say you are rich in your hopes.

Hope in God produces cheerfulness. It sees a silver lining to every dark cloud, a certain victory in every fierce battle, a joyful harvest amid the dull cares of seed-time, eternal life beyond death's dark, repulsive river, rest to succeed the weariness of toil, and crowns of splendor for the dust-covered pilgrim. Hope wonderfully invigorates the spirit when it takes hold of the tearless, sorrowless, deathless world to come.

Said one who was eminent for his piety: "I have known what the enjoyment and advantages of this life are, and what the more refined pleasures which learning and intellectual power can bestow, and with all the experience that threescore years can give, I now, on the eve of my departure, declare to you that health is a great blessing; that competence gained by honest industry is a great blessing; and a great blessing it is to have kind, faithful and loving, friends and relatives; but the greatest of all blessings, as it is the most ennobling of all privileges, is to be, indeed, a Christian."

"The life of Christianity," said Luther, "consists in possessive pronouns." It is one thing to say, "Christ is a Saviour;" it is quite another to say, "He is *my* Saviour and *my* Lord." The devil can say the first; the true Christian alone can say the second. The human soul has the conviction, however dim and unformed it may be, that God is, and that He is the rewarder of those who diligently seek Him. Faith in God is the acceptance of this conviction. It is a conscious, voluntary act, whereby the soul passes out of its isolation into a fellowship with God.

It is easy for people to say they do not believe in Christianity—that is, in its corruptions; but the spirit of it has so permeated our modern world that many a fierce skeptic is a good Christian without knowing it. He can deny but he cannot get away from the influence of that divine morality which Christians recognize as their sun of righteousness. It may not shine—mists may obscure it, so that one is prone to doubt its very existence; but without it, daylight would not be there.

What thou shouldst appear before God, that should God appear to thee! He who is kind and gentle and of great compassion, requires the meek, the kind, the humble and compassionate. Love him who drew thee from the lake of misery and from the miry clay. Choose him for thy friend above all friends, who, when thou art bereft of all things, can alone remain to thee. In the day of thy burial, when every friend is gone, he will not forsake thee, but will defend thee from devouring foes, lead thee through an unknown region, bring thee to the streets of the heavenly Zion, and place thee

with angels in the presence of his majesty, where thou shalt hear the angelic melody, Holy, holy, holy! There is the chant of gladness, there the voice of exultation and salvation, of thanksgiving and praise and perpetual hallelujah! There is accumulated bliss and super-eminent glory!

Ancient history speaks of two brothers, one of whom found guilty of a heinous crime, was condemned to death and about to be led forth to execution; the other, patriotic and brave, had signalized himself in the service of his country, and had lost a hand in obtaining an illustrious victory for the state. Just as the sentence of condemnation was pronounced upon his unhappy brother, he entered the court and silently raised his handless arm in view of all. The judges saw it, arrested the execution and pardoned the guilty one for the sake of the service and the sufferings of his heroic brother. So may not our elder Brother, as He appears in our nature before the throne, silently and efficiently plead for us by the very scars he bears?

Christianity does not consist in a proud priesthood, a costly church, an imposing ritual, a fashionable throng, a pealing organ, loud responses to the creed and reiterated expressions of reverence for the name of Christ, but in the spirit that was in Jesus, the spirit of filial trust in God, and ardent, impartial, overflowing love to man. Christ presents no harsh front, prescribes no fearful ordeal. He is better than law or church. He appears as divine love; and offers you immediate safety in his arms. This is acting like a

God. Meet his invitation with your faith, and so act like a man made in the image of God.

There is many a wounded heart without a contrite spirit. The ice may be broken into a thousand pieces —it is ice still; but expose it to the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, and then it will melt. The cross is the only ladder high enough to touch Heaven's threshold. It was the remark of John Newton, when his memory had almost completely gone, that he could never forget two things: First, that he was a great sinner; Second, that Jesus Christ was a great and mighty Saviour.

We are explicitly taught, however, that we cannot do any thing which will enable us to inherit eternal life. We can do no thing but receive the grace of God, which brings salvation. The condition of the acceptance of the grace of God is not doing any thing to bring salvation, but it is the receiving of the offered grace of God which brings salvation. The very performance of the condition, therefore, is a virtual surrender to the sovereign mercy of God, in order to the soul's salvation at the hand of a merciful God.

We claim rightfully, rationally, the choice of our destiny. And there is an appeal to our reason by the powerful motive of love—a love that is life. A Saviour is ready, able and willing to redeem us. Will we accept? Will we choose Him and live? Will we make our election sure? Will we save our souls? Shall the great reprieve that props our house of clay be ours in vain? Shall the love of God, as exhibited to us in the glorious plan of salvation, be ours in vain? O let us save our souls!

"For what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and loose his own soul!"

The desire felt by every one for bliss which cannot be realized on earth, is a sure proof of the soul's immortality; it is in vain to endeavor to satiate its yearnings with earthly pleasures, riches or honors.

Says the Rev. Charles Spurgeon: "Brethren, believe in the power of the cross, for the conversion of those around you. Do not say of any man, that he cannot be saved. The blood of Jesus is omnipotent. Do not say of any district that it is too sunken, or of any class of men that they are too far gone. The word of the cross reclaims the lost. Believe it to be the power of God and you shall find it so. Believe in Christ crucified, and preach boldly in His name, and you shall see great things and gladsome things. Let no man's heart fail him! Christ hath died! Atonement is complete! God is satisfied! Peace is proclaimed! Heaven glitters with proofs of mercy, already bestowed upon ten thousand times ten thousand! Hell is trembling, Heaven adoring, Earth waiting. Advance, ye saints to certain victory! You shall overcome through the blood of the Lamb."

Field joining field, waving and laden with autumn's golden grain: Minerva standing by, industriously, gloriously analyzing, compounding, increasing, commanding the power of wealth; there rising in the majesty of her own queenly power, to gather and control productive industry from still brighter fields, of larger dimensions and nobler range, in yonder star lit vault whose Husbandman giveth the increase;

increasing, producing, expanding,. in the proudest nobility of man!—this were a higher happiness than earth has ever known, and yet it were vanity; for the golden bowl is broken at the fountain, the daughter of music laid low, and man goeth to his long home. Depravity—universal and destructive depravity—the demon spirit that rears its altars at the expense of every earthly good, and then brings as its oblation purity and hope, which it consumes with fiendish delight, has made a wreck of human happiness; and the undying part of man unsatisfied by mere temporal good, weeps with agonizing bitterness over the mockery of life. Nor does death itself, the end of all things sublunary, dispel its anguish; upon the graves of the departed it keeps its nightly vigils and its eternal moanings.

When did the turbid tide of life roll at the command of kings, or the crown of the dead give security to the heir? The wealth of the world, the wisdom of Solomon, and the power of crowned heads combined! —they dwindle into insignificance when put in the balance with the immortal spirit of man. "As the mortal to the immortal; as the dead to the living!"

Wisdom is powerless to attempt the measure of an argument. "For what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

> Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
> But how I may escape the death
> That never, never dies.

This great preparation of the soul should be the grand object of human pursuit.

The minister *must* be faithful. He is set for the

defense of the truth. Men are to learn of the teachings of the Bible from the pulpit. They have no other means of knowing—no means that they will lay hold of. They will not study the Bible for themselves. Hence their dependence upon the pulpit. And the reason why—one of the reasons, surely, why there is such a low type of spiritual and moral life among men is because there is such a low and imperfect standard of Bible knowledge among the people. Doctrine and life are closely related. Doctrine is the aliment by which the life is sustained. As good food puts sound, solid muscle upon the bony structure of the system, giving to the external form beauty and symmetry, even so doctrine, when digested, assimilated, rounds out the Christian character into perfectional symmetry, and causes us to grow into Christ, our living Head.

While Christianity is essentially a life, it is so because it is a doctrine as well. In experience, it is a doctrine before it becomes a life. It is a life, because it is a doctrine. The distinction which we often hear made between doctrinal and practical preaching is mostly a figment. No preaching can be effective nor in any high sense practical, unless it have a strong infusion of doctrine, which must be to our sermons what bone is to the body, what rock is to the mountain, what principle is to life—their solidity and strength. The pulpit that does not deal judiciously in doctrine, that in these times of prevailing error and loose thinking does not set itself for the defense of the truth, does not earnestly contend for the faith once delivered to the saints, and grapple and match itself with the questions of the day,

which are assailing "the truth as it is in Jesus," will be like a man all muscle and adipose, or a hillock of sand, that is being washed away by every storm that beats upon it.

The chief purpose of Christian knowledge is to promote the great end of Christian life. This knowledge is best acquired and the duties consequent on it best performed by reading books of plain piety and practical devotion, and not by entering into the endless feuds and engaging in the unprofitable contentions of partial controversialists. Nothing is more unamiable than the narrow spirit of party zeal; nor is anything more disgusting than to hear a man deal out judgments, and denounce anathemas against any one who happens to differ from him in some opinion, perhaps of no real importance, and which, it is probable, he may be just as wrong in advocating as the object of his censure is in rejecting.

John Muller, a learned Swiss writer, was deeply engaged in historical studies at Cassel, in the year 1782. Indefatigable in research, he wrote to his friend, Charles Bonnet, the naturalist, that he had studied all the ancient authors without one exception, in the order of time in which they lived, and he had not omitted to take note of a single remarkable fact. Among other works it occurred to him to glance at the New Testament, and we give in his own words the impression it produced upon him:

"How shall I express what I have found here? I had not read it for many years, and when I began I was prejudiced against it. The light which blinded Paul in his

journey to Damascus was not more prodigious or more surprising to him than what I suddenly discovered was to me—the accomplishment of every hope, the perfection of all philosophy, the explanation of all revolutions, the key of all the apparent contradictions of the material and moral world, of life and immortality. I see the connection of all the revolutions in Europe and Asia with that suffering people to whom were committed the promises. I see religion appearing at the moment most favorable to its establishment, and in the way most likely to promote its reception. The world appearing to be arranged solely with reference to the religion of the Saviour; I can understand nothing if such a religion be not from God. I have not read any books about it; but in studying all that happened before this epoch, I have always found something wanting; and since I have known our Lord, all is clear to my sight; with him, there is no problem that I cannot solve. Forgive me for thus praising the sun, as a blind man who has suddenly received the gift of sight."

The effects of the work of Christ are even to the unbeliever indisputable and historical. It expelled cruelty; it curbed passion; it branded suicide; it punished and repressed an execrable infanticide; it drove the shameless impurities of heathendom into a congenial darkness. There was hardly a class whose wrongs it did not remedy. It rescued the gladiator, it freed the slave, it protected the captive, it nursed the sick, it sheltered the orphan, it elevated the woman, it shrouded as with a halo of sacred innocence the tender

years of the child. In every region of life its ameliorating influence was felt. It changed pity from a vice into a virtue. It elevated poverty from a curse into a beatitude. It ennobled labor from a vulgarity into a dignity and a duty. It sanctified marriage from little more than a burdensome convention into little less than a blessed sacrament. It revealed for the first time the angelic beauty of a purity of which men had despaired, and of a meekness at which they had utterly scoffed. It created the very conception of charity, and broadened the limits of its obligation from the narrow circle of a neighborhood to the widest horizons of a race.

And while it thus involved the idea of humanity as a common brotherhood, even where its tidings were *not* believed—all over the world, wherever its tidings *were* believed it cleansed the life and elevated the soul of each individual man. And in all lands were it has moulded the characters of its true believers it has created hearts pure, and lives peaceful, and homes sweet.

Let your refuge be wholly built up of divine truth. Do not try to comfort yourself with a lie. Dear friend, let truth be all in all to you. Counterfeit coin enriches no man. Have nothing to do with false and flattering teachings. If your hope is not built on solid, substantial matters of fact, give it up, and get one that is. If your hope of being saved depends on a dream, or a voice you thought you heard in the air, or some other such nonsense, put it away. Build upon your Lord's life, death and resurrection; build upon God's

promises; build by the work of the Holy Ghost with faith, and you shall have the reward of eternal life. In a word, rest on Jesus, the eternal Son of God, made flesh, and bleeding to the death for man; build on his complete work and there only, and then if winds blow and waters rage you shall be safe, safe forever.

Fathers on earth cannot always help us; they are on our level; themselves enfeebled and perplexed. But when Jesus says, "Say, Our Father which art in Heaven," he raises our view to the greatness and the power of God. There, in heaven, he has leisure to help us. He has the infinite perfection that leaves him free to bear the burden of others. He has the resources from which he can supply our need, and the place of vantage from which he can influence all that happens.

"Say what you will," says Dr. Martineau, "of the failures and errors of Christian enthusiasm, no zeal which you might deem more rational has done half as much for suffering humanity. When it has missed its own ends, it has reached others to which no colder zeal would ever have addressed itself. But for the church, where would have been the school in Christendom? But for the missionary army, baffled and beaten as it has often been, where would the advancing lines of civilization have stood, which are everywhere reducing the barbarism of the world? But for the reverence felt for the souls of men, how long should we have had to wait for the various forms of pity and healing for the body? Christians may have attempted many foolish things; but who have effected

more wise ones? They may have said too much of despising the world; but who have done more to render it habitable?" And again, "If once, among the poorest, the living springs of religion are touched, and a family becomes God-fearing, a transformation forthwith sets in; the rags disappear; the furniture returns; the sickness abates; the children brighten; the quarrels cease; the hard times are tided over better than before; and sorrow, once dull and sullen, is alive with hope and trust."

Mr. Spurgeon says that he was once in a crowded court-room when the Judge directed that a Mr. Brown should be called as a witness. The crier shouted out "Mr. Brown!" The name was passed out into the crowded lobby and to the street, "Brown—Brown." Presently a little, insignificant man came pushing through the throng, and some one said, "Who are you?" He replied, "I am Brown." "Who is that?" "Nobody," replied the little man, "only that *I was told to come.*" So every human being that carries an immortal soul in his breast—be he a coal-heaver or a scullion—has a right to say, "I was told to come." Jesus died on Calvary for this very purpose. The meaning of his last pathetic cry on the cross was—redemption is *finished*, and every sinner may come and be saved. Old School and New School, Calvinist and Wesleyan, agree in this, that no man need perish for want of an atonement.

In the Celestial home there will be no sadness, for God himself shall wipe away all tears from the eyes of His saints. The wailings of despair will there be

changed to the triumphant songs of praise. All will strike their golden harps to the sweetest melody, and will be clothed in spotless garments, all will bear the conquering palm, all wear a victor's crown.

Heart's-Ease.

It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind.

Sir. W. Scott.

Great injury is done to the interests of religion, by placing it in a gloomy and unamiable light. It is sometimes spoken of as if it would actually make a handsome woman ugly, or a young one wrinkled. But can anything be more absurd than to represent the beauty of holiness as the source of deformity?

It is a strange notion which prevails in the world, that religion only belongs to the old and the melancholy, and that it is not worth while to pay the least attention to it, while we are capable of attending to anything else. When the senses are palled with excessive gratification ; when the eye is tired with seeing and the ear with hearing; when the spirits are so sunk, that "the grasshopper is become a burden," how shall the blunted apprehension be capable of understanding a new science, or the worn-out heart be able to relish a new pleasure.

When the saintly Payson was dying, he exclaimed,

"I long to hand a full cup of happiness to every human being." This was the language of a heart thoroughly purged of all selfish affection, and filled with the spirit of that love which led our adorable Jesus to give his life for human redemption.

If every Christian would go out daily among men filled with such longing for human happiness what marvelous changes would soon be wrought in human society! The selfish element would be eliminated from the dealings of the Christian business man. Not justice merely, but benevolence would enter into his everyday trade. The same spirit would rule his home and church life. He would become an incarnation of good will towards all, and would so preach the gospel by his deeds that men would see his good works and glorify his Heavenly Father. The spirit of Payson is worthy of every man's imitation. Happy he who can truthfully say, "I long to hand a cup of happiness to every human being."

Why should we insist on bearing our own cares, when God is ready to bear them for us? Why do we magnify them, and multiply them, and brood over them, as if in so doing we could relieve ourselves or make them seem fewer and lighter? Let us go with them at once to him, knowing that it is as self-righteous to keep our cares as our sins from him. Let us go to him with thanksgiving as well as prayer. Oh, how thanksgiving lightens all burdens and scatters all shadows! How quickly care leaves us when we rebuke it with "Bless the Lord, O my soul!"

There never was a man or woman converted, from

one end of the world to the other, who did not love the revealed will of God. Just as a child born into the world desires naturally the milk provided for its nourishment, so does a soul born again desire the sincere milk of the Word. There is a common mark of all the children of God; they "delight in the law of the Lord."

The difficulty which most people have in religion is to bring the thought of God into their daily lives. His very greatness makes it hard to connect Him with homely, every-day matters. We get some sense of Him in church, or in the prayer-meeting, or in rare hours of exalted feeling. But when we go into the busy world, where most of our life is spent, God fades away into a heaven that is farther off than the blue sky above our heads.

This is a great loss to us. It is neglect on our part of our highest opportunity. God walks with us, in closest nearness, at every moment. There is in Him, if we could learn to take it, a provision of helpfulness, of sympathy, of sufficiency, for every step in the whole round of our daily life. The very things that seem insignificant and without spiritual meaning are set around us by God as a part of our education. And if we habitually recognize his presence in them all, the incidents of business, and our household care and daily walk would become threads of gold, holding us in the sweetest, noblest friendship with our Heavenly Father. How it would smooth family friction, and scatter clouds of discontent, to yield to the infallible Disposer of all events! How would sorrow be

HEART'S-EASE.

FOR WELL-SPRINGS OF TRUTH

soothed and softened, if the Comforter, instead of being an occasional guest, dwelt in our homes, an abiding, real presence.

As the ivy twines around the oak, so does misery and misfortune encompass the happiness of man. Felicity, pure and unalloyed felicity, is not a plant of earthly growth; her gardens are the skies. A loving confidence in the God we have offended is the key to his heart, the key which unlocks the treasury of his grace. Make a journey every day to three mountains. Go to Sinai, and see your sins; go to Calvary and behold the Lamb of God; go to Zion and view the heavenly city. We cannot live on probabilities. The faith in which we can live bravely and die in peace must be a certainty, so far as it professes to be a faith at all, or it is nothing.

"Consolation!" There is music in the word. Like David's harp, it charms away the spirit of melancholy. It was a distinguished honor to Barnabas to be called the "son of consolation." Nay, it is one of the illustrious names of a greater than Barnabas, for the Lord Jesus is "the consolation of Israel." "Everlasting consolation." Here is the cream of all, the spikenard very precious, for the eternity of comfort is the crowning glory of it. This makes an estate worth having, when a man may hold its fee simple in perpetuity forever. A man works to make money, and after toiling hard he finds himself the owner of it, and it is a consolation to him; but it is not an everlasting consolation, for he may lose or he may spend all his treasure,

or he may be compelled to leave it. It cannot be, at best, more than a temporary consolation.

A man toils hard for knowledge. He acquires it; he becomes an eminent scholar; his name is famous—this is a consolation to him for all his toil. But it cannot last long; for when he feels the headache, or the heartache, his degrees and his diplomas cannot cheer him. Or should his soul become a prey to despondency, he may turn over many a learned tome before he will find a balm for a broken heart.

All earth-born consolations are in their essence fleeting, and in their existence short-lived. They are brilliant and evanescent as the rainbow hues of a soap-bubble. But as to the consolations God gives to His people, they fade not, neither do they lose their freshness. They can stand all tests—the shock of trial, the flames of persecution, the lapse of years; nay, they can even endure death itself. What is this "everlasting consolation"? It includes a sense of pardoned sin. A Christian man has received in his heart the witness of the Spirit that his iniquities are put away like a cloud, and his transgressions like a thick cloud. Union to the risen Lord is a consolation of the most abiding order—it is in fact "everlasting consolation." And this consolation, this "heart's ease," can be seen in the face of such a redeemed soul, as surely as the sunshine can be seen upon the face of the waters. We have in our illustration the face of one who has evidently sat long at the feet of the Master, as did Mary, and there has drunk of His Spirit.

The question whether God exists is simply the

question whether all things in the universe are governed by the forces of wisdom and goodness—and thus that every combination of circumstances will be made to issue in the highest good. When we are in trouble, it is hard to answer this question with a confident affirmative. We tremble lest the evil should be triumphing, lest ignorance and malevolence may not, after all, be the dominant principles in the universe. But despair is blank atheism; it is an abandonment of belief in the rule of wisdom and goodness. Even anxiety partakes of this error;—it is a questioning whether, after all, there be what we call God. But if a man truly and fully believes that all the affairs of the universe are controlled by wisdom and goodness, he cannot be troubled in mind, however dark may be the immediate prospect.

Men may create philosophies, they may turn the gospel itself into a cold abstraction, but the practical truth remains that the Christ who saves, comforts, and lifts the intolerable burden of sorrow or of sin, comes now as of old—comes as a living, loving, personal presence, human in sympathy, divine in power. Our need and our consciousness of it form our strongest claim upon Him and the best preparation for Him.

Try to take cheerful views of divine things. Dwell on your mercies. Look at the bright as well as the dark sides. Do not cherish gloomy thoughts. Melancholy is no friend to devotion. It greatly hinders the usefulness of many. It falls upon a contented life like a drop of ink on white paper, which is not the less stain because it carries no meaning with it.

Let your soul rove through the truths of Scripture as the happy herds through the green pastures.

The great distinction between the religion revealed in the Gospel and all other religions known to the world is that it comes as precious balm to the broken-hearted. No religion ever appeared in the world whose natural tendency was so much directed to promote the peace and happiness of mankind. It makes right reason a law in every possible definition of the word. And therefore, even supposing it to have been purely a human invention, it had been the most amiable and the most useful invention that was ever imposed on mankind for their good.

"Let him that would live well," said Plato, "attain to truth, and then, and not before, he will cease from sorrow."

Seneca says, "He must be miserable who does not consider himself happy, although he could command the universe; no man can be happy who does not think himself so, for it signifies not how exalted soever your station may be, if it appears to you bad. The great blessings of mankind are within us and within our reach, but we shut our eyes, and like people in the dark we fall foul upon the very thing we search for, without finding it." "Contentment," says Addison, "produces, in some measure, all those effects which the alchemist usually ascribes to what he calls the Philosopher's Stone; and if it does not bring riches, it does the same thing by banishing the desire of them."

A peace worth all the specious goods which this world has at its disposal will ever be found in a simple

and contented mind, in an affectionate heart, and in a pure and honorable life. Contentment is also better than luxury or power; indeed it is natural wealth. Mary, sister of Elizabeth, often wished that she had been born a milkmaid instead of a queen. She would have been saved the torture of unrequited love, and the degradation of power through the hands of her ministers. Many martyrs would have been saved from burning.

Miracles of grace are for saints as well as sinners; feeble minds can be strengthened and crutches thrown away. We ought to grow out of the feebleness of our spiritual childhood. We should cry to God for grace that we might get up "into the hill country" of holy confidence, and there, like Mary, sing, "My soul doth magnify the Lord." Oh, that we might all attain to assurance, yea, to the full assurance of understanding, so that we should know why and wherefore we are thus assured, and so become rooted, grounded and settled in the faith, for then nothing would by any means remove us from the truth, or even move us in the truth.

Many Christians cannot fix the precise date of their conversion. The new life came to them as the dawn comes—darkness slowly giving place to steel gray, and steel gray to silver, and the silver reddening into ruddy gold, and all so quietly and steadily that we could not fix the precise birth-moment of the day.

As the ice upon the mountains, when the warm breath of the summer sun breathes upon it, melts and divides into drops, each of which reflects an image of

the sun; so life, in the smile of God's love, divides itself into separate forms, each bearing in it and reflecting an image of God's love.

Christian Graces.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.—*Miss Waring.*

"How carefully," says St. Francis de Sales, "we should cherish the little graces which spring up at the foot of the Cross!" When asked, "What graces do you mean?" he replied, "Humility, patience, meekness, benignity, bearing one another's burdens, condescension, cordiality, compassion, forgiving injuries, simplicity, candor—all, in short, of that sort of little graces." It is a high Christian duty to be cheerful. Christian cheerfulness is a grace, and it is also a means of grace. But, mind you, cheerfulness and levity are very different things. Perseverance is good, patience is better, meekness is best. The diamond, in whatever direction it is turned, is equally brilliant, equally attractive, nor requires to be placed in a certain position to exhibit its matchless lustre. So should the Christian shine. Grace tried is better than grace, and it is more than grace; it is glory in its infancy.

Bacon says: "As those wines which flow from the first treading of the grapes are sweeter and better

than those forced out by the press, which gives them the roughness of the husk and the stone, so are those doctrines best and sweetest which flow from a gentle crush of the Scriptures and are not wrung into controversies and commonplaces."

The grace of prosperity is temperance; the grace of adversity is fortitude. A man's true wealth is the good he does in the world to his fellow-men. Our influence is measured and expressed by example. We can lead others no farther than we go ourselves.

"It is an introspection," says Canon Mosely, "on which all religion has been built. Man going into himself and seeing the struggle within him, and thence getting self-knowledge, and thence the knowledge of God." Under this influence man knows and feels what is right and wrong. He has the choice between good and evil. And because he is free to choose, he is responsible. When Christ implants the well of living water in a man's heart, it will not have merely a refreshing influence, but a cleansing and purifying effect. If there be none of the latter the absence of the living water may well be argued.

Hence the imperative necessity of growing in grace, as grace alone will give the nourishment that life demands. And if Christ's work thus abounds in you, there will be no failure of its fruitage in outward every-day life. You can never be barren fig-trees, to which your Master shall come for fruit and find nothing thereon but leaves. I never saw a Christian who was really growing in grace who did not show it in his life. Such lives never run in stereotyped grooves. The humblest

of them have a bent and power all their own. And when I see Christian men and women folding their hands in despair after fruitless struggling, and complaining that all the threads of life are hopelessly tangled, that they cannot get a clew from one of them to follow out to noble ends, I cannot but think that they have started from the wrong point, that they have tried to do the work of Jesus out in the world without first seeing to it that that work was sufficiently matured in their own hearts to furnish them with the inspiration and the clew needed to carry it on.

There are moments in life when the power of reasoning concerning the morality of our actions seems lost—when the waves of sorrow or passion seem to engulf the judgment and leave us at the mercy of our emotions. At such times what is to become of the soul if it has no fixed principle—no standards of right and wrong, which, in hours of calm reflection, have been determined, and received into the heart as truths never to be questioned?

Adherence to principle is far removed from obstinacy, the latter being founded on selfishness, while the former is often maintained by the very crucifixion of self, and frequently exists in the gentlest natures.

Christianity means honesty. It means fairness and squareness in dealing. It means following the golden rule as closely as erring man can do so. It does not mean the unfair taking advantage for the sake of a few paltry dollars. It means the doing of what a man believes to be right, though the heavens fall. There cannot be a secret Christian. Grace is like ointment

hid on the hand; it betrayeth itself. If you truly feel the sweetness of the cross of Christ, you will be constrained to confess Christ before men.

Conscience is permanent and universal. It is the very essence of individual character. It gives a man self-control—the power of resisting temptations and defying them. It is conscience alone which sets a man on his feet, frees him from the dominions of his own passions and propensities. It places him in relation to the best interests of his kind. The truest source of enjoyment is found in the paths of duty alone. Enjoyment will come as the unbidden sweetener of labor, and crown every right work.

At its fullest growth, conscience bids men do whatever makes them happy in the highest sense, and forbear doing whatever makes them unhappy. "There are few if any among civilized people," says Herbert Spencer, "who do not agree that human well-being is in accord with the divine will. The doctrine is taught by all our religious teachers; it is assumed by every writer on morality; we may, therefore, safely consider it an admitted truth."

Without conscience a man can have no higher principle of action than pleasure. He does what he likes best, whether it be sensuality or even sensuous intellectual enjoyment.

In order to grow in grace we must be much alone. It is not in society—even Christian society—that the soul grows most vigorous. In one single quiet hour of prayer it will often make more progress than in days of company with others. It is in the desert

that the dew falls freshest and the air is purest. Practice to make God thy last thought at night when thou sleepest, and thy first thought in the morning when thou awakest; so shall thy fancy be sanctified in the night, and thy understanding be rectified in the day; so shall thy rest be peaceful and thy labors prosperous.

Look into the life and temper of Christ described and illustrated in the gospel, and search whether you can find anything like it in your own life. Have you anything of His humility, meekness and benevolence to men? Anything of His purity and wisdom, His contempt of the world, His patience, His fortitude, His zeal? It is not the man who gives his money that is the true benefactor of his kind, but the man who gives *himself*. The man who gives his money is advertised; the man who gives his time, strength and soul is beloved. The one may be remembered, while the other may be forgotten, though the good influence he has sown will never die.

Mackenzie says: "I have observed one ingredient somewhat necessary in a man's composition towards happiness, which people of feeling would do well to acquire—a certain respect for the follies of mankind; for there are so many fools whom the world entitles to regard, whom accident has placed in heights of which they are unworthy, that he who cannot restrain his contempt or indignation at the sight will be too often quarreling with the disposal of things to relish that share which is allotted to himself."

It is only the incorrigible egotist or the self-satisfied

Pharisee who does not lament his lack of knowledge and his immaturity in grace. There is an Eastern story of a sultan who overslept himself, so as not to awaken at the hour of prayer. So the devil came and waked him and told him to get up and pray. "Who are you?" said the sultan. "Oh, no matter," replied the other. "My act is good, is it not? No matter who does the good action so long as it is good." "Yes," replied the sultan, "but I think you are Satan. I know your face; you have some bad motive." "But," says the other, "I am not so bad as I am painted. You see I have left off my horns and tail. I am a pretty good fellow after all. I was an angel once and I still keep some of my original goodness." "That's all very well," replied the sagacious and prudent caliph, "but you are the tempter; that's your business; and I wish to know why you want me to get up and pray." "Well," said the devil, with a flirt of impatience, "if you must know, I will tell you. If you had slept and forgotten your prayers, you would have been sorry for it afterwards, and penitent; but if you go on as now and do not neglect a single prayer for ten years, you will be so satisfied with yourself that it will be worse for you than if you had missed one sometimes and repented of it. God loves your fault mixed with penitence more than your virtue seasoned with pride."

A Christian is always on the perch or on the wing; he is always reposing in God or in flight after him, and the latter is as good an evidence of religion as the former; for delight is not only a part of complacency and affection, but also fear, complaint, desire—fear of

losing the object; complaint of our enjoying so little of it; desire to attain and feel more.

Active and sympathetic contact with man in the transactions of daily life is a better preparation for healthy, robust piety than any amount of meditation and seclusion. What Swedenborg said about vowing poverty and retiring from the world in order to live more to heaven, seems reasonable and true. "The life that leads to heaven," he said, "is not a life of retirement from the world, but of *action in the world.* A life of charity, which consists in acting sincerely and justly in every enjoyment and work, in obedience to the Divine law, is not difficult; but a life of piety alone *is* difficult, and it leads *away* from heaven as much as it is commonly believed to lead to it."

Once it was a wide-spread notion that growth in piety required entire withdrawal from the pressure and concerns of the world. This was a serious mistake. In our busy, stirring times, we are greatly tempted to err in the opposite direction. While striving to let our light shine before men, we are in danger of forgetting to feed our lamp with holy oil. With our many opportunities for social worship, we may let that which is public answer all things, to the exclusion of the private services of religion. Amidst our abundant facilities for instruction in righteousness in our multiplied assemblies, we may overlook quiet, devotional study; we may be tempted to let our public exercises in examining the word pass for private meditation, which is a precious means of digesting and assimilating holy truth.

While we may be faithful not to forget the assembling of ourselves together, we may fail to regard the importance of holding communion with the Lord in secret. While uniting our influence and contributions in a great fund for extensive good, we are in danger of underrating the value and effectiveness of individual acts of Christian affability and charity; as though while we contemplated with awe the force of the avalanche, we should fail to think of the individual snowflakes that compose the majestic mass. Piety has no less a private life than a public sphere. At the same time that we confess the communion of saints, there is no less certainly an individual communion with God. Let us be careful that we become not partial or one-sided in our religious views and practices. If our light is not to be hidden under a bushel, neither must we neglect the private carefulness that keeps the lamp well-trimmed and burning.

The Christian hero is not incited by any such deeds of daring as the soldier hero. The arena on which he acts is not that of aggression or strife, but of suffering and self-sacrifice. No stars glitter on his breast, no banners wave over him. And when he falls, as he often does, in the performance of his duty, he receives no nation's laurels, no pompous mournings, but only the silent dropping of tears over his grave.

Man is not made for fame or glory or success; but for something higher and greater than the world can give. "God hath given to man," says Jeremy Taylor, "a short time here upon earth, and yet upon this short time eternity depends. We must remember

that we have many enemies to conquer, many evils to prevent, much danger to run through, many difficulties to be mastered, many necessities to be served, and much good to do."

Here is a fine specimen of honesty and truthfulness on the part of a poor German peasant. Bernardin de Saint Pierre has told the story in his "Etudes de la Nature." He was serving as an engineer under the Count de Saint Germain during his campaign in Hesse, in 1760. For the first time he became familiar with the horrors of war. Day by day he passed through sacked villages and devastated fields and farm-yards. Men, women and children were flying from their cottages in tears. Armed men were everywhere destroying the fruits of their labor, regarding it as part of their glory. But in the midst of so many acts of cruelty, Saint Pierre was consoled by a sublime trait of character displayed by a poor man whose cottage and farm lay in the way of the advancing army.

A captain of dragoons was ordered out with his troop to forage for provisions. They reached a poor cabin and knocked at the door An old man with a white beard appeared. "Take me to a field," said the officer, "where I can obtain forage for my troops." "Immediately, sir," replied the old man. He put himself at their head, and ascended the valley. After about half an hour's march a fine field of barley appeared. "This will do admirably," said the officer. "No," said the old man; wait a little, and all will be right." They went on again, until they reached another field of barley. The troops dismounted, mowed

down the grain, and trussing it up in bundles, put them on their horses. "Friend," said the officer, "how is it that you have brought us so far? The first field of barley that we saw was quite as good as this." "That is quite true," said the peasant, "but *it was not mine!*"

In olden times virtue and valor were synonymous. Valor, the old Roman valor, was worth, value. It was strength, force, available for noble purposes. He who best serves his fellow-creatures, who elevates them, who saves them, is the most valiant.

There is also an inward valor—of conscience, of honesty, of self-denial, of self-sacrifice, of daring to do the right in the face of the world's contumely. Its chief characteristic is great-heartedness. Endurance and energy are the dual soul of worth, the true valor.

Humility is of all graces the chief when it does not know itself to be a grace. Kind looks, kind words, kind acts and warm handshakes—these are primary means of grace when men are in trouble, and fighting their unseen battles. They build up both the giver and the receiver. Art thou, then, desirous of possessing this chiefest of all graces? Dost thou tremble, fearing that the pride of thy life will destroy its joyous work?

Surely humility is apparent enough. Thou takest a right view of thyself, O man of desires! A lowly esteem hast thou of thyself, and this is well. I would to God that some who are full of brags and boasts about their holiness could only be as safe as thou art with thy desires and groans, for there is in thee that

broken and contrite heart which the Lord will not despise. God hath given thee this jewel among the rest—a meek and lowly spirit. Ay, and there is faith in thee, for no man heartily desires to believe unless he doth in some measure already believe. There is a measure of believing in every true desire after believing.

If thou sayest, "I would trust Christ," why, soul, thou trusteth him already in some degree, since thou dost believe that He is the kind of person whom it would be right to trust. Thy desire to cast thyself wholly upon Christ hath in it the beginnings of saving faith. Thou hast the grain of mustard-seed within thee which will grow into a great tree. I can tell the mustard by its taste; the strength of thy desire, its pungency and heat, betray the genuine seed. And thou hast love, too; I am sure of it. Did ever a man desire to love that which he did not love already? Thou hast already some affection towards the Lord Jesus, some drawings of thy heart Christwards, or else thou wouldst not sigh and cry to be more filled with it. He who loves most is the very man who most passionately desires to love more. Love and desire keep pace in Christians, so that the more love the more desire to love; and so I gather that this desire of thine to love Jesus is a sure evidence that thou dost love Him already.

Thy desire is the smoke which proves that there is fire in thy soul. A living flame lingers yet among the embers, and with a little fanning it will reveal itself. Thy desire to serve God is obedience, thy desire to

pray is prayer, thy desire to praise is praise. I am sure, also, that thou hast some hope; for a man does not continue to groan out before his God, and to make his desire known, unless he has some hope that his desire will be satisfied, and that his grief will be assuaged. Living desires are better than dead duties, as a living dog is better than a dead lion. The most regular outward performance of pious duties may be the revolution of heartless machinery; but desires mean life, and life is needful if we would please the living God.

And as holy desires after God keep company with humility and faith and love and hope, I am persuaded they are of like character, and are gracious themselves. I know you have some hope, and therefore if you have no hope anywhere else I am persuaded that you have hope in God. That thought of God which makes you cry, "Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him," has the seeds of hope, and the beginning of comfort, with it. I might go over many of the graces, but these will suffice.

We believe that none can bring a clean thing out of an unclean, neither can thorns bring forth figs. If there is a desiring and a groaning of the heart after God in your bosom, depend upon it human nature never originated it. Can sin desire holiness, or death pant for life? Holy desires are plants which are by no means native to the soil of human nature: their seed comes from a far country. Did the devil work these holy desires, think you? Hearken, brother, does the devil make you thirst after God? Does he

make you sigh and cry after the light of your Father's countenance? Does he make you pray to be delivered from temptation? Does he make you sigh to be conformed to the image of Christ? Then the devil has very greatly altered since I met him last, and since he was described in holy writ, or seen in the conflicts of good men. Who, then, has kindled these heavenly flames of desire? I earnestly avow my belief that every pure desire is as much the work of God as the grace which it desires. He who sincerely longs to be right with God has already somewhat of a work of divine grace within his soul creating those aspirations. Now as God can say of all that he creates, "It is very good," I come to the conclusion that these groaning desires after God are very good. They are not great, nor strong, but they are gracious. There is water in a drop as well as in the sea, there is life in a gnat as well as in an elephant, there is light in a beam as well as in the sun, and so is there grace in a desire as truly as in complete sanctification.

The Law of Love.

Love is the master of all arts,
And puts it into human hearts
The strangest things to say and do.—*H. W. Longfellow.*

Love smooths the path of duty, and wings the feet to travel it; it is the bow which impels the arrow of obedience; it is the mainspring moving the wheels of duty; it is the strong arm tugging the oar of diligence.

Love is the marrow of the bones of fidelity, the blood in the veins of piety, the sinews of spiritual strength; yea, the life of sincere devotion. He that hath love can no more be motionless than the aspen in the gale, the sere leaf in the hurricane, or the spray in the tempest. As well may hearts cease to beat as love to labor. Love is instinct with activity, it cannot be idle; it is full of energy, it cannot content itself with littles; it is the well-spring of heroism, and great deeds are the gushings of its fountain; it is a giant; it heapeth mountains upon mountains and thinketh the pile but little; it is a mighty mystery, for it changes bitter into sweet; it calls death life, and life death; and it makes pain less painful than enjoyment.

"Love rejoiceth not in iniquity;" that is love does not make us glad to hear about the faults and failures of others; but it does make us happy when others are prospered and living true lives. There is no fear in love, for perfect love casteth out fear. A loving act does more good often than a blazing exhortation. What the race needs is not more good talkers but more good Samaritans.

Heart-power is of all others the most beneficent. Physical energy subdues matter, but the soul triumphs by the force of its affections over the mightiest of obstacles. The heart of Christ is the seat and center of His supremacy over so many millions of our race. He is not ranked as a genius, nor as an orator. He cultivated no human learning. He disdained the boasted charms of philosophy. Yet His speech distilled as the dew, and His words have an inexhaustible

power which neither dullness, nor ignorance, nor depravity, nor unbelief can resist.

If we seek to find the reason of their power, we shall find it in that love which vitalizes all the truth they express. Here, then, lies the secret of Christian usefulness. Ministers of the gospel, Sunday school teachers, parents, and all who desire to impart the gospel, must let it run through the fervid affections of the heart. Cold, intellectual instruction may have its place in the schools, and in those discussions which relate to general public affairs. But in the kingdom of heaven the heart is master. They who put most of heart into their work have most success and reap the largest satisfactions. This is a truth too often forgotten in these days, when so much stress is laid on methods.

We must feed the lambs. We must "lift up the hands that hang down, and confirm the feeble knees." The voice of God is heard in our heart saying, "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people," which voice we dare not disregard; indeed, the sympathies aroused within us by a similar experience prompt us to be forward in compassionating the weak and the tried. Therefore, at this time I would seek out the weary and wounded and feeble; not with a view of trying to multiply their number, but with the hope of diminishing their number by cheering them till they grow out of their low condition.

That God is indeed a father to us was one of those things kept secret since the world began until Jesus came and by the infinitive love of His life made the in-

finitive love of God credible. Miss not the grandeur of this revelation. Come trusting—not afraid to ask. The children are not expected to lay up for their Great Father; but the Father lays up for the children. Whatever we have been, it is our duty to reckon on deepest interest and richest love filling God's heart towards us.

If you have desires which you wish the Lord to know of they must be right; you would not dare to bring them before God if they were not good desires. When you are in God's house and with God's people, or reading God's Word, or when you are drawing near to God in contemplation, then these desires are strongest; now, if they were bad desires they would not flourish in the best of atmospheres, they would not be watered and nourished by the best of influences, for such influences would tend to kill ill weeds of strange desire. So, then, there is some good thing in thee towards the Lord God of Israel after all: thou wouldst not have these heavings of soul, these strivings of heart, these pantings, these hungerings and thirstings, if it were not that there is somewhat in thee of the Spirit's working. God has dealt graciously with thee in giving thee these good desires. Sparks of everlasting life are alive within thy spirit so long as thou hast spiritual hunger and thirst. Thy desire must be a good thing, or thou wouldst not dare to make it known to God; and seeing that it is a good thing take care thou nurture it well, and cause it to grow by expressing it with thy whole heart before God.

It is said that the blood of the goat will dissolve diamonds that resist the hammer and the anvil. So

Christ's precious blood melts the most hardened heart. When refinement and polish have sometimes crystallized a soul into worldliness, so that the law with its great thumps has failed to subdue it, the tender influences of Christ's love in his death has brought the soul to complete submission to His will. One glance of God, a touch of his love, will free and enlarge the heart, so that it can deny all, and part with all, and make an entire renouncing of all to follow him.

Could we with ink the ocean fill,
And were the skies of parchment made,
Were every blade of grass a quill,
And every man a scribe by trade;
To write the love of God above,
Would drain the ocean dry,
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,
Though stretched from sky to sky.

If we only half believe what our Saviour has told us of the love of God, of the joy he has over the returning wanderer, we never could stay away from him as we do.

O reader, if you are indifferent to him, remember, he is not indifferent to you! If you are not delighted yourself in him, you are suffering loss. The Lord takes pleasure in his people. We read in the thirty-seventh Psalm, at the twenty-third verse: "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord, and he delighteth in his way."

"Do your gods love you?" asked a missionary of some Indians.

"The gods never think of loving," was the cheerless answer.

The missionary repeated the sixteenth verse of the third chapter of St. John's Gospel: "For God so loved

the world, that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life."

"Read it again," asked the arrested pagan. "That is large light; read it again."

A third time the blessed words were repeated, and with this emphatic response:

"That is true; I feel it."

On one occasion a missionary was dictating to a native amanuensis the translation of the third chapter of the first epistle of St. John; and when they reached the passage, "Now are we the sons of God," the converted heathen burst into tears, and exclaimed, "It is too much, it is too much; let me put it, 'Now we are permitted to kiss his feet.'"

The force of love is always greater than that of sternness. Antagonism arouses antagonism. What the hammer will not weld the magnet will draw together. And thus the mightiest influence with which to bind men to Christ's cross is love. Nothing quickens the perceptions like genuine love. From the humblest professional attachment to the most chivalric devotion, what keenness of observation is born under the influence of that feeling which drives away the obscuring clouds of selfishness, as the sun consumes the vapor of the morning.

> Man is dear to man; the poorest poor
> Long for some moments in a weary life,
> When they can know and feel that they have been
> Themselves the fathers and the dealers-out
> Of some small blessings; have been kind to such
> As needed kindness, for the single cause,
> That we have all of us one human heart.

It is wonderful how men change to a changed heart! Being ennobled ourselves we see noble things, and loving, find out love. Little touches of courage, of goodness, of love in men, which formerly, looking for perfection, we passed by, now attract us like flowers beside a dusty highway. We take them as keys to the character, and door after door flies open to us.

It is related of St. John that when very old—so old that he could not walk and could scarcely speak—he was carried in the arms of his friends into an assembly of Christian children. He lifted himself up and said, "Little children, love one another." And again he said, "Love one another." When asked, "Have you nothing else to tell us?" he replied, "I say this again and again, because, if you do this, nothing more is needed." The same truth applies universally. Sympathy is founded on love. It is but another word for disinterestedness and affection. We assume another's state of mind; we go out of ourself and inhabit another's personality. We sympathize with him, we help him, we relieve him. There can be no love without sympathy; there can be no friendship without sympathy. Like mercy, sympathy and benevolence are twice blessed, blessing both giver and receiver. While they bring forth an abundant fruit of happiness in the heart of the giver, they grow up into kindness and benevolence in the heart of the receiver.

How strange it seems, that the passion of love should be the supreme mover of the world; that it is this which has dictated the greatest sacrifices, and influenced all societies and all times; that to this the

loftiest and loveliest genius has ever consecrated its devotion; that but for love there were no civilization, no music, no poetry, no beauty, no life beyond the brute's!

Lord Bacon writes: "Goodness answers to the theological virtue of love, and admits no excess but error; the desire of power in excess caused the angels to fall; the desire of knowledge in excess caused man to fall; but in charity there is no excess—neither can angel or man come into danger by it. True benevolence is to love all men. Recompense injury with justice, and kindness with kindness. The desire to be beloved is ever restless and unsatisfied, but the love that flows out upon others is a perpetual well-spring from on high.

A man may be a miser of his wealth; he may tie up his talent in a napkin; he may hug himself in his reputation; but he is always generous in his love. Love cannot stay at home; a man cannot keep it to himself. Like light, it is constantly traveling. A man must spend it, must give it away.

Elijah's mantle was a very influential garment, and so was an old coat of David Livingstone's. In a recent paper read before the British Geographical Society, Rev. Chauncey Maples, of the University Mission in Eastern Africa, tells how at Matoba, he met a native who had on his shoulders an old coat, mouldy and partially eaten away, but evidently of English make and material. On asking where the coat came from, he was told that it was given him by "a white man who treated black men as his brothers, whose words

were always gentle and whose manners were always kind, and whom, as a leader, it was a privilege to follow, and who knew the way to the hearts of all men." It proved to be Dr. Livingstone's coat, and this was the rude African's description of the great missionary explorer. He had kept the coat for ten years in memory of the giver. The incident reveals not only the character of Livingstone, but also that of the African. These savages have hearts, and men should find the way to them.

"Love," says Emerson, "would put a new face on this weary old world, in which we dwell as pagans and enemies too long; and it would warm the heart to see how fast the vain diplomacy of statesmen, the impotence of armies and navies and lines of defense, would be superseded by this unarmed child. Love will creep where it cannot go; will accomplish that, by imperceptible methods—being its own fulcrum, lever and power—which force could never achieve.

"Have you not seen in the woods, in a late autumn morning, a poor fungus or mushroom, a plant without any solidity, nay, that seemed nothing but a soft mush or jelly, by its constant, bold, and inconceivably gentle pushing, manage to break its way up through the frosty ground, and actually to lift a hard crust on its head? This is the symbol of the power of kindness. The virtue of this principle in human society, in application to great interests, is obsolete and forgotten. Once or twice in history it has been tried, in illustrious instances, with signal success. This great, overgrown, dead Christendom of ours still keeps alive, at least,

the name of a lover of mankind. But one day all men will be lovers and every calamity will be dissolved in the universal sunshine." Christ's love is the Church's fire. Thither bring thy heart when it is cold, frozen, and dead. Meditate on His love, and pray until you can say: "He loved me, and gave himself for me."

Though we may look to our understanding for amusement, it is to the affections only that we must trust for happiness. This implies a spirit of self-sacrifice, and our virtues, like our children, are endeared to us for what we suffer for them. "The secret of my mother's influence," says Mrs. Fletcher in her "Autobiography," "was well expressed by her early friend, Dr. Kelvington of Ripon, and it may be called the key-note of her life. He says, in one of his letters to her at the age of seventeen, 'I have never known any one so tenderly and truly and universally beloved as you are, and I believe it arises from your *capacity of loving*.'"

The railings upon a bridge do not hinder you from making progress in every proper manner, and as rapidly as possible. They only hinder you from falling off at either side. No one in his senses ever objects to them. Like them are the restraints of the Christian life. These are no hindrances to your worthy and ennobling desires. They only check you when, either thoughtlessly or in temporary consent to temptation, you are about to endanger your spiritual safety. Hence it is that the best Christians seem unvexed by them, and sometimes almost unconscious of them. Such believers are pressing directly on so earnestly as not to feel so often or so strongly as others, the temp-

tation to wander aside. Therefore, they enjoy religion far more than do their less earnest fellow-Christians. When you feel noticeably the restraints of the gospel upon you, ask yourself if you are not trying to get out of the right way, instead of advancing in it. If you will cherish the psalmist's spirit, you will be able to appropriate his words: "I will walk at liberty, for I seek thy precepts."

It is not for ourselves alone that we work and strive. It is for others as well as for ourselves. There are moral laws, family ties, domestic affections, home government and guidance, which stand on a higher level and are based on nobler considerations than selfish pleasures or money payment. We must beware how we allow our views to center in ourselves. "No one," said Epictetus, "who is a lover of riches, or a lover of pleasure, or a lover of glory, can at the same time be a lover of men." "To be a lover of men," said St. Anthony, "is, in fact, to live." Thus love is the universal principle of good. It is glorified in human intelligence. It is the only remedy for the woes of the human race. It is sweet in action—in learning, in philosophy, in manners, in legislation, in government.

The love of excellence is inseparable from a spirit of uncompromising detestation for all that is base and criminal. Froissart describes Gaston de Foix as "one who was in everything so perfect that he cannot be praised too much; he loved that which ought to be beloved, and hated that which ought to be hated." St. Augustine says nearly the same thing: "Virtue is

nothing but well-directed love, inducing us to love what we ought to love, and to hate what is worthy of hatred."

The old hermits had a great love for animals. They were their only companions. The birds used to flutter about them, and even the wild animals took shelter with them. They seemed to feel that no harm would be done to them. Even birds know and feel their danger when a man appears among them with a gun. Crows rise from picking up the grubs along the plowman's furrow and immediately disappear, though the crows by feeding themselves were furthering the next year's harvest.

St. Francis had a notion that all living things were his brothers and sisters, and he carried his idea beyond the confines of poetry into literal fact. He even preached to the birds. He used to speak to all created things as if they had intelligence, and he loved to recognize in their various properties some trace of the divine perfection. "If your heart be right," said another ancient sage, "then every creature is a mirror of life and a book of holy doctrine."

Probably there is no influence so powerful as sympathy in awakening the affections of the human heart. There are few, even of the most rugged natures, whom it does not influence. It constrains much more than force can do. A kind word or a kind look will act upon those upon whom coercion has been tried in vain. While sympathy invites to love and obedience, harshness provokes aversion and resistance. The poet is

right who says that "power itself hath not one-half the might of gentleness."

Sympathy, when allowed to take a wider range, assumes the larger form of public philanthropy. It influences man in the endeavor to elevate his fellow-creatures from a state of poverty and distress, to improve the condition of the masses of the people, to diffuse the results of civilization far and wide among mankind, and to unite in the bonds of peace and brotherhood the parted families of the human race. And it is every man's duty, whose lot has been favored in comparison with others, who enjoys advantages of wealth or knowledge or social influence, of which others are deprived, to devote at least a certain portion of his time and money to the promotion of the general well-being.

The Sabbath.

Hail, holy day! sweet day of rest
  Both blessed and sanctified,
In which the poor and the oppressed
  Are free and satisfied.

The poor, who toil, from day to day,
  Beneath a burning sun,
With gratitude and joy will say,
"Our six days' work is done."

They see the sabbath-day appear,
  To heaven their prayers arise;
They hope to end their labors here,
  And rest above the skies.

The Sabbath is the green oasis, the little grassy meadow in the wilderness, when, after the week-days' journey, the pilgrim halts for refreshment and repose;

where he rests beneath the shade of the lofty palm-trees, beside the well-spring, and dips his vessel in the waters of the calm, clear stream, and recovers his strength to go forth again upon his pilgrimage in the desert with renewed vigor and cheerfulness.

Bunyan says, "Make the Lord's day the market for thy soul; let the whole day be spent in prayer, repetitions, or meditations. Lay aside the affairs of the other parts of the week; let the sermon thou hast heard be converted into prayer. Shall God allow thee six days, and wilt not thou afford him one?"

The importance of the religious observance of the Sabbath is seldom sufficiently estimated. The violation of this duty by the young is one of the most decided marks of incipient moral degeneracy. Religious restraint is fast losing its hold upon that young man, who having been educated in the fear of God, begins to spend the Sabbath in idleness, or in amusement. And so also of communities. The desecration of the Sabbath is one of those evident indications of that criminal recklessness, that insane love of pleasure, and that subjection to the government of appetite and passion, which forebodes that the "beginning of the end" of social happiness, and of true national prosperity, has arrived.

There is one weapon which the enemy has employed to destroy Christianity and drive it from the world, which has never been employed but with signal success. It is the attempt to corrupt the Christian Sabbath, to make it a day of festivity, to cause Christians to feel that its sacred and rigid obligation

has ceased, to induce them on that day to mingle in the scenes of pleasure or the exciting plans of ambition, to make them feel that they may pursue their journey by land or water, by the steamboat and the railway, regardless of the command of God; and this has done, and will continue to do what no argument, no sophistry, no imperial power has been able to accomplish.

The "Book of Sports" did more to destroy Christianity than all the ten persecutions of the Roman Emperors; and the views of the Second Charles and his Court about the Lord's day tended more to drive religion from the British nation than all the fires that were enkindled by Mary. Paris has no Sabbath, and that fact has done more to banish Christianity than all the writings of Voltaire; and Vienna has no Sabbath, and that fact does more to annihilate religion there than ever the skepticism of Frederick. Turn the Sabbath into a day of sport and pastimes, of military reviews, and of pantomimes and theatrical exhibitions, and not an infidel would care a farthing about the tomes of Volney or Voltaire, about the skepticism of Hume, the sneers of Gibbon or the scurrility of Paine.

A Sabbath-keeping people will become a thoughtful people, and such thoughtfulness is manliness. All men, and especially the busy millions in an advanced civilization like our own, need for the mind's sake not less than for the sake of wearied nerves and muscles, the seventh day intermission of their ordinary work. A true Sabbath is something far more restful than a day of noisy jollity. In its calm air the mind rests by

thought, not thoughtlessness; by quiet musing, by conscious or unconscious retrospection; perhaps by consideration of what might have been, perhaps by thinking what may yet be, perhaps by aspiration and resolve towards something in the future that shall be better than what has been in the past. The home in which Sunday is a day of rest and home enjoyments is hallowed by the Sabbaths which it hallows. In the Sabbath-keeping village life is less frivolous and at the same time industry is more productive for the weekly rest. A Sabbath-keeping nation is greater in peace and in war for the character which its tranquil and thoughtful Sabbaths have impressed upon it.

Sunday is the golden clasp that binds together the volume of the week. I never knew a man to escape failures either in mind or body who worked seven days in a week. If you have no love for the Sabbath, observe it out of respect to your parents, public opinion, and to God. In our country a man's position for respectability is questionable, to say the least, who manifests a disregard for religion and the Sabbath.

"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." Don't forget it. Don't idle it away in silly nothings. Don't frolic. Don't sleep it off. Don't visit unless you go to see the sick or distressed. Don't do ordinary work. Don't hunt. Don't read novels and light trash. Don't sit around drug stores and hotels. Don't commence a journey on Sunday. Don't steal God's time to do your work or have your pleasure. "Remember the day and keep it holy." I have great

hopes of a boy who has a tender conscience in reference to the Sabbath. "Keep it holy."

Mr. Talmage says, "I had a friend in Syracuse who lived to be one hundred years of age. He said to me in his ninety-ninth year, 'I went across the mountains in the early history of this country. Sabbath morning came. We were beyond the reach of civilization. My comrades were all going out for an excursion. I said, 'No, I won't go, it is Sunday.' Why, they laughed. They said, 'why, we haven't any Sunday here.' 'Oh! yes,' I said, 'you have. I brought it with me over the mountains.'"

I wish all tired people did but know the infinite rest there is in fencing off the six days from the seventh. In anchoring the business ships of your daily life as the Saturday draws to its close, leaving them to ride peacefully upon the flow or the ebb, until Monday morning comes again. Oh, the delight, the lull of the feeling: "No need to settle this question, no need to think of this piece of work for a whole, long, sweet, thirty-six hours."

Why do you take Sunday papers, to keep your nerves astir with business on the Lord's own day of rest? Why do you add up and consult and consider in the pauses of the sermon, or make opportunity for a business whisper in the porch, and on the way home? Why do you let the perplexities of servants, of means, of plans, ruffle your spirits on the one great day of freedom? Do you not know that even a debtor may walk abroad on Sunday with no fear of a prison, and house-doors may stand open and no sheriff can enter?

Shall it be worse with your mind than with your body?

> Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
> Of earth and folly born.

It is the high court of the Prince of Peace.

One of the greatest financiers of the nation declared that he owed his life to the relief from business which the Sabbath gave him, and multitudes have made similar declarations.

It was commonly if not universally, true that travelers on the overland route to California, that allowed themselves and their teams to rest, were first at the end of their journey. This at the time excited a very considerable amount of surprise and comment. Illustrations of the kind might be multiplied indefinitely.

Seven young men in a town of Massachusetts started in the same business nearly at the same time. Six of them had some property or assistance from their friends, and followed their business seven days in the week. The other had less property than either of the six. He had less assistance from others, and worked in his business only six days in a week. He is now the only man who has property, and has not failed in his business.

A distinguished merchant in a city said, "It is about thirty years since I came to this city, and every man through this whole range who came down to his store, or suffered his counting room to be opened on the Sabbath, has lost his property. There is no need of breaking the Sabbath, and no benefit from it. We have not had a vessel leave the harbor on the Sabbath

for more than twenty years. It is altogether better to get them off on a week day than on the Sabbath." It is better, even for this world. And so with all kinds of secular business. Men may seem to gain for a time by the profanation of the Sabbath, but it does not end well. Their disappointment, even here, often comes suddenly.

The company of persons who went out on the Sabbath in a pleasure boat expected to be gainers; but the tumult in their conscience before the tumult without, told them that all was not right; and when the boat upset, and the hapless victims sank to rise no more, new testimony was added to that of thousands, that disobedience to God is not the way to gain even for this world.

Two ministers undertook to correct an indolent young man for sabbath-breaking. The first spoke solemnly on the command, "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy." The other said, "You have forgotten one-half of the commandment? 'six days shall thou labor, and do all thy work,' for if a man does not labor six days of the week, he is not likely to rest properly on the seventh."

A Syrian convert to Christianity was ordered by his employer to work on Sunday, but he declined. "But," said the master, "does not the Master say that if a man has an ox or an ass that falls into a pit on the Sabbath-day, he may pull him out?" "Yes," answered Hayop, "but if the ass has a habit of falling into the same pit every Sabbath-day, then the man should either fill up the pit or sell that ass."

The Liberal Soul.

The liberal soul shall be made fat; and he that watereth shall be watered also himself.

Carry the radiance of your soul in your face; let the world have the benefit of it. Let your cheerfulness be left for good, wherever you are, and let your smiles be scattered like sunbeams—"on the just as well as on the unjust." Such a disposition will yield you a rich reward, for its happy effects will come home to you, and brighten your moments of thought. Smiles are the higher and better responses of nature to the emotion of the soul. Let the children have the benefit of them, these little ones who need the sunshine of the heart to educate them, and would find a level for their buoyant nature in the cheerful, loving faces of those who lead them. Let them not be kept from the middle-aged, who need the encouragement they bring. Give your smiles also to the aged. They come to them like the quiet rain of summer, making fresh and verdant the long, weary path of life. Be gentle and indulgent to all; love the true, the beautiful, the just, the holy.

What help in a comrade's bugle blast
When the peril of Alpine heights is past?
What need the spurring pæan roll
When the runner is safe beyond the goal?
What worth is Eulogy's blandest breath
When whispered in ears that are hushed in death?
Nay! nay! if thou hast a word of cheer,
Speak it while I am alive to hear. *Margaret J. Preston.*

If you stand upon the mountain, you may see the sun shining long after it is dark in the valley. Try to

live up high! Escape, if you can, the malarious damps of the lowlands. Make an upward path for your feet. Though your spirit may be destined to live isolated, you cannot be alone, for God is there. Your best strivings of soul are there. Your standard ground should be there. Live upward! The cedar is always developing its branches towards the top, while the lower ones are dropping away. Let your soul-life be so. Upward! Upward!

A child of God had rather ten thousand times suffer for Christ than that Christ should suffer for him. "There are people that live behind the hill," is an old German proverb, which means that there are other folks in the world besides yourself, although you may not see them. As plants without sunlight grow pale and feeble, so our lives, if our heart's window towards Heaven is closed and the sun of righteousness shut out, will become dwarfed and useless. Charles Lamb said, the greatest pleasure known is to do a good action by stealth, and have it found out by accident.

Don't let us be afraid of enthusiasm. There is more lack of heart than of brain. The world is not starving for need of education half as much as for warm, earnest interest of soul for soul. We agree with the Indian who, when talked to about having too much zeal, said: "I think it is better for the pot to boil over than not to boil at all."

An old Scotchman was taking his grist to the mill in sacks thrown across the back of his horse, when the horse stumbled and the grain fell to the ground. He

had not strength to raise it, being an aged man, but he saw a horseman riding along, and thought he would ask him for help. The horseman proved to be a nobleman who lived in the castle hard by, and the farmer could not muster courage to ask a favor of him. But the nobleman was a gentleman also, and, not waiting to be asked, he dismounted, and between them they lifted the grain to the horse's back. John—for he was a gentleman, too—lifted his cap and said: "My lord, how shall I ever thank you for your kindness?" "Very easily, John," replied the nobleman; "whenever you see another man in the same plight as you were in just now, help him, and that will be thanking me."

The little I have seen of the world teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed through, the brief pulsations of joy, the feverish inquietude of hope and fear, the pressure of want, the desertion of friends, I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-man with Him from whose hand it came.

Religion is life; and life will cease without exercise. A church grows richer by giving its wealth. It grows stronger by the expenditure of its strength, just as the blacksmith's arm strengthens with every sturdy blow. Show us the churches that have organized mission bands, and send forth missionaries to foreign lands, and we will show, by actual statistics, that they have received constant accessions of strength. For every new root striking into deeper soil, for every branch

spreading out in clearer light and fuller sunshine, the parent tree has grown larger and healthier.

On the other hand, churches that have closed their hearts to foreign work have declined in numbers and in strength. You will remember that Andrew Fuller saved the church at Kettering from declension and extinction by enlisting its energies in the foreign field. While they worked for self the Lord did not work with them.

Twenty-seven years after its establishment the Sandwich Island mission must have broken up and disbanded, had they not extended their sympathies and efforts to embrace others more destitute. Dr. Anderson, in a lecture on "The Development of Modern Missions," says, "It is impossible for mission churches to reach their highest and truest prosperity without the aid of what is to them a foreign mission." And it is equally true of our home churches that their only salvation from effeminacy and decay lies in a hearty espousal of the cause of missions. Confined within the narrow circle of home, sympathies grow weak, energies slacken; love loses its strongest stimulant—unselfish devotion; and faith lacks the vindication and confirmation which crowns its conquests over barbarism. As the Chinese woman's foot, cramped and confined, renders weak and nerveless her whole physical nature, so the dwarfing and narrowing of Christian sympathy and charity enervate the whole character. When ecclesiastical tyranny tried to mould the free thought of the Puritans by ritual and litany, and even to curb its expression by chains and prison walls, it

sought a broader field for expansion in the New World; and the remarkable growth of their principles attests God's approval of their exodus to a wider sphere. The gospel is like leaven; it leavens the whole lump. It is like a mustard-tree which shall fill the whole earth.

It is when we think more of our duties than our rights; when we are slow to take offense, and ready to forgive; when we strive earnestly to overcome evil with good, then it is that we have the richest, largest manhood, and touch the higher levels of Christian thought and life.

Be indifferent to nothing which has any relation to the welfare of men. Be not afraid of diminishing your own happiness by seeking that of others. Devise liberal things, and let not avarice shut up your hand from giving to him that needeth, and to promote the cause of piety and humanity.

Charity is a universal duty which it is in every man's power sometimes to practice, since every degree of assistance given to another upon proper motives is an act of charity; and there is scarcely any man in such a state of imbecility as that he may not, on some occasions, benefit his neighbor.

All truly consecrated men learn, little by little, that what they are consecrated to is not joy or sorrow, but a divine idea and a profound obedience, which can find their full expression, not in joy and not in sorrow, but in the mysterious and inseparable mingling of the two.

Running water is sweet. It is your tight tank that gets slimy, and putrid, and unwholesome. He who

opens his eyes to see the wants and woes of other people, and goes to work to relieve them, will somehow insensibly forget to make a fuss about his own trifles.

There was once a minister of the gospel who never built a church; who never preached in one; who never proposed a church fair to buy a new carpet; who never founded a new sect; who never belonged to any sect; who frequented the houses of publicans, and ate and drank with sinners; who never received a salary; who never asked for one; who never wore a black suit or a white necktie; who never used a prayer book, or a hymn book, or wrote a sermon; who never hired a cornet soloist to draw souls to hear the "Word"; who never advertised his sermons; who never took a text for his sermons; who never went through a course of theological study; who never was ordained; who was never even "converted"; who never went to conference. Who was he? Christ.

It is not the highest and noblest who murmur at being set to work which they consider beneath them, and who have a supreme sense of their own dignity. They know that nothing which is honorable and useful can disgrace them; only a vain conceit of their own abilities and importance can do that. Moses tended sheep as calmly as if there was no other occupation for a great man, and he was as truly prince sitting there, crook in hand, in the desert, as when he headed the armies of Egpyt. The angel, bidden to cook bread for the sleeping prophet, did not feel his

dignity insulted, and was none the less an angel than when he stood beside the throne in heaven.

You can hear men say, "A man of my education and experience ought to do better than that." Yes, do better, if you can, if there is anything better at hand. Head Egypt's armies or guide Israel's wanderings, when God calls you to do these, but in the meantime, tend sheep, if need be, as cheerfully as you would do the greater things. "I never expected I would come to this, I was not brought up to such work." The son of Pharaoh's daughter was not brought up to be a shepherd in the wilderness; yet God gave him just that work to do for forty years. Let us in very shame, then, utter no complaints of the lot which God has given us, unless we have more ability and education than had Moses, and have occupied higher positions, or have been kept for more than forty years at work our vanity says is beneath us.

There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty. As the purse is emptied the heart is filled. What we employ in charitable uses during our lives is given away from ourselves: what we bequeath at our death is given from others only, as our nearest relations.

He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay him again. The Koran teaches that "Prayer carries us half-way to God, fasting brings us to the door of his palace, and almsgiving procures us admission."

Many Christians regulate their giving by that of

some one else; they will give as much as others, but no more. This is contrary to the scriptural rule. We cannot exercise this grace according to our brother's rule any more than we can thus exercise other Christian graces. We could as well say, we will pray as others pray, we will know as others know, we will love as others love, no more, no less. We must give as the Lord has prospered *us*, according to what *we* have. If God has prospered us abundantly it is our duty to give liberally. We are stewards of what we possess, and where much is given much is required. Under the old dispensation a tenth was required, but we are under grace, a thoughtful gratitude is our rule, and not *ad valorem* assessment. It would be contrary to the New Testament to assess the members according to the tax-list; room must be given to abound in this grace. Barnabas is at liberty to sell his land and give the proceeds to God, and the poor widow may cast in her two mites; gratitude must not be hampered.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight of his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold;
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" asked Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men,"
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest;
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest. *Leigh Hunt.*

Past, Present and Future.

"My days are swifter than a courier, they fly away. They are as the swift ships, as the eagle." So said Job—he who had sat in quiet contemplation beneath his palm-tree in the long summers of Edom, while fourscore years passed by, and who had still a hundred and forty years of happy and restful life ahead of him. And yet his days were swift as the flying courier, as the ship careering before the wind, as the eagle swooping down upon its quarry, as the dry leaf in the storm, as the hurrying cloud. Job looked abroad for similitudes of evanescence, of unreality, of celerity, with which to compare his days. But his days, hour for hour, were longer than our own. Of the tremendous rush with which we pass the milestones of life, he knew nothing. At the period when our heads grow frosty, our brows show the furrows of care, and sorrow and toil, his was smooth with the flush of youth.

But we do not envy Job. Into our days, as short as they are, are compressed more of knowledge, experience, and perhaps of pleasure than Job could see in all his years. Even if it were otherwise, we do not look regretfully at the days as they speed backward from us. Let them fly. There is a whole eternity of them ahead of us, and all that are gone do not diminish the store. The eagle swooping from the cliff will quickly reach the valley. The courier will deliver his message. The ship will grate upon the

sands of the far-off shore. But the line of the soul's flight reaches through eternity. It will be speeding on in ever increasing strength when the visible heavens are rolled together as a scroll, folded and laid aside.

We hear much of misspent years. They are not wasted unless they are given to the service of Satan and to the neglect of self and God. Every hour of innocent joy, with family or friends, books or travel, is well spent. Let them fly! We are homesick to see that sweet sister who has been upon the other shore these twenty years, and the face of that dear father who is with her; and, above all, that Elder Brother whose bright majestic brow will beam upon us. Let them trebly outstrip the steed, the leaf, the ship, the cloud. Freight them with love, with charity, with achievement, if we can, for they rush in a curve like planets, and will round in upon us, bearing their freight with them when we strike on the other side. If they are bright, they are bright because they fly. If they are gloomy, they were better gone than staying. We shall lift up no sad requiem over the disappearance of the days and years as they speed past us.

We have arrived at the days foretold by the prophet, when "knowledge shall be increased and many shall run to and fro." The intellectual progress of the race during the last half century has indeed been great. But admiration is not the only feeling of the thoughtful mind when observing this striking advance in intellectual acquirement. We see that man has not yet fully mastered the knowledge he has acquired. He runs to and fro. He rushes from one extreme to the

other. How many chapters of modern history, both political and religious, are full of the records of this mental vacillation of our race, of this illogical and absurd tendency to pass from one extreme to the point farthest from it.

Mr. Stuart Mill has said in Parliament in connection with this subject, that "the tyranny of established custom has entirely passed away." Nothing can be more true than this assertion. As a rule, the past is now looked upon with doubt, with suspicion, often with a certain sort of contempt, very far from being always consistent with sound reason. At present the more startling an assertion, the farther it wanders from all past experience, the greater are its chances of attracting attention, of gaining adherents, of achieving at least a partial and temporary success. Such is the restlessness of human nature that it will often, from mere weak hankering after change, hug to its bosom the wildest theories, and yield them a temporary allegiance.

The old man looks down and thinks of the past. The young man looks up and thinks of the future. The child looks everywhere and thinks of nothing. And there are a great many children in the world.

Old people look backward. Most of their joys lie in the past. The years that are gone are full of happy memories and associations which attract their hearts. The light of other days is sweet and pleasant. Bowed down with cares and smitten with griefs, they reach back the hand of longing to seize once more, if they may, the experiences that were theirs in the long

ago. But this is not the case with young people. They have their life to live, and they look forward with eager desire for its pleasures and work. With glowing imaginings of what they mean to be and to do, they build castles in the air, whose flimsy walls they hope to see transmuted into structures of solid and substantial reality. The thought of hindrance and failure they resolutely drive from their minds.

A little more than a century ago there was not a medical school in America. Fifty years ago a large portion of our country was without free public schools. Our vast array of theological, art and science schools are all of modern origin. Newspapers, magazines, and especially children's literature, were unknown a few generations back. Think of the time when every patient was bled; fevers were treated without water; bones were set and limbs amputated without chloroform; mercurial salivation was the universal cure-all. The time was when a stove was not allowed in the meeting-house; a preacher was unpopular who did not talk an hour or two in his sermon; the different denominations hurled anathemas at one another, and believed that they served God thereby.

You might better pluck the blossom off the tree and attempt to crowd it back into the bud, or catch the eagle that flies in heaven and attempt to put it back into the shell, or take the full-grown man and put him in long clothes and rock him in his mother's cradle, than attempt to put the nineteenth century back into the clothes, or shell, or bud of the sixteenth.

To-day has been a long time coming. It has been

on the wing ever since the morning stars first sang together. Every additional age has given it a treasure to bring along. This morning the casket was opened and made us rich. This evening the messenger will gather up all that we do not use of these treasures and carry them away. This ought to be a very busy day.

We live amid the blessed results of Christianity. The leaven, so little when first inserted, is rapidly fermenting, and will soon leaven the entire mass of humanity. The mustard tree, so small, has sprung into a great tree, affording "leaves for the healing of the nations," and extending its branches for a shelter to the weak and helpless, and affording a cooling shade for the rest of those who labor and are heavy laden. The kingdom, first promised to a little flock, has extended its boundaries far and wide, exerting its benign influences over the civilized and the barbarous, the learned and the ignorant, the rich and the poor, the high and the low; blessing the king upon his throne and the peasant in his cottage; purifying the centers of civilization, and pursuing men with its conservative and elevating powers, to the outermost verge of human society.

The present age may be termed, by way of distinction, the age of sentiment; a word which, in the implication it now bears, was unknown to our plain ancestors. Sentiment is the varnish of virtue to conceal the deformity of vice; and it is not uncommon for the same persons to make a jest of religion, to break through the most solemn ties and engagements,

to practice every art of latent fraud and open seduction, and yet to value themselves on speaking and writing sentimentally.

With America feeding nearly all the old world, it is difficult to realize that wheat was unknown in this country prior to its discovery by Columbus. Down to the end of the seventeenth century it was a principal article of food only among the more wealthy; and "the servants in their houses (in England) were still furnished with oats, barley and rye." Maize, or Indian corn, was the food principally used in America. At the end of the eighteenth century (less than one hundred years ago) an English historian writes: "So small was the quantity of wheat used in the county of Cumberland, that it was only a rich family that used a peck of wheat in the course of the year, and that was used at Christmas. The usual treat for a stranger was a thick oat-cake, called 'haver-bannock,' and butter."

The resources of America are so vast as to be almost incomprehensible, and we can feel little doubt that it is destined to support the most dense population of any country upon the globe. The development of our trade with other countries is progressing in an astonishingly rapid manner. The Manchester "Guardian" says: "A few years ago not an ounce of American beef reached our shores; now it comes in thousands and millions of tons." We are even supplying many foreign countries with books and book-making machinery.

A few years ago the cultivation of fruit, especially

of tropical fruit, was scarcely known. Now, the value of lemons, oranges, bananas, pineapples and other fruits of a like character, used in the United States alone, amounts to many millions of dollars each year, and their use is rapidly increasing. Melons, so abundant now, came originally from Asia. In the seventeenth century the melon began to be cultivated in Europe.

It is well to look forward. To anticipate the future and to prepare for it is not only perfectly proper but eminently wise. But then we should be careful that we look forward to something worthy and noble. To have only anticipations and expectations of selfish and worldly profits and pleasures is to cherish the dreams of a fool. To aim to spend the life for God and man and the interests of the higher nature is to lay the foundations of a career full of the truest joy and largest success. O young people, standing on the threshold of a new year, look forward to something worthy your nobler nature. Then, when life nears its close, looking backward with the aged apostle, you may say: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith;" and looking forward, may say also with him: "Henceforth is reserved for me a crown of righteousness."

As the eye which has gazed at the sun cannot immediately discern any other object; as the man who has been accustomed to behold the ocean turns with contempt from a stagnant pool; so the mind which has contemplated eternity overlooks and despises the things of time.

The golden harvest lies in the future, not the past. The true Eden is to come. Out of seemingly chaotic elements God is evolving His kingdom of righteousness and joy and peace.

Wonders of Nature.

It is a great mortification to the vanity of man that his utmost art and industry can never equal the meanest of nature's productions, either for beauty or value. Art is only the underworkman, and is employed to give a few strokes of embellishment to those pieces which come from the hand of the master.

What can be more foolish than to think that all this rare fabric of heaven and earth could come by chance, when all the skill of art is not able to make an oyster!

It is by the contemplation of nature that we are raised up to a just appreciation of nature's God. The world is full of wonders and the more of nature's secrets a man discovers, the more he appreciates his former ignorance, and the vast domain of undiscovered and hidden treasures. No two countries are alike, and no two travelers will chance upon exactly the same things, hence the great variety of descriptions given in detail. We hope that the little taste here given of the marvelous things recorded of this wonderful subject, will inspire many a young reader with thirst for further knowledge, and zeal for patient investigation.

A bunch of grapes from Santa Barbara, lately shown in San Francisco, was three feet long and six feet in circumference, and weighed one hundred and twenty-five pounds. There is a grapevine in Santa Barbara, planted there by the old Spanish monks, which is larger around than a man's body, at its base, and bears thousands of pounds of grapes every year.

Victoria, in New South Wales, is a noted place for the growth of perfume-yielding plants, because such plants as the mignonette, sweet verbena, jasmine, rose, lavender, acacia, heliotrope, rosemary, wall flower, laurel, orange and the sweet-scented geraniums are found there in greater perfection than in any other part of the world. An acre of jasmine plants, eighty thousand in number, will produce five thousand pounds of flowers, valued at one thousand two hundred and fifty dollars; an acre of rose trees, ten thousand in number, will realize three hundred and seventy-five dollars.

The full-grown mahogany tree is one of the monarchs of tropical America. Its vast trunk and massive arms, rising to a lofty height and spreading with graceful sweep over immense spaces covered with beautiful foliage, bright, glossy, light, airy, clinging so long to the spray as to make it almost evergreen, present a rare combination of loveliness and grandeur. The leaves are very small, delicate, and polished like those of the laurel. The flowers are small and white, or greenish yellow. Lumbermen, in felling a tree, build a platform twelve feet high and cut it above the platform, thus relinquishing twelve to fifteen feet of the

largest part of the tree. Yet some trees have yielded twelve thousand superficial feet of lumber, and have sold for fifteen thousand dollars.

The wonders of nature found in the Tropics are innumerable. Agassiz counted over two thousand varieties of fresh-water fish. Any one attending the great Centennial exhibition of 1876 must have been bewildered at the great variety of curious vegetable products shown in the Brazilian and other South American exhibits. Nor were these one-tenth part of what may be seen by visiting those countries.

Boussingault has analyzed the milk from the cow-tree of South America. He finds the composition more like cream than milk, containing, however, all the elements of milk, but in proportions different from those of milk. The milk is considered very fattening, which might be inferred from its composition.

There is a monster orange-tree near Fort Harley, Florida, that measures nine feet one inch in circumference. It is over fifty years old, and some seasons has had over nine thousand oranges on it.

One of the wonders of the American forests is the fir-tree of Puget Sound. The trees average two hundred feet high, and some specimens have been cut that measured three hundred and twenty feet in length and twelve feet in diameter at the base, with a straight and well proportioned log length of ninety feet to the first limb.

The mammoth trees of Calaveras, California, were first discovered by Mr. Dowd in 1850. Within an area of fifty acres there are twenty trees that measure about

seventy-eight feet around the base. They average about three hundred feet in height. One of them which was cut down measured three hundred and two feet in length and contained five hundred thousand cubic feet of timber. It was supposed to be about three thousand years of age.

A cypress tree seventy-five feet high, ten feet in diameter, and more than two thousand eight hundred years old, was recently destroyed near Sparta, Greece. This celebrated remnant of the life of bygone ages was described by Pausanias four hundred years before Christ. The Spartans mourn its loss.

Australia possesses more vegetable curiosities than perhaps any other country on the earth. It has a "devil" tree; another that stings if you touch its leaves only; while there are great numbers of trees with useful and healthy food as fruit.

Dr. Buckner, a missionary to the Indians, tells of a discovery he made, and says: "I was not long in deciding that I was in the midst of a petrified forest of extinct trees, unlike any living specimens that I have ever seen. There were no whole trees, nor any with roots and branches; but I am sure they were once a vegetable growth; and my opinion is they belonged to the flora of a tropical climate. Some of the specimens actually measured fifteen inches in diameter, while some, I think, were even larger, and usually the broken pieces resembled grindstones; but some were three or four feet high, for they invariably stood on their larger base, none lying prone, and all the bases buried in the earth. The specimens showed that the

vegetables had been of rapid growth, the trunks being densely covered with leaves, for the supposed decorations, like an impression made with the prongs of a fork, were nothing more than the points where leaves had once been attached. From the diameter of the bases and the taper, as shown by the specimens, I judge the trees had been quite tall, and there were shown many reasons, which I will not give here, for believing they were of rapid growth, of a succulent nature like the turnip, cabbage or sweet potato, and it may be that they furnished agreeable food for the mastodons and megatheriums whose fossil bones are found in this country.

"I have been a curiosity-monger all my life, and have gathered many specimens, but these are the most beautiful petrifactions of vegetables that I have ever seen, and I have inspected many museums.

"The beautiful indentures that look as if made by a skilled artist are as uniform and regular as anything in nature or art, and could be no more the work of chance than could a copy of Shakespeare be produced by throwing down carelessly the English alphabet."

The "Scotsman," speaking of American wonders, says: "The greatest cataract in the world is the Falls of Niagara. The greatest cave in the world is the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. The greatest river in the world is the Mississippi. The largest lake in the world is Lake Superior, which is truly an inland sea, being four hundred and thirty miles long and one thousand feet deep. The longest railroad in the world is the Union Pacific Railroad, which is over three

THE YOSEMITE FALLS AND VALLEY, CALIFORNIA.

thousand miles. The greatest natural bridge is over Cedar Creek, in Virginia. The greatest mass of solid iron in the world is the great Iron Mountain in Missouri. The largest deposit of Anthracite coal in the world is in Pennsylvania."

In 1872 the region at the source of the Yellowstone river, in the Rocky mountains, sixty-five miles long by fifty-five miles broad, was reserved by congress as a "public park or pleasuring ground, for the benefit and enjoyment of the people." It is a wonderful tract of land, filled with stupendous wildness in all forms, and a prodigality of color. It contains the most striking of all the mountains, gorges, falls, rivers and lakes in this country, if not in the world. There are numerous hot springs, boiling geysers, cataracts, lakes, fountains of steam and other curiosities, crowded together. No spot upon the face of this earth has such a fascination for the lovers of Nature's wonders as this great National Park.

The lowest point within the Yellowstone National Park is said to be the mouth of Gardiner's river on its northern boundary line. This is five thousand four hundred feet above the level of the sea. Yellowstone lake is seven thousand eight hundred feet above the sea level.

The Yosemite Valley and Falls, of California, is doubtless, next to the Niagara Falls, the most celebrated of all American natural wonders. Poets have described the scenery of this valley, and painters have portrayed its colors and form, until it has become familiar to most people. The falls are two thousand

seven hundred feet in height. The first fall is sixteen hundred feet; the second fall seven hundred feet; the lower one four hundred feet. Our steel plate gives the most natural and realistic view of this great natural wonder that has ever been made.

The Pictured Rocks on the Southern shore of Lake Superior are among the most wonderful formations of the kind known on the face of the globe. They are of great height, and washed by the waves into the most fantastic and picturesque forms. The iron ore streaked throughout the sandstone has been washed down and discolored by the rains of centuries, until it looks, as one traveler expressed it, "as though the devil had taken his paintbrush and daubed away at random."

Harper's Ferry, on the Potomac river, is a place long celebrated for its picturesque scenery, and described by President Jefferson in his enthusiastic manner, as one of the most attractive scenes upon earth.

Dead Lake, in California, is peculiar in having no visible outlet, though a large stream runs into it. The Indian believes that it is bottomless, and marks the spot where a wicked tribed once sank into the ground. No Indian can be induced to go near it.

There is a wonderful lake in Wright County, Iowa, called the Walled lake. It seems to have been walled in at some remote period. It has a belt of oak trees surrounding the lake. The water is clear and cold, the soil sandy. It occupies two thousand eight hundred acres and has a depth of water as great as twenty-

five feet. It is singular that no one has been able to ascertain where the water comes from nor where it goes, yet it is always clear and fresh.

Spokane Falls, Washington Territory, claims to have a medical lake a mile and a half long that would have satisfied even Ponce de Leon's search for the fountain of youth. The water is clear and of a dark color, and, besides curing skin diseases of men and beasts, relieves nervous troubles, rheumatism, paralysis and similar ailments. The water has not been analyzed, but tastes of salt and borax, is buoyant as the Dead Sea, and the only animal life it sustains is a species of jelly-fish. The lake has no visible outlet, and although fed by several small streams, never increases or decreases in size. In the slightest breeze the water lashes into a foam which makes a superior soap, and almost anything can be cleansed in the lake much better than by the most powerful chemicals. The water makes a magnificent sheep-wash and will invariably relieve sheep of the dreadful disease known as "scab," its wonderful medicinal qualities coming to be known some two years ago through an old paralytic sheep-raiser who drove his flock into the lake and found that the bath cured those so afflicted.

About sixty miles north of Galena, Texas, near the town of Liberty, there is a spring the water of which is quite acid, simulating lemonade, and those who taste it, like it so well that they drink it almost immoderately. When you feel hot it is quite delicious, and under any circumstances, whether hot or cold, the drinking of it produces perspiration, with no unpleas-

ant effect afterwards. The spring has no outlet. It is probably sixty feet across it, and it is covered with a white froth or foam, which upon close examination appears like cream of tartar on a wine case. It kills insects, worms and other small animals that come near and use it. No fish or smallest evidence of life is seen within its waters.

The Galveston "NEWS" declares that immense bodies of fresh water underlie a large portion of Texas, and that occasionally some of this vast reservoir finds vent in rivers like the San Marcos, San Antonio and others, which burst forth in full volume, and, unlike most rivers, are larger at their heads than at their mouths.

In Elko county, Nevada, there is a most remarkable stratum of steatite, a peculiar kind of clay, resting horizontally in a steep bluff of volcanic matter, from three to ten feet in diameter. It is easily worked and is a veritable soap mine. In fact, the farmers, cattle-men and sheep-herders in that region all use the natural article for washing purposes. Chemically considered it is a hydrated silicate of alumina, magnesia, potash and lime. When the steatite is first dug from the stratum it looks precisely like immense masses of mottled castile soap, the mottling element being a small percentage of iron oxide. A firm in Elko have undertaken to introduce this natural soap into the market.

In many parts of the world there are stones that travel, strange as it may seem. They were first found in Australia. Similar curiosities have recently been found in Nevada, which are described as almost per-

fectly round, the majority of them as large as a walnut and of an irony nature. When distributed about on the floor, table or other level surface, within two or three feet of each other, they immediately begin traveling towards a common center, and there huddle like a lot of eggs in a nest. A single stone, removed to a distance of three and a half feet, upon being released, at once started off with wonderful and somewhat comical celerity to join its fellows; taken away four or five feet, it remains motionless. They are found in a region that is comparatively level, and is nothing but bare rock. Scattered over this barren region are little basins, from a few feet to a rod or two in diameter; and it is in the bottom of these that the rolling stones are found. They are from the size of a pea to five or six inches in diameter. The cause of these stones rolling together is doubtless to be found in the material of which they are composed, which appears to be lodestone, or magnetic iron ore.

The highest mountain on the earth is Gaurisankar, or Mount Everest, in the eastern Himalayan district. It is twenty-nine thousand and two feet high. In this district there are thirty-four mountains over twenty thousand feet in hight, and thirty-two more than ten thousand feet. The second highest peak is the Dapsang, in Western Thibet, twenty-eight thousand two hundred and seventy-eight feet high; the third, Kintchinjunga, twenty-eight thousand one hundred and fifty-six feet; the fourth, the Sisbut, peak, in Nepaul, twenty-seven thousand seven hundred and ninty-nine. Dhawalagiri, in Nepaul, which was formerly considered the

highest mountain on the earth, is now ranked as fifth, being but twenty-six thousand eight hundred and twenty-six feet high.

Mount Cotopaxi is counted the greatest known volcano, and is situated in South America. Vesuvious is the best known and most famous of all volcanoes, and lies just back of Naples in Italy. Mt. Etna on the island of Sicily, and Hecla of Iceland are also quite noted, and believed by some to show signs of internal connection.

The Giant's Causeway and Fingal's Cave on the Northwest coast of Scotland, are described in all our school geographies. The cave is two hundred and twelve feet long. The celebrated maelstrom or whirlpool on the coast of Norway has been the terror of the navigators of the Northern seas in all ages. Hell-gate in New York harbor, at certain stages of the tide, used to be almost as dangerous. The account of the blasting away of the rocks by which the whirlpool was destroyed is very interesting. One of the most wonderful things in the world is the so called "Gulf-stream," of the Northern Atlantic. It seems to flow from the Gulf of Mexico, and continues a distinct warm stream of water for thousands of miles, reaching almost to the shores of Greenland, and finally exhausting itself on the western shores of Europe and Great Britain.

Ebal and Gerizim are mountains mentioned in the Bible, and have been pointed out by certain skeptics as one of the instances of absurd and impossible Bible descriptions. An English traveler recently

visited these mountains, and thought he would see if the story told about them in the twenty-seventh chapter of Deuteronomy was true. You will remember that Moses placed the twelve tribes, six on one of these mountains, and six on the other, and each set spoke certain blessings and cursings which were distinctly understood by the people in the valley between. This traveler got a companion to climb Gerizim, while he toiled up Ebal. When so far apart, that their horses looked like mere dots on the hillside, each halted, and one began to read aloud from a book, feeling, as he expressed it, "as if I might as well address the House of Commons from Lambeth Palace." He paused, and great was his surprise to distinctly here the words of the twenty-third Psalm, from the little dot on the opposite hillside, and this in spite of conversation carried on by some Turkish soldiers near. On meeting again, it was found that each had heard the other perfectly, though they spoke in ordinary tones.

Mr. John Kee, of Talbot county, Ga., is responsible for the following: "It was early Sunday morning. My daughter was engaged in sweeping off the front porch, when her attention was attracted by the plaintive cries of young chickens and the distressed clucking of a hen. The sound came from a pile of leaves under some poplar trees in the yard, and, hurrying to the spot, she found the little chicks all stuck up with leaves, rolling about struggling to free themselves, and two of the little sufferers were stuck together. She picked these two up, and, coming to the house, called

me. On examination we found them covered with a sticky substance, which seemed to have come off the leaves. I went out into the yard and found it on all the leaves, and, tasting, was surprised to find it honey. Looking around I could see it glistening in the sunshine like diamonds on every leaflet, and on the porch for two or three feet were splotches of it. Several neighbors dropped in during the day whom I told of the honey shower, supposing it had been general, but they were incredulons until shown evidences of it. In the evening of the same day I noticed a mist between me and the sun, and a closer examination disclosed the fact that we were having a repetition of the phenomenon, which was witnessed by a dozen people. While it did not run off the house either morning or evening, it covered the leaves of the trees and shrubs, and was, without doubt, honeydew, and that, too, from a cloudless sky."

We speak of the silvery brightness of Mercury, the mild radiance of venus, the fiery splendor of Mars. By the aid of the telescope we may gaze upon Saturn, with his "sky-girt rings" and seven moons, and view Jupiter, with his belts and satellites. While many believe these planets to be inhabited, others, equally wise, argue against such a possibility.

The whole animal kingdom consists of hundreds of thousands of different kinds of beings constructed on only four different plans, each one of which is expressed in thousands of different ways.

Dr. Van Lennep, who has spent almost a lifetime in Palestine and the East, tells of the remarkable

manner in which the swallows and other small birds, such as the ortolas, darnagas, bee figs, wrens, titmouse, smaller thrushes, and finches, get over the Mediterranean Sea preparatory for wintering in Tropical Africa. As the winter approaches, flocks of cranes, which are also migratory, fly southward and on their backs bear the little birds of weaker wing over the sea into a summer clime.

The weaver birds of Africa are the most ingenious of all birds. One variety build their nests in the shape of an umbrella upon a tree, several hundred birds being sheltered in one nest. Another variety build on slender twigs over a stream of running water. Still another, builds its nests on the backs of the wild buffaloes, where it finds food in a kind of flea that infests the latter, and serves also as a sentinel to warn the animal of approaching danger.

The agricultural ant of Texas is perhaps the most intelligent and wonderful insect to be found upon the face of the earth. The descriptions given of them by naturalists read like the tales of the Aztec races or the discoveries of Nineveh and Babylon.

We are so accustomed to think of four-footed creatures as hunting game, that the idea that a fish might be made use of in that way seems strange. Nevertheless, there is a fish living in the Gulf of Mexico which is sent out by its master to hunt turtles, they being considered good for soup making. The reve was noticed by Christopher Columbus, who related the fact of seeing this fish sent out fishing by the native Indians. This fish is long and slim, with a curious flat

head, on the top of which is a singular oval apparatus which operates like a sucker. With this sucker the reve sticks to another fish, and so has him fast for dinner. I should consider his table rather inconvenient, being on the top of his head, but he seems to get along with it very well; having the lower jaw much longer than the upper, he somehow draws the food into his mouth. When the reve is wanted to catch turtles, his master fastens a cord around his tail and throws him into the water where he sees a fine turtle. The reve immediately fastens himself to his turtleship, and the man at the end of the cord draws him up out of the water, deprives him of his dinner, and throws him back into the water to fish again. Reve is the Spanish word for *reversed*, and was given to this fellow because he looks as though he were upside down, or reversed.

Gray hairs sometimes come prematurely by inheritance, trouble, or the large use of water containing lime. The sudden blanching of a head of hair is frequently caused by severe nervous shocks, and numerous historical and traditional cases may be cited in which sudden fear or overwhelming news has turned the hair white in a few hours. The case of Marie Antoinette is one of the most tender and touching, for in a single night her rich dark hair was changed to silver gray. A Sepoy of the Bengal army was taken prisoner in 1858, and the fright he received caused his hair to become completely whitened within half an hour, the change being so rapid as to cause his captor to exclaim in astonishment, "He is turning gray!" Un-

der the influence of fear or any great mental shock, the blood recedes from the surface of the body to the heart, and it is supposed the same influence may cause the coloring fluid of the hair to retire to the root-bulbs, where it remains thereafter. Gray hair has been known to become dark without the chemist's aid. In 1774, Nazarelia, a man one hundred and five years old, was presented by nature with a new set of teeth and a restoration of the black hair of his youth. John Weeks was blessed with a regeneration of the color of his hair a short time before his death, which occurred at the age of one hundred and fourteen; and Sir John Sinclair, dying at one hundred and ten, rejoiced in a youthful head of hair during the latter years of his life. Dr. Richards has reported the case of a man who had three changes of his hair from black to white during his life, the first taking place when he was about thirty-five years old.

Wonders of Art.

Strange thing art, especially music. Out of an art a man may be so trivial you would mistake him for an imbecile, at best a grown infant. Put him into his art, and how high he soars above you! How quietly he enters into a heaven of which he has become a denizen, and, unlocking the gates with his golden key, admits you to follow, an humble, reverent worshipper.

In art there is a point of perfection, as of goodness or maturity in nature; he who is able to perceive it, and who loves it, has perfect taste; he who does not feel it, or loves on this side or that, has an imperfect taste. Never judge a work of art by its defects.

He who seeks popularity in art closes the door on his own genius, as he must needs paint for other minds and not for his own. The mother of useful arts is necessity; that of the fine arts is luxury. Art is the right hand of Nature. The latter has only given us being, the former has made us men. Art does not imitate nature, but it founds itself on the study of nature—takes from nature the selections which best accord with its own intention, and then bestows on them that which nature does not possess, namely, the mind and the soul of man.

We understand art to mean the work of man—simply that and nothing more. Hence everything made by man, all his contrivances, the tools by which he works, the productions of his greatest skill, the results of all his scientific research, are simply works of art. Some of these productions are indeed most wonderful; we can barely touch upon the outlines, and draw only here and there a fragment from the great storehouse of knowledge, concerning the wonders of art, to which we thus hope to introduce you.

The seven wonders of the world, in ancient times, were the Pyramids of Egypt, the Pharos of Alexandria, the walls and hanging gardens of Babylon, the Temple of Diana, the statue of the Olympian Jupiter, the Mausoleum of Artemesia, and the Colossus at Rhodes.

The seven wonders of the world in modern times are the printing-press, the steam engine, the telegraph, the daguerreotype, the telephone, the phonograph and the electric light.

The so-called "Seven Wonders" of the Ancients were mere trifles compared with those of the present time. The Brooklyn bridge, for example, would make the hanging gardens of Babylon a mere toy, while the whole seven wonders put together would sink into insignificance could their builders have seen a lightning express train at full speed.

London covers nearly seven hundred square miles. It numbers more than four million inhabitants. It comprises one hundred thousand foreigners from every quarter of the globe. It contains more Roman Catholics than Rome itself; more Jews than the whole of Palestine; more Irish than Dublin; more Scotchmen than Edinburgh; more Welshmen than Cardiff. Has a birth every five minutes, and a death every eight minutes; has seven accidents in every day in its seven thousand miles of streets; has an addition of thirty-eight miles of new streets, most of which are lined with houses, every year; has one hundred and twenty-three persons every day, and forty-five thousand annually, added to its population; has one hundred and seventeen thousand habitual criminals on its police register; and has thirty-eight thousand drunkards annually brought before its magistrates.

Among the old cities of the world may be mentioned Damascus, in Asia, which was an old city when Rome was a wilderness, and still retains the same houses,

streets and city walls that then existed. In the new world, going to New Mexico in the far West, we find the city of Santa Fe, meaning in Spanish "Holy Faith," which dates back to 1542, when the Spaniards took possession of an old Aztec town standing on the same ground. "It was old when New York was a swamp, and hoary with age when Columbus discovered America."

In Holland are the most remarkable levees or dikes in the world. They are often forty feet above ordinary high water and wide enough at the top for a common roadway. The whole expenditure for maintaining these levees is annually from two million to two million five hundred thousand dollars. The whole state of Holland, with but a small exception, has been redeemed from the bottom of the sea, and the history of this great work, going on for centuries past, is one of most remarkable interest.

There is a great wall in China a thousand miles long. Just think of it; one-eighth of the distance through this great world of ours, this wall stretches! The wall is wide enough for two carriages to pass each other in driving along its top. The foundation of the wall is of solid granite, the remainder of well-laid masonry. The wall is carried from point to point in a perfectly straight line across valleys and plains, and over hills. Brooks and small rivers are bridged over by the wall, while larger rivers have towers on both banks. This immense wall was built to protect China from her enemies. The wall has several thousand towers, used as watch-towers by the Chinese in times of danger. To-day this wall is utterly useless.

The Alhambra, of Spain, is one of the most remarkable structures ever reared by the hand of man. For nearly eight hundred years the Moors held possession of the fairest parts of Spain, and in the city of Granada, their ancient capital, this wonderful palace was built. The outer walls, or fortification, were thirty feet in height and six feet in thickness. The area enclosed in these walls is very extensive. It is said, in its palmy days, to have afforded accommodation to forty thousand soldiers alone. The palace proper was built in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and all the beauty and ingenuity of Arabic art were lavished upon its construction. It is said that the walls still remain unaltered by the ravages of time, except in unimportant parts; and the color of the paintings in which there is no mixture of oil, on removing the particles of dust, appear to have preserved their brightness. The beams and woodwork of the ceiling present no signs of decay. The art of rendering timber and paints durable, and of making porcelain mosaics, arabesques, and other ornaments, began and ended in western Europe with the Moorish conquerors of Spain.

The remains of the palace of the Alhambra consist of entrance-arches, corridors, and courts, constructed chiefly of marble, and richly adorned with arabesques. The Arabs were forbidden by their religion to use the representation of living figures or animals in their ornamental devices, which therefore took the shape of flowers and geometrical forms, sometimes very fanciful in their nature. The term *arabesque* was applied

to this class of ornament, after the race by which it was chiefly used. These arabesque ornaments were cast in moulds, and joined with such extreme nicety that frequently no trace of the point of junction can be detected. They were colored in blue, red and gold, and the general effect in such edifices as the Alhambra is so gorgeous that it cannot be realized by description.

The many courts and corridors of the Alhambra were very elaborately decorated, the saloon known as the Hall of Abencerages, with its beautiful stalactite roof, being composed of five thousand separate pieces fitting into each other with the greatest exactitude. The hall takes its name from a Moorish family, the last members of which were treacherously murdered in this chamber. A mark, said to have been left by their blood, is pointed out upon the marble floor; but skeptical people in later times have declared that it is nothing but the deposit of water impregnated with iron.

There are many ways of doing things now which would be marvellous to the ancients or even to our forefathers. We have become so accustomed of seeing these things we make no note of them, but accept them as matters of course. We see the ponderous locomotive rolling along on the roads without any apparent traction and scarcely heed it, except to give it a wide berth, for it is remorseless in its pathway. And yet when we consider it is a natural power which is utilized, merely the expansion of water under the influence of heat, we are lost in admiration at the

ingenuity of man in devising ways by which this property of water, familiar since the world began, should be made to do his work. As wonderful as the steam engine is, it is yet surpassed by the telegraph.

Not alone the instrument, which is merely a mechanical contrivance to give sounds by which words are denoted, but still more wonderful are the properties of electricity under constraint. Everybody since the days of Noah is familiar with lightning, the untamed but not untamable artillery of heaven.

It is a faithful servant, not in the least captious, but demands its laws and will follow them. It travels in circuits. The circle must be unbroken, or it gets angry and explodes with a detonation in proportion to the size of the spark or the distance it has to traverse to regain its route. This quality secured it as a servant of man, a faithful, humble, obliging servant, as swift in the performance of duties as Ariel was to the bidding of Prospero, but far more untiring.

For instance, the assassination of Gen. Garfield took place in Washington at half past nine A.M. Saturday. At nine o'clock it was know to everybody in Nashville, as the time of this place is forty minutes in advance of Washington time, and this gave ten minutes to get off the dispatch and circulate it here. Nor is this the most wonderful part of the story. It was known in San Francisco at six o'clock, or three and a half hours before it took place. This is still not all, for by twelve o'clock it was published in every capital city on the face of the globe. Think of this one moment, and see if it can be conceived.

Electricity annihilates both time and space. It travels around the earth by the time you can wink. At the beginning of the present century it would have taken six months, or possibly longer to be disseminated to the same extent it had reached in an hour on that day. The people of Paris, London, St. Petersburg, Constantinople, Athens, Cairo, Jerusalem, Calcutta, Botany Bay, Pekin, Yeddo in Japan, all collecting in knots and talking about it, before his wife, only a few miles off, could reach his bedside. Isn't this marvellous?

Prometheus scaled the divine heights of Olympus and stole the fire from Jove with which to give life to the first man. Verily Prometheus still lives and is rapidly stealing the secrets of nature and disseminating them among mankind. Let us hope he will fare better than his prototype of old for his daring ingenuity.

One of the most interesting objects offered to public inspection at the Sidney International Exhibition was a dwelling-house exclusively made of paper, and furnished throughout with articles manufactured from the same material. Walls, roof, floorings and staircases alike, consisted of cartonpierre. The carpets and curtains, bedsteads, lamps, sheets and counterpanes, towels, bootjacks, baths, kitchen utensils, etc., were one and all preparations of papier-mache, as were the very stoves used for heating the rooms, in which large fires were kept burning throughout the duration of the exhibition. Several banquets were given in the paper house by its owners to the commissioners, members of the press, and foreigners of dis-

tinction. All the plates and dishes, knives and forks, bottles and drinking vessels used at these entertainments, were fabricated entirely and solely of paper. Should these paper buildings come into vogue, they may be expected to superinduce some striking changes in the rates of fire insurance, at present calculated upon a basis of bricks and mortar.

A novel use for glass has been found, and so far it answers well—viz., as ties for railway lines. Soon after Dela Besle introduced his method of toughening glass, Mr. F. Seimens, of Dresden, commenced a series of researches which have culminated at present in the production of a very hard glass, which, unlike the material produced by the Dela Besle method, does not fly into a million fragments when broken. The ties which have been tested on the North Metropolitan line, at Stafford, England, are three feet long and four inches wide by six inches deep, the upper side being made to fit the rails. The glass sleepers are not so strong as those cut from the sound pine, but they are practically indestructible, and what is more, are cheap.

The Japanese make a very curious and handsome kind of copper by casting it under water, the metal being highly heated, and the water also being hot. The result is a beautiful rose-colored tint, which is not affected by exposure to the atmosphere.

The oldest printed book in the world is the Mazarin Bible. It is so called because a copy of it was found in the library of that celebrated French statesman, Mazarin, in Paris, about the middle of the last century. It was beautifullv printed in Latin; and when offered

for sale not a human being, except the artists themselves, could tell how the work had been done. The printing had been finished as early as 1455, and the binding and illuminating were completed at Mentz in 1456.

It was in two volumes, and there were about twenty copies, eighteen of which are to be found, ten being in private libraries in England. Some of these Bibles are printed upon vellum, a very fine kind of parchment, some on paper of choice quality, with black and tolerably handsome letters.

Of this book Hallam, the historian, thus writes:

"In imagination we may see this venerable and splendid volume leading up the crowded myriads of of its followers, aud imploring, as it were, a blessing on the new art by dedicating its first fruits to the service of heaven."

A copy of this Bible was sold a few years ago for twenty-five hundred dollars.

In a recent biography of Sir Edwin Landseer, an instance is related of his amazing mastery of hand. At a party in London some one remarked that there was one thing nobody had ever done, and that was to draw two things at once. "Oh, I can do that," said Landseer, "lend me two pencils." The pencils and paper were brought, and Sir Edwin drew, simultaneously and without hesitation, with one hand the profile of a stag's head, with all its antlers complete, and with the other hand the perfect profile of a horse's head. Both drawings are said to have been executed with remarkable beauty and force.

WORDS.

Gentle words are marks of the true gentleman.

Use gentle words, for who can tell
The blessings they impart?
How oft they fall (as manna fell)
On some nigh-fainting heart.

In lonely wilds, by light-winged birds,
Rare seeds have oft been sown;
And hope has sprung from gentle words,
Where only griefs had grown.

NEVER is the deep, strong voice of man, or the low, sweet voice of woman, firmer than in the earnest but mellow tones of speech, richer than the richest music, which are a delight while they are heard, which linger still upon the ear in softened echoes, and which, when they have ceased, come long after back to memory like the murmurs of a distant hymn. Oh, it is very pleasant to listen to such voices, accordant with lofty conceptions and sweet humanities,—the soul breathings that now swell with daring imaginations, and then sink into the gentleness of sadness or of pity. I have heard such voices, voices that were music *from* the soul and *to* it—the very melody of thought, and of thought that was the very soul of goodness. Beautiful conceptions sang along the syllables, beautiful feelings came trickling from the heart in liquid tones. Very pleasant are such voices—pleasant on the fragrant air of a summer's evening, pleasant by the fire on a winter's night, pleasant in the palace, pleasant in the shanty, pleasant while they last, pleasant to remember

even with sorrow, when they are silent, when their melody shall never, never again attune and sweeten the common air of earth.

Talking is the best of all recreations, and a master of the art possesses the most useful and enjoyable of accomplishments. Conversation is designed to be the one long-lasting, never-failing amusement of mankind. It is the pleasure that sets in earliest, outlives all vicissitudes, and continues ours when we can enjoy nothing else.

Conversation warms the mind, enlivens the imagination, and is continually starting fresh game that is immediately pursued and taken, and which would never have occurred in the duller intercourse of epistolary correspondence.

The cheerful converse of a friend will often tend, more than anything else, to soothe, exhilarate and expand the heart, and impart an elasticity to the spirit and a vigor to the vital current beyond all the skill of the physician.

There are words which sever hearts more than sharp swords; there are words, the point of which sting the heart through the course of a whole life.

Words are often everywhere as the minute-hands of the soul, more important than even the hour-hands of action. Words, like glass, darken whatever they do not help us to see.

Douglas Jerrold says: "The last word is the most dangerous of infernal machines, and husband and wife should no more fight to get it than they would struggle for the possession of a lighted bomb-shell."

If we have nothing to speak to edification, how much better to hold our tongue! Clothe not thy language either with obscurity or affectation; in the one thou discoverest too much darkness, in the other too much lightness. He that speaks from the understanding to the understanding is the best interpreter. A word once uttered cannot be recalled. Many a friendship has been broken and a hope blasted by a thoughtless word. While the gift of conversation proves a clever man, the want of it is no proof of a dull one. It is a pure heart that makes the tongue impressive. Gentle words cost very little and yet they accomplish great results. They are more powerful than armed hosts engaged in mortal conflict on the open field of battle.

Ah! a single word, how its echo rings through the earth. The proverb has well said, "Words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver,"—a word of counsel to the erring, a word of kindness to the stranger, a word of sympathy to the sorrowing, a word of love to *all*. But a word of folly, how its memory haunts us! A word has carried death to the soul, crushed young hope struggling into existence, smothered affection in its infancy, severed from us friend and lover. How often we hear ringing in our ears the sad refrain, "It might have been!" How often, alas! we are forced to exclaim, "Pshaw! pshaw! what a fool I was, what a fool!"

How sweet, how delicious and agreeable to our ears are kind words. Their very sound is heavenly manna upon which souls may feed. Delightful and melodious they steal in our hearts in such a fascinating

way that we are powerless to force them back from whence they come. They never cause us to feel unhappy, but they ever come as a sweet messenger to cheer and encourage us in the hour of trials and disappointment when the dark clouds of adversity, with portentous lowerings, have swept away every vestige of hope and expectation.

O the power on the hardest heart of a kind word! And it costs so little. True, there may be a few specimens of humanity of such a nature that you can never get from them more than a grunt or a growl—men who complain of everything and are always as blue as indigo, as bitter as gall. But most men and women have souls and hearts, too, which will respond to your touch.

But for hard words, unkind, cruel words, words that wound and rankle, and stay to irritate and annoy, untruthful words, swollen out of proportion, great harsh adjectives that sound loudly but are not just, wise or good — these are idle words that go before us to judgment.

An idle word may be seemingly harmless in its utterance; but let it be fanned by passion, let it be fed with the fuel of misconception, of evil intention, of prejudice, and it will soon grow into a sweeping fire that will melt the chains of human friendship, that will burn to ashes many cherished hopes and blacken more fair names than one.

Better than gold oftentimes is a word fitly spoken. Up and down this world go many fainting discouraged ones. It may be your father, pressed down by

a weight of responsibility. It may be the little mother, coping with daily difficulties large for such frail hands. It may be the elder brother, struggling unaided to launch his lifeboat; or, mayhap, some one you only meet occasionally. But the world is full of those to whom the right kind of a word—one wisely chosen and propelled by kind motives—would be of greater use than gold. To many of us, gold is beyond reach; but where is there one who cannot speak a helpful word?

Samuel Johnson once wrote to a friend, "Your former conversation has made me think repeatedly what a number of beautiful words there are of which we never think of estimating the value, as there are of blessings. How carelessly, for example, do we (not we, but people) say: "I am delighted to hear from you." No other language has this beautiful expression, which, like some of the most lovely flowers, loses its charms for want of close inspection. When I consider the deep sense of these very simple and very common words, I seem to hear a voice coming from afar through the air, breathed forth and intrusted to the care of the elements for the nurture of my sympathy."

"Talk is cheap," is the old truism. There is more of preaching than practice. It is easier to make profession of righteousness than to work it. It is a very common thing to hear men talk of the things that are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report, but not so common to see these virtues illustrated in daily walk and conversation.

Words cost but little, and they too often mean but

little and amount to little. But this is not the worst of it. If words do little good, they may do much harm. The blasting, blighting, cursing influence of words hastily or unadvisedly spoken, has been too often illustrated to need more than a passing notice; but the thought cannot be too deeply impressed that our words may be falling like healing leaves or rays of light upon those about us, carrying peace and blessing with them, or they may be as poisoned arrows, whose festering wounds shall work misery and death long after the lips that sent them forth shall have ceased their utterances.

Among the many evils which prevail under the sun, the abuse of words is not the least considerable. By the influence of time, and the perversion of fashion, the plainest and most unequivocal may be so altered as to have a meaning assigned them almost diametrically opposite to their original signification.

Ninety-nine out of every hundred Northerners will say "institoot" instead of institute, "dooty" for duty —a perfect rhyme to the word beauty. They will call new and news, "noo" and "noos," and so on through the dozens and hundreds of similar words. Not a dictionary in the English language authorizes this. In student and stupid the "u" has the same sound as in cupid, and should not be pronounced "stoodent" or "stoopid," as so many teachers are in the habit of sounding them. If it is a vulgarism to call a door a "doah," as we all admit, isn't it as much of a vulgarism to call a newspaper a "noospaper?" One vulgarism is Northern and the other Southern, that is the only

difference. When the London "Punch" wishes to burlesque the pronunciation of servants, it makes them call the duke the "dooke," the tutor the "tooter," and a tube a "toob." You never find the best Northern speakers, such as Wendell Phillips, George William Curtis, Emerson, Holmes, and men of that class, saying "noo" for new, "Toosday" for Tuesday, "avenoo" for avenue, or calling a dupe a "doop."

Nature never indulges in exclamations—never says ah! or alas! She is a plain writer, uses few gestures, does not add to her verbs, uses few adverbs, uses no expletives.

There is a vast difference in the use of words, or their mode of combination, between the Western nations and the Eastern, or Oriental. The romances, poetry and novels of Europeans and Americans must keep within the limits of some kind of probability, although they are pictures of what might have been true, rather than truth itself. But Arabian stories, as in the "Arabian Nights," keep not within any such bounds. A tale which does not astonish, surprise and confound, and which does not set at defiance all sober calculation and rational theory, is with that imaginative people dull, lifeless, and unworthy of notice. All the East partakes of this inflated taste.

ORATORY.

Where thoughts kindle, words spontaneously flow.

The true ideal of oratory, like that of painting and sculpture, is only attainable through culture.—*Prof. Reed.*

THE qualities that make a great orator are thus stated by Wendell Phillips: "A man may be a stammerer and yet a great orator, a man may have a poor voice and yet be a great orator, a man may speak incorrectly and ungrammatically and still be a very great orator; all that is needed is to have an earnest cause thoroughly at heart, and have heart and cause so truly wedded that they are one with his innermost nature, so that when he speaks he pours out his own self, exalted by that with which he is filled."

When the Roman people had listened to the diffuse and polished discourses of Cicero, they departed, saying one to another, "What a splendid speech our orator has made!" But when the Athenians heard Demosthenes, he so filled them with the subject-matter of his oration, that they quite forgot the orator, and left him at the finish of his harangue, breathing revenge, and exclaiming, "Let us go and fight against Philip!"

The more an idea is developed, the more concise becomes its expression: the more a tree is pruned, the better is the fruit. Oratory, like the drama, abhors lengthiness; like the drama, it must be kept doing. It avoids, as frigid, prolonged metaphysical soliloquy. Beauties themselves, if they delay or dis-

tract the effect which should be produced on the audience, become blemishes. Luther tells us "the fewer words the better prayer," and Charles Buxton says, "concentration alone conquers."

Theodore Parker said in substance that eloquence is to a man what beauty is to a woman. It is the music of speech, the charm of utterance, the graceful and fervent expression of thought, the vocalization of ideas and emotions. The eloquence of John Bright was developed on the temperance platform. The marvellous command of humor and pathos shown by John B. Gough was first displayed in his advocacy of total abstinence. Wendell Phillips, the heroic and erratic champion of reform, flowered into fame in the "old Cradle of Liberty" when be rebuked the aristocracy of Boston for shutting its eyes to the shameful murder of Lovejoy.

There never is true eloquence except when great principles and sentiments have entered into the substance of the soul. Rear stronger minds and they will lift up the race to sublimer heights of dignity and power. The lives of men should be filled with beauty even as the earth and heavens are clothed with it.

The eloquence of the pulpit should be pre-eminently the eloquence of elevated thought, uttered through that various structure of discourse and style of expression in which a versatile mind will convey such thought. It should be the eloquence of real life, and of great occasion. It should be the eloquence of manly purpose in great exigencies. In its best forms it will resemble, and yet surpass, the best eloquence

of senates, in the emergencies of nations. The true preacher can be known by this, that he deals out to his people his life—life passed through the fire of thought.

On the other hand it has been asserted—and our experience proves its truth—that the wisest and most cultured men have many thoughts for which they can find no adequate expression. The best songs have not been sung, except in meek and lowly hearts, by inaudible voices, and to the minstrelsy of unseen harps. The noblest thoughts that stir man's heart cannot find utterance.

Dwight L. Moody, when he applied for admission into the Mount Vernon Congregational church of Boston, was on account of his unsatisfactory statements of experience, refused. Waiting almost a year, he presented himself again; this time he was received. Soon after, attending a church prayer-meeting, he arose and spoke briefly. At the close of the service the pastor took him aside, and kindly told him that he had better not attempt to speak in meetings, but that he might serve God more acceptably in some other way. But this young man, whom this people were so loath to hear, was yet to be listened to, on both sides of the Atlantic, by such crowds as have seldom been attracted by any man since the days of Wesley and Whitefield.

A great orator was once applied to for the rules of oratory. He said the first rule was "action;" the second rule was "action;" the third rule was "action;" thus intimating that hard work and complete mastery

of the subject he desired to speak about, was the ultimatum. It is said that Demosthenes both stammered and lisped, and when he first attempted to address an audience, they drowned his voice with their jeers. He retired to the sea-shore, and there practiced speaking in the roar of the surf, and with pebbles in his mouth. Disraeli was hooted at when he first attempted to speak in Parliament, but was afterwards acknowledged as a great orator, and the leader of the English nation.

Henry Clay once said: "I owe my success in life to a single fact, namely, at the age of twenty-seven I commenced and continued for years the practice of daily reading and speaking upon the contents of some historical or scientific book. These offhand efforts were made sometimes in a cornfield, at others in the forest, and not unfrequently in some distant barn, with the horse and ox for my auditors. It is to this early practice in the great art of all arts that I am indebted for the primary and leading impulses that stimulated me forward and shaped and moulded my entire subsequent destiny."

Henry Clay thus advises young men who are ambitious to become orators: "Let not a day pass without exercising your powers of speech. There is no power like that of oratory. Cæsar controlled men by exciting their fears; Cicero, by captivating their affections and swaying their passions. The influence of the one perished with its author; that of the other continues to this day."

Here is a striking description of a great statesman and orator: "He had all the requisites of an orator, a

commanding figure, striking countenance, most penetrating eye, thorough self-possession, a voice flexible and sonorous, and a tongue voluble to a degree almost unprecedented; he had the faculty of pouring out at will copious citations from Scripture."

The following is a description of Mr. Gladstone while making one of his great speeches before Parliament. He is doubtless the greatest living orator: "One recognized at once, by his mere expression and motion, that he was already warm and proud with the ardor of forensic conflict; that he loved this arena on which he stood, and that his whole soul was in the task before him. In his first few simple sentences one already felt the sweet and persuasive power of a voice which, even in his age, has perhaps no equal in any assembly on earth. There was the soul and life of intense earnestness in its very first tones, as the commonplace opening of the speech was uttered; now subdued, to be sure, but soon to burn out and glow with all the fire of the man's warm, intellectual nature.

"The next thing observed was the contrast between this smooth, steady flow of words, this rising fluency of language, pouring out long and involved sentences without a pause, a hitch, an instant's loss of the right word, and the halting and hesitating oratory of most English public men. After listening to the stammering of Lord John Russell, the hemming and hawing of the genial Palmerston, and the studied abruptness of Disraeli, this rapid, steady, limpid quality of Mr. Gladstone's eloquence was charming. To his wonderful fluency, the flexibility and strength as well as sweet-

ness of his voice added striking effect; for it has depth, volume, and wide range of tone, and quickly adapts itself to the rhetorical need of the moment.

"His giant intellect, strength of character, and purity of life make him a favorite among the noble-minded in all the nations of the earth. Though his noble brow, over which hoary locks are falling, is wrinkled with age, he is full of life, eloquence, and prompt activity. His Christian faith and personal efforts for the eternal happiness of men crown this gifted statesman with peculiar honor.

"The opening deceived you somehow into the idea that the flow of the harangue would be sweet and serene throughout. But before Mr. Gladstone had been speaking fifteen minutes he seemed, as Sydney Smith said of Webster, 'a steam engine in trowsers.' No orator was ever more susceptible to the warming-up process, caused by the very act of speaking, than he. No orator ever became more wrapt, more absorbed in the task before him. You felt profoundly that he was speaking from the most firmly-rooted convictions; that the cause he advocated was buried deep in his heart, and was the outcome alike of conscience and intellectual self-persuasion. The dominant idea with him was, not to make a great display, not to produce a refined and polished-off bit of eloquence, but to persuade and to convince. He produced that powerful effect upon his hearers which is one of the highest triumphs of oratory, that made you feel ashamed and perverse not to agree with him and be persuaded."

Robert Hall was considered the greatest orator in

the English pulpit, and, like Spurgeon, was a Baptist. The following description of one of his sermons is very vivid: "He looked more like a dead man than a living one. With slow and mechanical utterance he began. Without motion or gesture, save a feeble, occasional movement of the right hand, he went on. He first described, as only he could, the glories of the natural heavens, and exalted God as the "Father" of all these lights. He then called a graphic roll of the world's intellectual masters. God was also the Father of mental greatness. And he dwelt on moral and spiritual greatness, and traced it all to God.

"As he proceeded, a wonderful change came over his face. The flabbiness passed away from his cheeks, and the heaviness out of his eyes. His face shone like an angel's, his eye blazed with unnatural brilliance, and his voice, losing the huskiness with which he began, rang like a trumpet. A great change also came over the audience. As he went on from picture to picture, and poured out on that audience, accustomed indeed to eloquence, but now astonished, his wonderful wealth of word and thought, the people leaned forward in their seats hardly daring to breathe, and finally fully one-third of them, unconscious of what they were doing, rose up and leaned towards the pulpit as far as they could reach. Many left their pews, and with unconscious steps silently, stealthily crept down the aisles, until they found themselves standing entranced directly in front of the speaker, so irresistible was the magnet that drew them.

"When the sermon was over, the giant disease

again claimed its victim, the eyes sunk and the face fell. He was again the feeble, dying man. But during that glorious hour, when 'great thoughts struck along the brain,' the mind was supreme. It spurned weakness and death, and claimed its birthright."

Gen. Mitchell, the great astronomer, who died at the South during the late war, closed one of his lectures as follows:

"Light traverses space at the rate of a million miles a minute, yet the light from the nearest star requires ten years to reach the earth, and Herschel's great telescope revealed stars two thousand three hundred times further distant. The great telescope of Lord Rosse pursued these creations of God still deeper into space, and having resolved the nebulæ of the Milky Way into stars, discovered other systems of stars—beautiful diamond points glittering in the black darkness beyond. When he beheld this amazing abyss—when he saw these systems scattered profusely throughout space—when he reflected upon their immense distance, their enormous magnitude, and the countless millions of worlds that belonged to them, it seemed to him as though the wild dream of the German poet was more than realized.

"God called man in his dream into the vestibule of heaven, saying: 'Come hither, and I will show thee the glory of my house.' And to His angels who stood about His throne be said, 'Take him, strip him of his robes of flesh; cleanse him of his affections; put a new breath into his nostrils, but touch not the human heart,'—the heart that fears, that hopes, and trembles.

A moment, and it was done; and the man stood ready for his unknown voyage. Under the guidance of a mighty angel, with sounds of the flying pinions, they sped away from the battlements of Heaven. Some time, on the mighty angel's wings, they fled through Saharas of darkness—wildernesses of death. At length, from a distance not counted save in the arithmetic of Heaven, a light beamed upon them—a sleepy flame, as seen through a hazy cloud. In a moment, the blazing suns around them—a moment, and the wheeling of planets; then came long eternities of twilight; then, again, on the right hand and the left appeared more constellations.

"At last the man sank down, crying: 'Angel, I can go no further; let me lie down in the grave, and hide myself from the infinitude of the universe, for end there is none!' 'End there is none!' demanded the angel. And from the glittering stars that shone around there came a choral shout, 'End there is none! End there is none!'"

The Power of Music.

"Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie."—*Milton.*

Music hath its charms the savage breast to soothe, and there breathes not a human being so dead to the pure and holy instincts implanted by God himself that he does not grow kinder and more gentle under its soothing strains.

The harsh cares of life often blunt our better natures and make us cold and selfish. But the sweet song of a little child, trilling forth the praise of "Blessed Jesus," will thrill the soul and turn the whole channel of our thoughts and emotions in a new and heavenly direction. Even the wandering beggar with his hand-organ upon the streets, when it breaks forth with a "Sweet Bye and Bye" beneath our office windows, will turn our thoughts back upon the pleasant evenings we spent with a loved one, when we sang that song, and little dreamed of the bitter bye and bye, when we should be left to walk this gloomy earth alone, while she passed on to that better land in fulfillment of the beautiful prophecy of the song.

The power of music is attested in the universal attention commanded by a beautiful singer. Genin, the hatter, paid two hundred and twenty-five dollars to hear Jenny Lind sing, and many a man has parted with his hard-earned dollars in the gambling hell and dance hall under the witchery of "Home, Sweet Home." The delirium of joy experienced when, after months of lonely work upon the mountain side, the poor miner hears the loved cradle songs in the gilded palace of sin, can only be realized by those who have witnessed such scenes.

Who can tell the priceless value of beautiful hymns sung by the little child in the nursery, by the sailor on the mighty ocean, by the lone negro woman in her cabin on the Florida shore, and by the bedside of the sick and dying. They are almost a religion in themselves, they are full of words of love, of holy faith and

holy teaching, and they cannot but elevate and purify the heart and life, and from my inmost soul I bless God for the gift of beautiful hymns.

Learn to use your voices, boys; it will often help you over a stiff bit of work to sing, and true gladness is infectious, for a "merry heart doeth good like medicine." An officer lay on the field of Shiloh, fatally wounded by a gunshot. A multitude of others, helpless like himself, were stretched on the ground around him, but none so near that he could easily converse. He felt himself alone—but with God—and this made him almost forget his pain and thirst, and the sadness of his dying thoughts of home and friends never to be seen by him again. Another home rose before him in the twilight of eternity—the place prepared by the Sufferer of Calvary for "His loved and His own"; and as he lay there under the stars, the vision of it brightened as he drew nearer to it, and he began to sing:

When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear
And wipe my weeping eyes.

Instantly another wounded man under the bushes not far away took up the strain, and beyond him another and another, and the suffering and dying all around began to sing, till the dark battle-field rang that night with the melody of faith and hope.

We all can set our daily deeds to the music of a grateful heart, and seek to round our lives into a hymn —the melody of which will be recognized by all who come in contact with us, and the power of which shall

not be evanescent, like the voice of the singer, but perennial, like the music of the spheres.

Music is the harmonious voice of creation; an echo of the invisible world; one note of the divine concord which the entire universe is destined one day to sound. The deeper tones that lie in the silences of nature will be all inaudible, unless the ear be overhearing at the same time the deep music of the heart.

On board the ill-fated steamer *Seawanhaka* was one of the Fisk University singers. Before leaving the burning steamer and committing himself to the merciless waves he carefully fastened upon himself and wife life-preservers. Some one cruelly dragged away that of the wife, leaving her without hope, except as she could cling to her husband. This she did, placing her hands firmly on his shoulders and resting there until her strength becoming exhausted, she said, "I can hold on no longer!" "Try a little longer," was the response of the wearied and agonized husband, "let us sing 'Rock of Ages.'" And as the sweet strains floated over those troubled waters reaching the ears of the sinking and dying, little did they know, those sweet singers of Israel, whom they comforted.

But lo! as they sang, one after another of those exhausted ones were seen raising their heads above the overwhelming waves, joining with a last effort in this sweet, dying, pleading prayer:

> Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
> Let me hide myself in Thee.

With the song seemed to come strength; another and yet another was encouraged to renewed effort. Soon

in the distance a boat was seen approaching! Singing still, they tried, and soon with superhuman strength laid hold of the life-boat, upon which they were borne in safety to land. This is no fiction; it was related by the singer himself, who said he "believed Toplady's sweet 'Rock of Ages' saved many another besides himself and wife."

Many of the wild animals are said to be fond of and even charmed by music; the hunters of the Tyrol and some parts of Germany often entice stags by singing, and the female deer by playing the flute. Beavers and rats have been taught to dance the rope, keeping time to music.

Among reptiles, the lizard shows, perhaps, the most remarkable susceptibility to musical influences; lying first on his back, and then on his side, and anon on his belly, as if desiring to expose every part of his body to the effect of the sonorous fluid which is so delightful to him. He appears to be very refined in his taste; soft voices and plaintive airs being his favorites, while hoarse singing and noisy music disgust him.

Among the insects, spiders are found to be very fond of music; as soon as the sounds reach them, they descend along their web to the point nearest to that from which the music originates, and there remain motionless as long as it continues. Prisoners sometimes tame them by singing or whistling, and make companions of them.

But perhaps the most remarkable influence of music on animals occurred at a menagerie in Paris, a

few years ago, when a concert was given, and two elephants were among the auditors. The orchestra being placed out of their sight, they could not perceive whence the harmony came. The first sensation was that of surprise; at one moment they gazed eagerly at the spectators; the next they ran at their keeper to caress him, and seemed to enquire what these strange sounds meant; but, at length, perceiving that nothing was amiss, they gave themselves up to the impressions which the music communicated. Each new tune seemed to produce a change of feeling, causing their gestures and cries to assume an expression in accordance with it. But it was still more remarkable that after a piece had produced an agreeable effect upon them, if it was incorrectly played they would remain cold and unmoved.

Properly used, sacred song may be made a most powerful educator. There ought to be soul in song, as well as sound. There ought to be thought in song, as well as vibration. Sounds may be agreeable even to an idiot; but only words with thought in them give pleasure to the intellect. The patriotic sentiment excited by "The Marseillaise," or "The Star-Spangled Banner," arises not so much from the music, as from the words. Even when we hear the tune only, our excitement can be traced to the spinal thought which we associate with the music.

Song is a power in patriotism, temperance, missions, politics, parlor companionship and street development. It is a power in religion—not the power of sweet melody, but the power of evangelical truth. It is the

function of music to charm the senses, and thus secure a ready welcome to a truth which, coming alone, would be debarred an entrance. There is a degradation of music which reduces it to a Sunday pastime, or uses it as a piece of stuffing to fill a gap in a prayer meeting. Every hymn is supposed to contain at least a morsel of heavenly bread. The problem should be, how to get that morsel into the spiritual stomach. The singing fails of its true end if it is nothing but singing, with no instruction and no arousing. Perhaps there is too much singing in our Sunday schools, merely for the sake of singing. Perhaps it may be said of a great deal of our singing, that it does no harm, while it relieves the tedium of a dry service. But why may not every hymn be sung for the sake of the truth in it, and the passing pleasure be made entirely subordinate to the permanent instruction?

Eccentricities of Genius.

How common it is to speak of a strong man's eccentricities, or of his peculiar faults, as if they were the source of his power. Even the boorishness and incivility and ill nature of a man, or his overweening vanity, or his violent and ungoverned temper, and his selfish disregard of the feelings and the rights of others, are sometimes spoken of as elements of strength in him. Yet it is invariably true that such a man has made all his progress and gained all his power in spite

of these faults, and not in consequence of them. If he were without these drawbacks, or if he held them in control, he would be more of a man, and do a better work, than now.

A recent writer on Bismarck has thus emphasized this truth: "In judging a hero there are two facts to be borne in mind. First, it is not his objectionable, but his good qualities that have enabled him to play a great part. Otherwise it were necessary to despair of humanity. Secondly, where the faults are conspicuous the redeeming virtues must be of no ordinary kind. Some French writers have lately been trying to destroy the fame of Napoleon. The attempt is sufficiently puerile, but the Lanfreys and others do prove the conqueror of Europe to have been a person of many vices. Only, they fail to understand that by this process they raise the man to a rather loftier eminence than he previously occupied. For what must have been the genius which so triumphed over flaws of mind and heart that its possessor not only ruled a continent, but won the love aud homage of millions?"

If you are conscious of any peculiar faults which are recognized and tolerated by your friends, do not nurse them, or even give them tolerance yourself, in the mistaken notion that they are elements of your strength and attractiveness. You are doing all that you do of good, and holding all the friends you still retain, in spite of those faults; and you would do a great deal better and have more to love you if you conquered them. And if you see the evident faults of one who is widely recognized as a strong man or

as a good one, and who attaches many to him, be sure that he has positive good qualities overbalancing those poor ones.

Mr. Spurgeon recently delivered an address upon "Eccentric Preachers," at the annual tea and public meeting of the friends and patrons of the Tabernacle College. He first defined what it was to be eccentric. Eccentricity, as generally regarded, is simply a differing from some one else, especially some one who sets himself up, or is set up by others as a standard of propriety. "One charge of eccentricity," Mr. Spurgeon said, "brought against Whitefield and Wesley was that they actually wore their own hair instead of wearing wigs. Could anything be more monstrous? A holy person from Holland wrote to him, and said he had read his sermons with pleasure, but could do so no longer, as he now found that he was a carnal and worldly man, who wore a moustache."

Some men are eccentric because they are essentially truthful and in dead earnest in what they say. Earnest men cannot always be proper. And again preachers had been considered eccentric because they have a vast amount of dramatic energy in them. Such men meant to save men's souls, and resolved to do anything and everything to accomplish it. He gave instances in illustration, and from his point of view, we come to the conclusion that eccentricity in a preacher is not so bad a thing after all, but generally a most valuable quality.

When we see so many accomplished wits of the present age, as remarkable for the decorum of their

lives as for the brilliancy of their writings, we may believe that next to principle it is owing to their good sense which regulates and chastises their imaginations. The vast conceptions which enable a true genius to ascend the sublimest heights may be so connected with the stronger passions as to give it a natural tendency to fly off from the straight line of regularity, till good sense, acting on the fancy, makes it gravitate powerfully towards that virtue which is its proper center.

Add to this, when it is considered with what imperfection the Divine Wisdom has thought fit to stamp everything human, it will be found that excellence and infirmity are so inseparably wound up in each other that a man derives the soreness of temper and irritability of nerve which make him uneasy to others and unhappy to himself from those exquisite feelings, and that elevated pitch of thought by which, as the Apostle expresses it on a more serious occasion, he is, as it were, out of the body.

It is not astonishing, therefore, when the spirit is carried away by the magnificence of its own ideas,

"Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd, but inspir'd,"

that the frail body, which is the natural victim of pain, disease and death, should not always be able to follow the mind in its noblest aspirations, but should be as imperfect as if it belonged only to an ordinary soul.

Great geniuses appear to cherish the fond delusion that their powers must remain at the meridian and be susceptible to no decline or decay. Few, indeed, have

been those who possessed that self-abnegating wisdom which perceives when the mental powers have attained the exact zenith in the broad concavity of thorough development. Irving was one of these, and his last work was his greatest; but the great majority of the famous, blinded by vanity or thoughtlessness, refuse to relinquish the pen until even the memory of their former greatness can procure from them nothing more than the contemptuous toleration of pity. The most sorrowful of sights is a Titan shorn of his strength, and while hurling pebbles, calling them the tremendous rocks with which he once did battle with the gods.

The author of "Home, Sweet Home," J. H. Payne, a poor but genial-hearted man, was walking with a friend in London, and, pointing to one of the most aristocratic houses in Mayfield, he said: "Under those windows I composed the song of 'Home, Sweet Home,' as I wandered about without food, or a semblance of shelter I could call my own. Many a night since I wrote these words, that issued out of my heart by absolute want of a home, have I passed and repassed in this locality, and heard a stern voice coming from within those gilded walls, in the depth of a dim, cold London winter, warbling 'Home, Sweet Home,' while I, the author of them, knew no bed to call my own.

"I have been in the heart of Paris, Berlin, London, or some other city, and have heard people singing 'Home, Sweet Home,' without a penny to buy the next meal, or a place to put my head in. The world

has literally sung my song until every heart is familiar with its melody. My country has turned me ruthlessly from office, and in my old age I have to submit to humiliation for bread." It is hinted by those who ought to know, that "the genial-hearted man's" improvidence caused his family no slight trouble and expense.

TRUE CHIVALRY.

He is a gentleman who does gentle deeds.

The truly brave are soft of heart and eyes.—*Byron.*

To a gentleman every woman is a lady in right of her sex.—*Bulwer-Lytton.*

THOSE who have shone in all ages as the lights of the world; the most celebrated names that are recorded in the annals of fame; legislators, the founders of states, and the fathers of their country, on whom succeeding ages have looked back with filial reverence; patriots, the guardians of the laws, who have stemmed the torrent of corruption in every age; heroes, the saviours of their country, who have returned victorious from the field of battle, or, more than victorious, who have died for their country; philosophers, who have opened the book of nature and explained the wonders of almighty power; bards, who have sung the praises of virtue and of virtuous men, whose strains carry them down to immortality,—with a few exceptions, have been uniformly on the side of goodness, and have been as such distinguished in the temple of fame.

It was one of the maxims which governed their lives, that there is nothing in nature which can compensate wickedness; that although the rewards and punishments which influence illiberal and ungenerous minds were set aside; that although the thunders of the Almighty were hushed, and the gates of paradise were open no more, they would follow religion and virtue for their own sake, and co-operate with eternal Providence in perpetual endeavors to favor the good, to depress the bad, and to promote the happiness of the whole creation.

To redress wrongs, to protect the weak, to honor woman, to be faithful to his leader, and never to turn his back upon foe—these were the chosen duties of the knight, and his great aim was to make himself brave, faithful, true and stainless. I never could believe that Providence had sent a few men into the world, ready booted and spurred to ride, and millions ready saddled and bridled to be ridden. When a people shall learn that its greatest benefactors and most important members are men devoted to the liberal instruction of all its classes, to the work of raising to life its buried intellect, it will have opened to itself the path of true glory.

Men of guinea stamp are much more the coinage of heaven than of earth. And happy indeed for mankind if the truth were universally recognized that the mind, the heart, the soul, and not high birth and great fortune, are the true standards of man. The thing that ennobles is virtue and virtuous endeavors, either for ourselves or others, and the thing that degrades is not

lowly condition or the humble and unambitious toil, but indolence and vice.

People glorify all sorts of bravery except the bravery they might show on behalf of their nearest neighbors. If you intend to do a mean thing, wait till to-morrow. If you are to do a noble thing, do it now. A bare coffin without a flower, and a funeral without a eulogy, are preferable to a life without love and sympathy.

A Chinese honey-merchant, by the name of Shai-King-qua, had long known an English trader named Anderson, and had large transactions with him. Mr. Anderson failed in business through heavy losses, and at the time owed his Chinese friend eighty thousand dollars. Wishing to come to England to retrieve his affairs, he called on the merchant and explained his hopes and situation. The Chinaman listened with anxious attention, and then said, "My friend Anderson, you have been very unfortunate; you lose all; I very sorry you go to England; but that you no forget Chinaman friend, take this, and remember Shai-King-qua." So saying, he held out a valuable gold watch and gave it to his friend.

Mr. Anderson did not live to retrieve his affairs or return to China. When the account of his death and the distress in which he left his family reached Canton, the honey merchant called on one of the gentlemen of the factory who was about to return to Europe, and thus addressed him: "Poor Mr. Anderson dead! I very sorry. He good man—he friend—and he leave two children—they poor, they have nothing—they

child of my friend; you take this for them, tell them Chinaman friend send it." And he put a sum of money into his hand amounting to several hundred pounds.

Compassion is an emotion of which we ought never to be ashamed. Graceful, particularly in youth, is the tear of sympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe.

Samuel Smiles says: "It is a grand old name, that of gentleman, and has been recognized as a rank and power in all stages of society. To possess this character is a dignity of itself, commanding the instinctive homage of every generous mind, and those who will not bow to titular rank will yet do homage to the gentleman. His qualities depend not upon fashion or manners, but upon moral worth; not on personal possessions, but on personal qualities. The Psalmist briefly describes him as one 'that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.'"

Ruskin tells us, "A gentleman's first characteristic is that fineness of structure in the body which renders it capable of the most delicate sensation; and of structure in the mind which renders it capable of the most delicate sympathies; one may say, simply, 'fineness of nature.' This is of course compatible with heroic bodily strength and mental firmness; in fact, heroic strength is not conceivable without such delicacy."

It is related of the great Lord Lawrence, that during the conduct of some important case for a young Indian Rajah, the prince endeavored to place in his

hands, under the table, a bag of rupees. "Young man," said Lawrence, "you have offered to an Englishman the greatest insult which he could possibly receive. This time, in consideration of your youth, I excuse it. Let me warn you, by this experience, never again to commit so gross an offense against an English gentleman."

Brave and honest men do not work for gold. They work for love, for honor, for character. When Socrates suffered death rather than abandon his views of right morality, when Las Casas endeavored to mitigate the tortures of the poor Indians, they had no thought of money or country. They worked for the elevation of all that thought, and for the relief of all that suffered.

Said a recent lecturer upon Masonry: "Every emblem teaches us as brothers, to lay down all feelings of ill-will or distrust towards a brother, when we enter the door of the lodge, and then forget to take them up again as we go out." Surely every instinct of chivalry teaches us all to do this in the world as well as in the lodge room.

It is related by travelers in Spain, that a custom prevails there which is the very cream of chivalrous action. When a stranger stops at a restaurant for his dinner, he will be likely to find that his bill has been paid, when he calls for it, by some native gentleman, who, perceiving the stranger, takes this mode of expressing his good will and hospitable desires.

Charles Lamb says: "In comparing modern with ancient manners, we are pleased to compliment ourselves upon the point of gallantry,—a certain obse-

quiousness or deferential respect which we are supposed to pay to females as females.

"I shall be disposed to admit this when, in polite circles, I shall see the same attentions paid to age as to youth, to homely features as to handsome, to coarse complexions as to clear; to the woman as she is a woman, not as she is a beauty, a fortune or a title. I shall believe it to be something more than a name when a well-dressed gentleman in a well-dressed company can advert to the topic of *female old age* without exciting and intending to excite a sneer; when the phrases, 'antiquated virginity,' and such a one has 'overstood her market,' pronounced in good company, shall raise immediate offense in man or woman that shall hear them spoken."

In no country, whether of ancient or modern times, have women had less to complain of in their treatment by man, than in America. This is no rhetorical declamation; it is the simple statement of an undeniable fact. It is a matter of social history. Since the days of early colonial life to the present hour such has been the general course of things in this country. The hardest tasks have been taken by man, and a generous tenderness has been shown to women in many of the details of social life, pervading all classes of society, to a degree beyond what is customary even in the most civilized countries of Europe.

The best husbands I ever met came out of a family where the mother, a most heroic and self-denying woman, laid down the absolute law, "Girls first." Not in any authority, but first to be thought of as to pro-

tection and tenderness. Consequently the chivalrous care which these lads were taught to show to their own sisters naturally extended itself to all women. They grew up true gentlemen—generous, unexacting, courteous of speech and kind of heart. In them was the protecting strength of manhood, which scorns to use its strength except for protection; the proud honesty of manhood which infinitely prefers being lovingly and openly resisted to being twisted round one's finger as mean men are twisted, and mean women will always be found ready to do it, but which, I think, all honest men and brave women would not merely dislike, but utterly despise.

PATRIOTISM.

IF we would see the foundations laid broadly and deeply on which the fabric of this country's liberties shall rest to the remotest generations; if we would see her carry forward the work of political reformation, and rise the bright and morning star of freedom over a benighted world, let us elevate the intellectual and moral characters of every class of our citizens, and especially let us imbue them thoroughly with the principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Goethe says: "In peace, patriotism really consists only in this—that every one sweeps before his own door, minds his own business, also learns his own lesson, that it may be well with him in his own house." We naturally associate the word with the idea of war,

but the truest patriotism and the noblest, is developed in times of peace, and is shown in heroic endeavors to prevent war and promote the welfare of the nation.

If I wished to raise up a race of statesmen, higher than politicians, animated not by greed or selfishness, by policy or party, I would familiarize the boys of the land with the characters of the Bible, with Joseph and Moses, Joshua and Samuel, Daniel and Paul—and I would teach them the gentle wisdom of Jesus Christ.

As true patriots, our object should be our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country. And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace, and of liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever! Of the whole sum of human life no small part is that which consists of a man's relations to his country, and his feelings concerning it.

When the patriot leaves his native land, he ever feels to say, with Mary Queen of Scots:

> "Farewell, dear land, farewell to thee,
> The loved, the cherished home to me;
> A theme of joy, a dream that's o'er—
> Farewell, dear land, farewell to thee."

We entirely believe that a republican government in a Christian land may be the highest, the noblest, and the happiest that the world has yet seen. Still we do not believe in magic; and we do not believe in idolatry. We Americans are just as much given to idolatry as any other people. Our idols may differ from those of other nations; but they are, not the less,

still idols. And it strikes the writer that the ballot-box is rapidly becoming an object of idolatry with us.

From the vote alone we expect protection against all things evil. The vote is expected by its very touch, suddenly and instantaneously, to produce miraculous changes; it is expected to make the foolish wise, the ignorant knowing, the weak strong, the fraudulent honest. It is expected to turn dross to gold. It is held to be the great educator, not only as regards races, but individuals and classes of men, and that in the twinkling of an eye, with magical rapidity.

Were this theory practically sound the vote would really prove a talisman. In that case we should give ourselves no rest until the vote were instantly placed in the hands of every Chinaman landing in California, and of every Indian roving over the plains. But are all voters wise? Are all voters honest? Are all voters enlightened? Are all voters faithful servants of their country? Alas! we know only too well that when a man is not already honest, and just, and wise, and enlightened, the vote he holds cannot make him so.

It is very clear that the ballot-box needs to be closely guarded on one side by common sense, on the other by honesty; and the angel of patriotism must hover over all with her holy fire to light the being who casts his franchise in that sacred receptacle. A man must be endowed with a certain amount of education and of principle, before he receives the vote, to fit him for a worthy use of it.

Yet there are men who have refused to be bought, in all times and ages. Even the poorest, inspired by

duty, have refused to sell themselves for money. Among the North American Indians a wish for wealth is considered unworthy of a brave man, so that the chief is often the poorest of his tribe. The best benefactors of the race have been poor men, among the Israelities, among the Greeks, and among the Romans. Elisha was at the plow when called to be a prophet, and Cincinnatus was in his fields when called to lead the armies of Rome. Socrates and Epaminondas were among the poorest men in Greece. Such, too, were the Galilean fishermen, the inspired founders of our faith.

Aristides was called "The Just" from his unbending integrity. His sense of justice was spotless, and his self-denial unimpeachable. He fought at Marathon, at Salamis, and commanded at the battle of Platea. Though he had borne the highest offices in the state, he died poor. Nothing could buy him; nothing could induce him to swerve from his duty. It is said that the Athenians became more virtuous from contemplating his bright example. In the representation of one of the tragedies of Æschylus, a sentence was uttered in favor of moral goodness, on which the eyes of the audience turned involuntarily from the actor to Aristides.

Phocion, the Athenian general, a man of great bravery and foresight, was surnamed "The Good." Alexander the Great, when overrunning Greece, endeavored to win him from his loyalty. He offered him riches, and the choice of four cities in Asia. The answer of Phocion bespoke the spotless character of

the man. "If Alexander really esteems me," he said, "let him leave me my honesty."

Yet Demosthenes, the eloquent, could be bought. When Harpalus, one of Alexander's chiefs, came to Athens, the orators had an eye upon his gold. Demosthenes was one of them. What is eloquence without honesty? On his visit to Harpalus, the chief perceived that Demosthenes was much pleased with one of the king's beautifully-engraved cups. He desired him to take it in his hand that he might feel its weight. "How much might it bring?" asked Demosthenes. "It will bring you twenty talents," replied Harpalus. That night the cup was sent to Demosthenes, with twenty talents in it. The present was not refused. The circumstance led to the disgrace of the orator, and he soon after poisoned himself.

Cicero, on the other hand, refused all presents from friends, as well as from the enemies of his country. Some time after his assassination, Cæsar found one of his grandsons with a book of Cicero's in his hands. The boy endeavored to hide it, but Cæsar took it from him. After having run over it, he returned it to the boy, saying, "My dear child, this was an eloquent man, and a lover of his country."

My heart grows faint with longing, and I am fairly homesick at times to hear the grand old tunes of my boyhood days, when the whole land was marshaled into patriotic bands, and the "Tramp, tramp, my boys," resounded from hillside, valley and plain. "Brave boys are they, gone at their country's call," brings forth the silent tear as memory wanders back to the

loved ones who went but never returned. "There will be one vacant chair" has long since been realized, and but for Time, the healer of all wounds, the realization would be past all endurance. The friend at my elbow begins to hum "For Dixie's land we'll take our stand," as his thoughts go back over the same period; and now his eyes flash, his lips quiver, and he breathes forth,

> "She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb,—
> Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum!
> She breathes—she burns! She'll come, she'll come,
> Maryland! My Maryland!"

His heart is aglow with the old ardor which called forth the defiant cheer of the brave patriot.

The finest displays of power,—such as those which delineate Prometheus blessing mankind and defying the thunder of Jove, even when fastened to the barren rock with the vulture tugging at his heart,—what are they but the principles which have animated men who have struck for freedom, braving the dungeon, the stake and the scaffold in their enthusiasm for liberty and their determination to emancipate themselves and their fellow-creatures?

Neither Montaigne in writing his essays, nor Descartes in building new worlds, nor Burnet in framing an antediluvian earth; no, nor Newton in discovering and establishing the true laws of nature on experiment and a sublime geometry, felt more intellectual joys than he feels who is a real patriot, who bends all the force of his understanding and directs all his thoughts and actions to the good of his country.

Modesty.

Piety is a kind of modesty. It makes us turn aside our thoughts, as modesty makes us cast down our eyes in the presence of whatever is forbidden.—*Joubert.*

The most effective coquetry is innocence.

Humility is an element of success. Pride makes a man overrate himself and leads him to undertake what he cannot perform. But humility, a true modesty before God and man, teaches him to wait patiently until success comes in ligitimate ways.

People with great genius are seldom of most use in the world, for they are flattered by their friends into a selfish spirit, that inspires an overweening self-confidence, and over-reaching spirit which always leads to defeat. Modesty comes soonest and surest to the humble and unattractive. Modesty is not at all inconsistent with dignity, self-respect and proper self-confidence. Modesty is the balance-wheel to hold the strong man to a conservative life. Mere bashfulness without merit is awkward; and merit without modesty is insolent. But modest merit has a double claim to acceptance. Modesty is to merit as shades to figures in a picture, giving it strength and beauty.

I have observed that under the notion of modesty men have indulged themselves in a spiritless sheepishness, and been forever lost to themselves, their families, their friends, and their country. When a man has taken care to pretend to nothing but what he may justly aim at and can execute as well as any other,

without injustice to any other, it is ever want of breeding or courage to be browbeaten or elbowed out of his honest ambition. I have said often that modesty must be an act of the will, and yet it always implies self-denial; for if a man has an ardent desire to do what is laudable for him to perform, and from an unmanly bashfulness shrinks away, and lets his merit languish in silence, he ought not to be angry at the world that a more unskillful actor succeeds in his part, because he has not confidence to come upon the stage himself.

When a man has a particularly empty head, he generally sets up for a great judge, especially in religion. None so wise as the man who knows nothing. His ignorance is the mother of his impudence and the nurse of his obstinacy; and though he does not know B from a bull's foot, he settles matters as if all wisdom were in his fingers' ends—the Pope himself is not more infallible. Hear him talk after he has been at meeting and heard a sermon, and you will know how to pull a good man to pieces, if you never knew it before. He sees faults where there are none, and if there be a few things amiss, he makes every mouse into an elephant. Although you might put all his wit into an egg-shell, he weighs the sermon in the balances of his conceit, with all the airs of a bred-and-born Solomon, and if it be up to his standard, he lays on his praise with a trowel; but if it be not to his taste, he growls and barks and snaps at it like a dog at a hedgehog.

Wise men in this world are like trees in a hedge,

there is only here and there one; and when these rare men talk together upon a discourse, it is good for the ears to hear them; but the bragging wiseacres I am speaking of are vainly puffed up by their fleshly minds, and their quibbling is as senseless as the cackle of geese on a common. Nothing comes out of a sack but what was in it, and as their bag is empty, they shake nothing but wind out of it. It is very likely that neither ministers nor their sermons are perfect—the best garden may have a few weeds in it, the cleanest corn may have some chaff—but cavillers cavil at anything or nothing, and find fault for the sake of showing off their deep knowledge; sooner than let their tongues have a holiday, they would complain that the grass is not a nice shade of blue, and say that the sky would have looked neater if it had been whitewashed.

Oh the vain pride of mere intellectual ability! how worthless, how contemptible when contrasted with the riches of the heart! What is the understanding, or the hard, dry capacity of the brain and body? A mere dead skeleton of opinions, a few dry bones tied up together, if there be not a soul to add moisture and life, substance and reality, truth and joy. Every one will remember the modest saying of Newton—perhaps the greatest man who ever lived—the discoverer of the method of Fluxions, the theory of universal gravitation and the decomposition of light—that he felt himself but as a child playing by the seashore, while the immense ocean of truth lay all unexplored before him! Have we any philosophers who will make such a confession now?

A modest person seldom fails to gain the goodwill of those he converses with, because nobody envies a man who does not appear to be pleased with himself. Modesty is silent when it would be improper to speak; the humble, without being called upon, never recollects to say anything of himself.

Everything without tells the individual that he is nothing; everything within persuades him that he is everything. Modesty is the chastity of merit, the virginity of noble souls. Modesty and the dew love the shade. Each shine in the open day only to be exhaled to heaven. The first of all virtues is innocence; the next is modesty. If we banish modesty out of the world, she carries away with her half the virtue that is in it. Nothing can atone for the want of modesty, without which beauty is ungraceful and wit detestable.

Dr. Johnson says: "Modesty in a man is never to be allowed as a good quality, but a weakness, if it suppresses his virtue, and hides it from the world, when he has at the same time a mind to exert himself." The humble soul is like the violet, which grows low, hangs the head downwards, and hides itself with its own leaves; and were it not that the fragrant smell of his many graces discovered him to the world, he would choose to live and die in secrecy.

No humility is perfect and proportioned but that which makes us hate ourselves as corrupt, but respect ourselves as immortal; the humility that kneels in the dust but gazes on the skies. He that loves God until he fears nothing is the typical Christian, the ideal

man, and out of him proceeds all kindness, all truth, all love, all faith, all self-respect, all needful restraint, all things that go to make him a full man, moving in the ranks of society naturally and easily. Liberty is one of the signs of Christianity.

Baxter declares: "You little know what you have done when you have first broke the bounds of modesty; you have set open the door of your fancy to the devil, so that he can, almost at his pleasure, ever after represent the same sinful pleasure to you anew; he hath now access to your fancy to stir up lustful thoughts and desires, so that when you should think of your calling, or of your God, or of your soul, your thoughts will be worse than swinish, upon the filth that is not fit to be named. If the devil here get in a foot, he will not easily be got out."

Modesty is the ground on which all a woman's charms appear to the best advantage. In manners, dress and conversation, remember always that modesty must never be forgotten. There is now-a-days a tendency in woman to rebel against old-fashioned modesty. The doctrine of liberty is spreading among us, for which I thank God. But the first effects of that doctrine on our minds are a little confusing. We are growing more independent and more individual. Some of us fancy that to be modest is to be old-fashioned, and, of course, we want the newest fashions in all things. "I maintain that a modest woman is the reply of my sex to a brave man—you can no more have a true woman without modesty than a true man without courage. But remember, I use the word modesty in a

high sense. Not prudery. Prudery is on the surface; modesty is in the soul. Rosalind in her boy's suit is delightfully modest, but not very prudish."

The following advice, from the sermon of a Jewish rabbi, is directed to young ladies previous to marriage, during the progress of courtship:

"Let me admonish you of the behavior becoming this relationship. The sweetheart relationship anticipates marriage, whether as yet it has progressed to engagement or not. In view of this, we would remind you that you should in all respects bear yourself in such a way as to win the respect and confidence of the man you expect to call your husband. Many a foolish girl, in the intimacy of the sweetheart relationship, has utterly lost the confidence of the man who had come to admire her, although he himself may have been most at fault. No man of self-respect and pride of character will be willing to marry the woman in whom he has not entire confidence. She who is not unapproachably modest as a sweetheart, will be justly liable to suspicion as a wife.

"If young ladies knew how almost every immodesty they suffer comes to light and is made the subject of gossip and of jest, it would make them careful, even if their native self-respect and pride of character were not sufficient. Perhaps marriage does not take place between you and the man who makes you the subject of his attentions. I am sorry to say that men are not always as manly as they ought to be in regard to such matters, and oftentimes make mention of them to their companions, and thus everybody

comes to know of them. But, even if the gentleman should be more discreet than that, it may turn out that he at length marries some other person, and some time or other, when your name is mentioned between them, he tells his wife what he knows about you. Then she—in confidence, of course—mentions the matter to some other lady friend; and so the information becomes public property.

"It is a pleasant thing for a man to reflect, however loose his morals may be, that she who is now his wife never, in all their courtship, permitted the slightest indelicacy."

Nothing is more amiable than true modesty, and nothing more contemptible than that which is false; the one guards virtue, the other betrays it. True modesty is ashamed to do anything that is repugnant to right reason; false modesty is ashamed to do anything that is opposite to the humor of those with whom the party converses. True modesty avoids everything that is criminal; false modesty everything that is unfashionable. The latter is only a general, undetermined instinct: the former is that instinct limited and circumscribed by the rules of prudence.

MANLY BEAUTY.

Beauty is God's handwriting, a wayside sacrament.—*Milton.*

WITH what admiration are we filled at beholding a noble, earnest man. The manly man, whose every feature betokens the brave spirit within, arouses our

warmest sympathy, and even though he be a stranger, we wish him God-speed. Then, if this manliness and nobility of bearing, this evident kindliness of heart and gentility of manner, be joined to a noble frame, and he stands forth with a handsome face and commanding figure, we are ready to acknowledge the natural born leader. This is our highest type of manly beauty.

Beauty depends more upon the movement of the face than upon the form of the features when at rest. Thus a countenance habitually under the influence of amiable feelings acquires a beauty of the highest order, from the frequency with which such feelings are the originating causes of the movement or expressions which stamp their character upon it.

The high and divine beauty which can be loved without effeminacy, is that which is found in combination with the human will, and never separate.

The manliest man of all is the one who loves God and is kind to all His creatures. This man never fears to do right because some one may ridicule him; he never hesitates to say "No," when *no* is the word to say.

This manly man was once a manly boy; then, as now, he scorned to do a mean act, not because it would be found out, but because, being what he was, he could not do wrong. Some boys cannot do mean things; it is not *in* them.

Are you such a boy? or do you go about slyly, looking to see if you are observed, and if not—forgetting that God's eye is upon you—doing a thousand things of which you ought to be ashamed?

Not long since two boys were excused from their Sunday school class because they were immediately needed at home. When the school closed, their teacher saw them skulking around the corner to escape observation. Such boys will never make manly men.

Who stole those melons, who stoned that stray dog, who jeered at that poor old man, who defaces buildings and ruins shade trees? Not the manly boy, but the *other* one; what shall we call him? Our penitentiaries are full of these *other* boys, grown to be men in size, but never manly at heart. Will you be one of that number, or will you belong to the class who are *never* found there?

Truth is the foundation and the reason of the perfection of beauty; for of whatever stature a thing may be, it cannot be beautiful and perfect unless it be truly what it should be, and possess truly all that it should have.

Beauty is the mark God sets upon virtue. Every natural action is graceful. Every heroic act is also decent, and causes the place and the bystanders to shine.

Socrates called beauty a short-lived tyranny; Plato, a privilege of Nature; Theophrastus, a silent cheat; Theocritus, a delightful prejudice; Corneades, a solitary kingdom; Domitian said that nothing was more grateful; Aristotle affirmed that beauty was better than all the letters of recommendation in the world; Homer, that 'twas a glorious gift of Nature; and Ovid, alluding to it, calls it a favor bestowed by the gods.

When a noble act is done,—perchance in a scene of great natural beauty, when Leonidas and his three hundred martyrs consume one day in dying, and the sun and moon come each and look at them once in the steep defile of Thermopylæ; when Arnold Winkelried, in the high Alps, under the shadow of the avalanche, gathers in his side a sheaf of Austrian spears to break the line for his comrades; are not these heroes entitled to add the beauty of the scene to the beauty of the deed? When the bark of Columbus nears the shore of America,—before it, the beach lined with savages, fleeing out of all their huts of cane—the sea behind and the purple mountains of the Indian Archipelago around,—can we separate the man from the living picture? Does not the New World clothe his form with her palm groves and savannahs as fit drapery?

In private places, among sordid objects, an act of truth or heroism seems at once to draw to itself the sky as its temple, the sun as its candle. Beauty haunts the depths of the earth and sea, and gleams out in the hues of the shell and the precious stone.

John Ray remarks that there are "no better cosmetics than a severe temperance and purity, modesty and humility, a gracious temper and calmness of spirit; and no true beauty without the signature of these graces in the very countenance."

As amber attracts a straw, so does beauty admiration, which only lasts while the warmth continues; but virtue, wisdom, goodness, and real worth, like the lodestone, never loose their power. These are the true graces, which, as Homer feigns, are linked and

tied hand in hand, because it is by their influence that human hearts are so firmly united to each other.

Cicero says: "I am of opinion that there is nothing so beautiful but that there is something still more beautiful, of which this is the mere image and expression,—a something which can neither be perceived by the eyes, the ears, nor any of the senses; we comprehend it merely in the imagination."

There is more or less of pathos in all true beauty. The delight it awakens has an indefinable, and, as it were, luxurious sadness, which is perhaps one element of its might. In ourselves, rather than in material nature, lie the true source and life of the beautiful. The human soul is the sun which diffuses light on every side, investing creation with its lovely hues, and calling forth the poetic element that lies hidden in every existing thing.

Nature stretcheth out her arms to embrace man; only let his thoughts be of equal greatness. Willingly does she follow his steps with the rose and the violet, and bend her lines of grandeur and grace to the decoration of her darling child. Only let his thoughts be of equal scope, and the frame will suit the picture. A virtuous man is in unison with her works, and makes the central figure of the visible sphere.

Womanly Virtues.

A virtuous woman looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.

Amongst women of breeding the exterior of gentleness is so uniformly assumed, and the whole manner is so perfectly level and *uni*, that it is next to impossible for a stranger to know anything of their true dispositions by conversing with them, and even the very features are so exactly regulated that physiognomy, which may sometimes be trusted among the vulgar, is, with the polite, a most lying science.

A very termagant woman, if she happens also to be a very artful one, will be conscious she has so much to conceal, that the dread of betraying her real temper will make her put on an overacted softness, which, from its very excess, may be distinguished from the natural by a penetrating eye. That gentleness is ever liable to be suspected for the counterfeited, which is so excessive as to deprive people of the proper use of speech and motion, or which, as Hamlet says, makes them lisp and amble and nickname God's creatures.

These uniformly smiling and approving ladies, who have neither the noble courage to reprehend vice nor the generous warmth to bear their honest testimony in the cause of virtue, conclude every one to be ill-natured who has any penetration, and look upon a distinguishing judgment as want of tenderness. Meekness, like most other virtues, has certain limits, which

it no sooner exceeds than it becomes criminal. Servility of spirit is not gentleness, but weakness, and if indulged under the specious appearances it sometimes puts on, will lead to the most dangerous compliances. She who hears innocence maligned without vindicating it, falsehood asserted without contradicting it, or religion profaned without resenting it, is not gentle, but wicked.

It is a singular fact that when we reach middle life and look back, it is not the beautiful, nor the brilliant, nor the famous people whom we have known, that we remember with the keenest regret, but some simple, sincere, "pleasant" soul, whom we treated as an everyday matter while she was with us.

Go into a family, or a social circle, or even into a ball-room, and the woman who has the most friends there, as a rule, is not the belle, nor the wit, nor the heiress, nor the beauty, but some homely, charming little body, whose fine tact and warm heart never allow her to say a wrong word in a wrong place.

The "pleasant women" are the attraction that everywhere holds society and homes together. Any woman, however poor or ugly, may be one of them; but she must first be candid, honorable, unselfish and loving. If she is these, the world will be better and happier for every day of her life.

The life of a woman can never be seen in its outward form, much less in its inner. But the best preparation for both is the careful preparation of womanliness—her natural inheritance. The word is indefinable. It is seen in the weakness, the need to lean

upon, to trust, to confide, to reverence, and to serve, as much as it is seen in the strength that enables her to endure, to protect, to defend, and to support. We find it in the plasticity that gives such marvelous power of adaptation, as well as in the firmness that yields only to duty; in the gentleness that wins, and in the self-devotion that overcomes.

No trait of character is more valuable in a woman than the possession of a sweet temper. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night, wearied and worn out by the toils of the day, and how soothing is a word dictated by a good disposition. It is sunshine falling upon his heart. He is happy, and the cares of life are forgotten. A sweet temper has a soothing influence over the minds of a whole family. Where it is found in a wife and mother you observe kindness and love predominate over the bad feelings of a natural heart. Smiles, kind words and looks characterize the children, and peace and love have their dwelling there. Study, then, to acquire and retain a sweet temper. It is more valuable than gold; it captivates more than beauty, and to the close of life it retains all its freshness and power.

A recent writer, after describing the qualities which ought to characterize a woman's nature, says, "One might almost fear, seeing how the women of to-day are lightly stirred up to run after some new fashion of faith or of works, that heaven is not so near to them as it was to their mothers and grandmothers; that religion

is a feebler power with them; that their hearts are empty of all secure trust and high faith in the beneficence of God's ordinations." The writer is herself a woman.

Pericles says: "I shall advise you in a few words; aspire only to those virtues that are peculiar to your sex; follow your natural modesty, and think it your greatest commendation not to be talked of, one way or the other. Besides those important qualities, common to both, each sex has its respective, appropriated qualifications, which would cease to be meritorious if possessed alike and in common.

"Nature, propriety and custom, have prescribed certain bounds, to each; bounds which the prudent and the candid will never attempt to break down; as indeed it would be highly impolitic to annihilate distinctions from which each acquires excellence, and to attempt innovations by which both would be losers."

It is not lack of intellect on the part of women, but difference of intellect, or rather a difference of organization and affinities, giving a different bias to the intellect, which is the cause of their distinct mental character as a sex.

Woman is not inferior to man, but holds a somewhat different sphere. She should not seek to be his tyrant, or consent to be his slave. Her throne is the heart. Her empire the family with its far-reaching relationship. As daughter, wife, sister, mother, she needs an education as high and broad and varied as man's.

We quote the following on what to teach our daughters:

"Teach them self-reliance. Teach them to make bread; to make shirts, to foot up store bills, to wear thick, warm shoes. Teach them how to wash and iron clothes; how to make their own dresses. Teach them that a dollar is only a hundred cents. Teach them to cook a good meal of victuals. Teach them how to darn stockings and sew on buttons.

"Teach them every day dry, hard, practical common sense. Teach them to say No, and mean it; or yes, and stick to it; to wear calico dresses and do it like queens. Give them a good, substantial common-school education. Teach them that a good, rosy romp is worth fifty consumptives. Teach them to regard the morals and not the money of their beaux. Teach them all the mysteries of the kitchen, the dining-room and the parlor; that the more one lives within his income the more he will save. To have nothing to do with intemperate and dissolute young men.

"Teach them that the further one lives beyond his income the nearer he gets to the poor-house. Rely on it that upon your teaching depends in a great measure the weal or woe of their after-life. Teach them that a good steady mechanic is worth a dozen loafers in broadcloth. Teach them the accomplishments, music, painting, drawing, if you have time and money to do it with."

The remark may perhaps be thought too strong, but I believe it is true, that next to religious influences a habit of study is the most probable preservative of

the virtue of young women. Knowledge is not as heretofore confined to the dull cloister or the gloomy college, but disseminated, to a certain degree, among both sexes, and almost all ranks. The only misfortune is that these opportunities do not seem to be so wisely improved, or turned to so good an account, as might be wished. Books of a pernicious, idle and frivolous sort are too much multiplied, and it is from the very redundancy of these that knowledge is so scarce.

She who dedicates a portion of her leisure to useful reading feels her mind in a constant progressive state of improvement, whilst the mind of a dissipated woman is continually losing ground. An active spirit rejoiceth, like the sun, to run his daily course, while indolence, like the dial of Ahaz, goes backwards.

It would be to the last degree presumptuous and absurd for a young woman to pretend to give the *ton* to the company; to interrupt the pleasure of others, and her own opportunity of improvement by talking when she ought to listen; or to introduce subjects out of the common road in order to show her own wit, or expose the want of it in others; but were the sex to be totally silent when any topic of literature happens to be discussed in their presence, conversation would lose much of its vivacity and society would be robbed of one of its most interesting charms.

The prevailing manners of an age depend more than we are aware, or are willing to allow, on the conduct of the women; this is one of the principal hinges on which the great machine of human society turns. Those who allow the influences which female

graces have in contributing to polish the manners of men, would do well to reflect how great an influence female morals must also have on their conduct.

A close behaviour is the fittest to receive virtue for its constant guest, because there, and there only, it can be secured. Proper reserves are the outworks, and must never be deserted by those who intend to keep the place; they keep off the possibilities not only of being taken, but of being attempted; and if a woman seeth danger, though at never so remote a distance, she is for that time to shorten her line of liberty. She who will allow herself to go to the utmost extent of everything that is lawful, is so very near going further, that those who lie at watch will begin to count upon her.

There are two kinds of girls; one is the kind that appears best abroad—the girls that are good for parties, rides, visits, balls, etc., and whose chief delight is such things. The other is the kind that appears best at home—the girls that are useful and cheerful in the dining-room, sick-room, and all the precincts at home. They differ widely in character. One is often a torment at home—the other a blessing; one is a moth, consuming everything about her—the other a sunbeam, inspiring light and gladness all around her pathway. The right kind of education will modify both, and unite their good qualities.

It does not pay you, girls, to spend your days in running about, or poring over foolish stories, when the whole beautiful world lies before you. Such a course presisted in will find you at the threshold of

womanhood ignorant, purposeless, and weary of living —no resources left but idle gossip over the affairs of others, and weak complaints concerning your own.

Give your best sympathy. There is no greater human power than the tenderness of women. If you can minister to some one in sickness, lessen somebody's distress, or put a flower in some poor home, you have done a thing you will always be glad to think of. You will be remembered, and a woman asks no grander monument than to live in hearts.

Not far from my home was the plain cottage of an Irish woman and her only son—a brave young fellow dying of consumption contracted in the war. One day, on my visit to him, I carried him some lovely red roses. The next time I went the mother said: "He never let the roses go out of his hand, Miss. He held 'em when he died, and the last he ever said was, 'Give my blessin' to the young lady for bringin' the flowers.'" And the desolate mother buried them with him, as the most precious thing he possessed. The blessing of that poor Irish youth will always be a pleasant memory.

The remembrance of a tender word will last long after you are in your grave. A little ragged bootblack fell on the icy streets of Chicago one winter's day. A cheery young lady passing, said as she helped him up: "Did you hurt you?" His whole face beamed as, after her departure, he said to his companions: "I'd like to fall a dozen times, if I could have her speak to me like that."

Of all the virtues necessary to the completion of

the perfect woman, there is none to be more delicately implied and less ostentatiously vaunted than that of exquisite feeling or universal benevolence. If women fulfilled truly their divine errand there would be no need of reforming societies. It would not be easy, even for an unbeliever, to find a better translation of the rule of virtue from the abstract into the concrete, than to endeavor so to live that Christ would approve our life.

Confucius tells us that, "to be able under all circumstances to practice five things constitutes perfect virtue; these five are gravity, generosity of soul, sincerity, earnestness, and kindness." Virtue is an angel; but she is a blind one, and must ask of Knowledge to show her the pathway that leads to her goal. Mere knowledge, on the other hand, like a Swiss mercenary, is ready to combat either in the ranks of sin or under the banners of righteousness,—ready to forge cannon-balls or to print New Testaments, to navigate a corsair's vessel or a missionary ship.

A handsome woman pleases the eye, but a good woman pleases the heart. Thoroughly sweet and full of loveliness are pure women. There was never anything so lovely in air, or on earth, or in all the green meadows. God has exalted and ennobled pure women, so that one may prize and honor them forevermore. The treasure of the world, with all rapture, lies in them. Tennyson declares that "Men at most differ as heaven and earth, but women, worst and best, as heaven and hell."

Nothing makes a woman more esteemed by the

opposite sex than chastity, whether it be that we always prize those most who are hardest to come at, or that nothing besides chastity, with its collateral attendants—truth, fidelity and constancy—gives the man a property in the person he loves, and consequently endears her to him above all things.

The woman who works in some honorable way to maintain herself loses none of the dignity or refinement of true womanhood, and is just as much, even more, an ornament to her sex than the woman whose days are passed in luxurious indolence and indulgence.

The honor of woman is badly guarded when it is guarded by keys and spies. No woman is virtuous who does not wish to be. Goldsmith declares that virtue which requires to be ever guarded is scarce worth the sentinel. Modesty is to worth what shadows are in a painting; she gives to it strength and relief.

Irving has beautifully said: "There is in every true woman's heart a spark of heavenly fire, which lies dormant in the broad daylight of prosperity, but which kindles up and beams and blazes in the dark hour of adversity." No man ever lived a right life who had not been chastened by a woman's love, strengthened by her courage, and guided by her discretion.

The poet Shelley says of woman: "She is the most delightful of God's creatures—heaven's best gift, man's joy and pride in prosperity, man's support and comforter in affliction."

Hospitality.

It is for the children's sake, even more than for any one else's, that every home ought to make much of the offices of hospitality—ought to make more of them than our American homes are apt to. Guests are an essential feature in the full equipment of an ideal home life. The house in which they are a rarity is worse off than one which has no pictures, few books, or ill-cooked food.

Intercourse with guests, especially with such as are quite outside the circle of family cousins, can but broaden the horizon of the home thought and the range of home talk. Next to the benefits which come from travel, from mingling with people away from your home, in enlarging your views and widening your sympathies, you may safely count that which comes from intercourse in your own home with those who are away from theirs. There is something shriveling in the very atmosphere of the family which jogs around, day after day, in the small circle of its petty cares, familiar interests and monotonous employments, with no wider excursions into the large life of the world than idle gossip about the nearest neighbors. That is the forlornness and the disadvantage of life in sod houses on the frontier, or log cabins on the mountains.

Be the family ever so well off otherwise, it needs the frequent coming and going of guests, not only to lift table-talk out of the petty topics, but home man-

ners out of the rudeness into which it is so natural for family life to drift. It is not a little thing that the presence of a guest at the table checks so much comment upon the food, so much cross-firing between youngsters, so much slinking by older folks into the shell of their own meditations, while it introduces a wide range of fresh topics for family thought and conversation.

But "company" is expensive, it is said, and most of us middle-class Americans, who earn our livings in shops or offices, live a good deal nearer, anyhow, to the verge of our current income than prudent people ought to. That may be. The things that are most worth having generally cost something. But when we once decide that the duties of hospitality as well deserve to share in our outgoes as do newspapers, church expenses, and many pleasant and helpful things that we are not willing to spare, we shall find ways and means for them. Most people, though, make the mistake of going to needless expense in entertaining their visitors. It is a poor compliment to your guest to suppose that nothing else will give him so much pleasure as a profusion of things good to eat. Your delicious salads and flaky pastry are not worth the having in the dining-room, dear madam, if their preparation causes you to wear a weary face all the evening in the parlor.

Every one knows in his own case that it is vastly pleasanter to drop into the usual family life of the house, where he is a guest—to sit in the family room, to keep the family hours, to share in the ordinary

family fare—than to go about with an oppressive consciousness that everything has been joggled out of its course by his arrival.

I doubt if that man or woman is soundly converted and transformed into the image of Christ, who does not feel the heart swell with this virtue; and desire with all earnestness to "entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." What more beautiful and attractive sight does the world possess than a lovely Christian home, where this grace is a leading characteristic. Where the stranger, as well as the friend, is ever made welcome to the best the house affords, and no apologies made or needed, because it is not better or more profuse. Give the best that you have and with that give love, and good will, and cheerfulness, and even though the fare be plain, and the bed hard, and the rooms small and crowded, yet there will remain in the memory such a sweetness as will make one long to come again, and will convince all hearts that your invitation is sincere. Do not begrudge kindness and attention to your guests. Even though they are enemies, show them how you forgive them and thus lead them to forgive you. And do it all in the name of our Lord.

Poplicola's doors were opened on the outside, to save the people even the common civility of asking entrance; where misfortune was a powerful recommendation, and where want itself was a powerful mediator.

In the charming picture of domestic peace given by an anonymous author of the fourteenth century, we

find that youths of the noblest houses used to serve at table when their fathers entertained their friends. There is an emanation from the heart in genuine hospitality which cannot be described, but is immediately felt, and puts the stranger at once at his ease. Hospitality to the better sort, and charity to the poor; two virtues that are never exercised so well as when they accompany each other. Hospitality sometimes degenerates into profuseness, and ends in madness and folly. Breaking through the chills of ceremony and selfishness, and thawing every heart into a flow.

What can there be more noble than the grace of hospitality. It has been a leading trait of character in all the good and great of all ages. The Bible enjoins it as one of the Christian virtues, and all the old patriarchs practiced it. Abraham entertained the three foot-sore and weary strangers, ministering to their comfort out of the goodness of his kind heart, and Lot besought them to turn aside and abide with him, not knowing that they were guardian angels sent to save him from destruction. Jesus would not suffer the multitude to depart, when with weary footsteps, they had gathered on the mountain side to listen to His blessed words. He entertained them from His royal bounty and then directed that the twelve baskets full should be gathered up, that other poor and needy might also receive the benefit.

Now a good dinner is an excellent thing. A really elegant dinner, well cooked, well served, with tasteful accompaniments of every kind, and with a moderate number of pleasant people to enjoy it, is a most de-

lightful thing. It is right that those who can afford it should give such, replete with "every delicacy of the season;" the best food, the most artistic and beautiful table arrangements, and in sufficient quantity to satisfy the guests. Sufficient time also should be allowed fairly to enjoy the meal; taking it leisurely, and seasoning it with that cheerful conversation which is said to help digestion. In truth there cannot be a pleasanter sight than an honest, honorable man, at the head of his own hospitable board, looking down two lines of happy-looking friends, whom he is sincerely glad to welcome, and, who are glad in return to give him, according to the stereotyped phrase," the pleasure of their company," which really is a pleasure, and without which the grandest banquets are weariness inexpressible. But the dinner should be subservient to the guests, not the guests to the dinner; and every meal, be it simple or splendid, is worthless altogether unless eaten, as a good Christian has it, "in gladness and singleness of heart."

If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man should keep his friendship in constant repair, and not neglect old friends at the same time.

A good many years ago two young men, John and James, Boston boys both, were fellow-clerks on Kilby street, Boston. John went to Chicago in its muddy days, prospered, married, raised a family, and ere his head was gray became a well-to-do, substantial citizen, open-handed and open-hearted. James remained at home. He, too, prospered, married, raised

a family and became one of the "solid men of Boston." Now it fell out that when John's eldest son (they called him Jack) was twenty-one, he visited Boston, bearing a letter to his father's old friend, whom he found in a dingy Pearl street counting room, deep in *The Advertiser*. Jack presented the letter, and stood hat in hand, while the old gentleman read it twice. "So you are John's son?" said he. "You don't look a bit like your father." Then there was a pause, Jack still standing. "What brought you to Boston?" he asked.

"Well, sir," said Jack, "father thought I had better see his old home, and get a taste of salt air."

"Going to be here over Sunday?"

"Yes, sir."

"My pew is No. —, at Trinity. Hope to see you there. Glad to have met you." And here the interview ended.

Now it chanced that, not long after, James' son, roving through the West, reached Chicago. He remembered his father's friend by name, and hunted him up in his office.

"Well, my son?" said a pleasant voice before he had closed the door.

"My name is James ——, sir, and I thought—"

"Why! You don't mean to say—. Of course you are. I might have known it. Where's your baggage?"

"At the hotel, sir."

"At the hotel! We'll go and get it, and take it right up to the house," answered the genial old gen-

tleman, closing his desk with a vigorous slam. "We'll go right up now. There's plenty of time for a drive this afternoon. This evening you can spend in company with my girls, and to-morrow you and I will take a run out on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy road, and have a look at the country. Then I want to take you out to the stockyards, and have a trip on the lake, and—"

"But, sir," broke in the overwhelmed young man, "I must go home to-morrow."

"Tut, tut, my boy, don't talk that way. You can't begin to see this city under a week, and you're going to stay that long, anyhow."

"Strangers!" Oh, it is a sacred word! Be kind to them. Their homes may be afar, their hearts may be broken, and a kind deed, a kind word to them may be like dew to a fainting flower, a flash of heavenly light into a dark chamber.

The cry "On to Richmond!" awakened no enthusiasm in the hearts of the Third Ohio one day when they found themselves en route as prisoners of war for that famous capital. Nor were they enthusiastic when they halted for the night and prepared to sink supperless into dreamland.

The Fifty-fourth Virginia regiment was encamped near by, and some of the men came down to have a look at the Yanks.

"Had your coffee?" asked one, of a blue coat stretched disconsolately on the bank.

"Not a sup," answered the other.

"Ain't you had any rations to-night?"

"Only a crumb or two from the bottom of our haversacks."

This was told to the boys of the Fifty-fourth, and old Virginia hospitality showed itself at once. The men soon made their appearance with coffee-kettles, corn-bread and bacon, the best they had. In a few minutes the coffee was steaming, the bacon cooked, and prisoners and captors sat down together around the camp-fire, "like kinsmen true and brothers tried." The hungry, grateful Yankees ate with a relish such as no one can appreciate unless he has been in a like situation.

No wonder there was a warm spot in every heart of the Third Ohio ever after for the generous Fifty-fourth.

A fresh slide in the magic lantern gives another of these shifting war pictures. In the distance is Mission Ridge, which has just been stormed. That long line of prisoners passing over the pontoon bridge and up the stony mountain road is the Fifty-fourth Virginia. A soldier on duty at Kelly's Ferry asked indifferently of one of the prisoners as the regiment passed:

"What regiment is this?"

"The Fifty-fourth Virginia," was the reply.

In an instant the loungers sprang to their feet and rushed to camp. "The Fifty-fourth Virginia is at the ferry," they shouted as they ran in and out among the tents of the Third Ohio.

The Ohio boys were quickly in motion. Boxes from home and all reserve stores were speedily ransacked. Coffee and sugar, beef and canned peaches

and the best they had of everything were freely brought forth. They remembered gratefully their debt of honor, and paid it nobly. It was the same old scene over, with the shading reversed. For one night at least both Confederates and Yankees enjoyed again the sweet grace of hospitality that could bring a smile even to the grim visage of war.

Domestic Ties.

Well might the mind be haunted, age after age with a social ideal never yet realized! Life, a sacred thing. Every child a divine promise. Every family beginning the race anew from a higher point. Brothers and sisters ministering angels to each other's purity and beneficence. Every addition a new element of happiness. Education the rearing of a living temple. Conjugal love a central fountain in warm, fragrant, perpetual play. The father, the representative of God; feeding them, as a prophet, with more than angel's food; as a priest, standing at the portico of the temple to guard it from pollution, or ministering at its holy altar, and finding his spirit purified and refreshed by the service; swaying like a king, a divine scepter, and tasting the Godlike blessedness of seeing his subjects find happiness and freedom in obedience.

We speak of philosophers who "Look through Nature up to Nature's God." And shall it not be so that our children can look through us up to the God

and Father of us all? Care not for the Babel towers of Shinar that cannot even touch the clouds, when at your own lowly thresholds are waiting chariots of fire to bear you beyond the firmament. Astronomers tell us of certain double stars that revolve about a common center, and in some way are necessary to each other. So, in the family life, there is a common center of interest and responsibility, affection and duty; they are two, yet one, and each is necessary to the other.

Husbands should try to make home happy and holy. It is an ill bird that fouls its own nest, a bad man who makes his home wretched. Our house ought to be a little church, with holiness to the Lord over the door, but it ought never to be a prison, where there is plenty of rule and order, but little love and no pleasure. Married life is not all sugar, but grace in the heart will keep away most of the sours. Godliness and love can make a man like a bird in a hedge, sing among thorns and briers, and set others a singing too. It should be the husband's pleasure to please his wife, and the wife's care to care for her husband. He is kind to himself who is kind to his wife. I am afraid some men live by the rule of self, and when that is the case home happiness is a mere sham. When husbands and wives are well yoked, how light their load becomes! It is not every couple that is a pair, and the more's the pity. In a true home all the strife is which can do the most to make the family happy. A home should be a Bethel, not Babel.

The husband should be the house-band, binding all together like a corner-stone, but not crushing every-

thing like a millstone. Unkind and domineering husbands ought not to pretend to be Christians, for they act clean contrary to Christ's demands. Yet a home must be well ordered, or it will become a Bedlam, and be a scandal to the village. If the father drops the reins, the family-coach will soon be in the ditch. A wise mixture of love and firmness will do it; but neither harshness not softness alone will keep home in happy order. Home is no home where the children are not in obedience; it is rather a pain than a pleasure to be in it. Happy is he who is happy in his children, and happy are the children who are happy in their father. All fathers are not wise. Some are like Eli, and spoil their children. Not to cross our children is the way to make a cross of them. Those who never give their children the rod must not wonder if their children become a rod to them.

Solomon says, "Correct thy son, and he shall give thee rest; yea, he shall give delight to thy soul." I am not clear that anybody wiser than Solomon lives in our time, though some think they are. Young colts must be broken in, or they will make wild horses. Some fathers are all fire and fury, filled with passion at the smallest fault; this is worse than the other, and makes home a little hell instead of a heaven. No wind makes the miller idle, but too much upsets the mill altogether. Men who strike in their anger generally miss their mark. When God helps us to hold the reins firmly, but not to hurt the horses' mouths, all goes well. When home is ruled according to God's word, angels might be asked to stay a night with us,

and they would not find themselves out of their element.

It is better to keep children to their duty by a sense of honor and by kindness, than by fear and punishment.

A friend gave us the other day a startling illustration of the disastrous influence on the mind of a susceptible boy of an angry and unjust epithet cast upon him by an excited father. The boy had committed some rather serious misdemeanor, and the father became enraged. He was a tall, large, fine-looking man, and summoned the boy to see him. But the father lost possession of himself, and called his son an atrocious name. The boy turned pale. The epithet sank into his heart like lead, and now that he is a man and widely respected, he has been heard to say that from that moment he has known no such thing as love to his father. Before that he had been one of the most affectionate of boys, and has often tried to reason himself into his earlier love for his father; but it has gone, and he cannot bring it back. The lesson of this fact is too plain and pungent to need naming.

"Stint yourself," says Charles Buxton, "as you think good, in other things; but don't scruple freedom in brightening home. Gay furniture and a brilliant garden are a sight day by day, and make life blither."

If foreign parents are to be blamed for the "arranged" or compelled marriages, which we so strongly condemn, I think we are also to blame when we stand in the way of our children's happiness, or tacitly let it slip by, giving them no opportunity of

making a rational choice in marriage. Surely it is the bounden duty of wise elders not to ignore nature, but to accept the inevitable cares of "pairing-time," when the young birds, fully fledged, will desire to leave the nest, however soft it is made; when that over-powering instinct before which the warmest filial love sinks cold and colorless will assert itself, aye and guide itself, too; unless we have strength and self-denial—ah, no end to parental self-denial!—to forget our personal pain, and, throwing ourselves heartily into the young folks' place, succeed in guiding it a little, also.

At best, this love-season is a sad one, since few love affairs are perfectly smooth and happy, and to see our children suffer is sharper than to suffer ourselves; especially when we can no longer help them. While they are babies, there is a certain omnipotence about parenthood; but when the time comes that the child's unfailing shelter is no longer the mother's heart, when the father's strong right arm of guidance and protection sinks absolutely powerless—then things grow hard.

The foundation of domestic happiness is faith in the virtue of woman; the foundation of political happiness is confidence in the integrity of man; the foundation of all happiness, temporal and eternal, is reliance on the goodness of God.

Men who drive their wives from their homes by drunkenness and unkindness, or downright cruelty, generally render a return and reconciliation impossible by casting reproach upon them, and by using opprobrious epithets concerning them. Many a wretch who

never owned a decent bed nor furnished respectable board for the patient woman who toiled for him, has advertised his wife as at least a doubtful character, who had left them both "without cause or provocation;" and forbids the world "to trust her on his account," albeit he has no credit anywhere.

The Kennebec "JOURNAL," published at Augusta, Maine, gives an account of a husband who was more just towards his wife, whom he had driven away, and who was rewarded for his truthfulness and candor perhaps beyond his just deserts. "In 1831 Jacob Flagg of this city, an intemperate man, had a most excellent wife, who, tired of her repeated failures in the line of reformation, finally left him. Flagg advertised her thus: 'Left my bed and board—one of the best of wives. Whoever will give information as to where I may find her, shall be suitably rewarded and all expenses paid.' It is fair to say the good wife returned, the husband reformed and the couple lived together happily for years."

An eminent public man who shall be nameless—a man of great intellectual power, of real goodness of heart at bottom, but sadly broken and demoralized by a long-continued course of wrong-living and much wrong-doing—was once told by a boon companion how a certain other public man had been abusing him.

"Never mind," said our eminent friend, whose soul was really above the level of petty scandal and malice. "The fellow is only a dirty blackguard and I care not to know what he says of me."

"But, my dear sir, if he is allowed to go on in that

way, he will ruin your character, he will destroy your credit, perhaps injure your prospects for the future."

"Tut, tut! My character—what there is of it—is too tough for such a man to injure it; my credit is a phantom, at best; and as for my prospects in the future, I doubt if he can make them more dubious than they now are."

"Well," persisted the friend, after a little pause, "how do you like the idea of his making free with the name of your wife?"

The man was aroused on the instant.

"He! Does he dare?"

"Yes. He declares that your wife is altogether too good for you."

"What? Does he say that?"

"Yes, he has said it repeatedly."

"Well, well—there's something good in the fellow, after all. Bless him for the truth he tells—for, my dear fellow, that is true—as true as the gospel."

The great man sat for many minutes with his head bowed down upon his hand, and when he next looked up, his face had grown wondrously soft and pathetic.

"Yes—he told the truth! I think I'll go home and have a chat with that woman. Who knows but that she may help me?—Zounds! I have not thought of her. Bless the rascal for reminding me! Yes, sir! He told the truth there!"

And the worker for the nation—the politician, weak and weary—set forth to find the one being of earth in whom, when all else should have failed him, he felt he could trust.

"How *do* you manage him!" This is the question that we heard asked of one of "the dearest and best" of wives, who was conspicuously happy in her domestic relations. "Ah!" she said, with a merry twinkle in her soft eyes, "the best way to manage a husband is not to manage him." We were struck with the subtle wisdom of the seeming paradox.

There should be but one will with a married couple who are truly mated, and that should be the will of—both. To those who know the sweet authority of love, this will not seem like another paradox. We have known couples—not so many as we could wish—both of whom could truthfully say, after a dozen or twenty years' walking of the long path together, that they had had their own way, because the necessary mutual yielding had been done so cheerfully and so wholly that but the one way remained.

Some of the more direct methods of managing husbands may be mentioned, if it can be done without getting preachy. "Keep him in love with you," is the first injunction to a wife who asks such a question. When that can be done, all the rest follows. How it can be done we do not know; you ought to, if you know what he loved you for in the first place. We do not mean simply faithful and provident and kind, but *loving*, with all the world of meaning which that very word of God contains. It cannot always be done, for many men are selfish, sensual, devilish, and more yet are careless and unstable. But the good and true men who love their wives are easily manageable in all reasonable directions.

PHILANTHROPY.

PHILANTHROPY is a duty. He who frequently practices it, and sees his benevolent intentions realized, at length comes really to love him to whom he has done good. When, therefore, it is said, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," it is not meant thou shalt love him first, and do him good in consequence of that love, but, thou shalt do good to thy neighbor, and this thy beneficence will engender in thee that love to mankind which is the fullness and consummation of the inclination to do good.

It is an old saying that charity begins at home, but this is no reason it should not go abroad. A man should live with the world as a citizen of the world; he may have a preference for the particular quarter or square, or even alley in which he lives, but he should have a generous feeling for the welfare of the whole.

The conqueror is regarded with awe, the wise man commands our esteem, but it is the benevolent man who wins our affections.

"The great men of the world," says one, "are the shadowy men, who, having lived and died, now live again and forever, through their undying thoughts;" and he might have added, through their undying example. For though their voices shall no more audibly speak, the tones of their example will still be heard, louder than thunders, and more unceasingly than the flow of the tides or the winds of heaven, so that their

true life will still be felt for good long after they have lapsed to the unseen world! So it is that Moses still lives as the law-giver of the world, and Luther as the noble defender of the faith to the end of time, and that Washington and Lincoln and Garfield still live for their country, and that every faithful Christian will live, and his power be felt for good, long after he has left these scenes of time and sense forever!

That sixpence thrown to a mendicant, only to be converted into gin or beer, that five pounds lent to a needy acquaintance, who always has been needy and always will be, because he has not the slightest sense of the value of money, nor the least conscience in obtaining it or spending it, these, with a hundred similar cases, are specimens of what I call the crime of benevolence. The donors err, not only in what they do, but in what they leave undone. They may be benevolent in vague intention, but of true philanthropy they have not the slightest idea.

Benevolence consists in mere kind feeling; doing good certainly sometimes, but in a vague and careless way, and more for its own pleasure than for another's benefit; giving, because to give is agreeable, but taking little pains to ascertain what has been the result of the gift. The donor has done his part, and that is enough. It may be another heresy, but I am afraid the reason that our charitable institutions are so numerous, and our subscription-lists so easy to fill up, is because, of all modes of benevolence, giving of money is the one which involves least trouble.

But philanthropy costs trouble. It requires in the

individual some rather rare qualities; powers of administration and patient investigation; clear judgment and capacity for work; a kind heart and a cool head—aye, and a hard head too. The power of saying No, and the will to say it, with a steady, strong, unvarying justice, are as necessary as quick sympathy and ready help.

There is nothing that requires so strict an economy as our philanthropy. We should husband our means as the agriculturist does his manure, which if he spread over too large a surface produces no crop, if over too small a one, exuberates in rankness and in weeds, or burns up vegetation altogether.

One who often speaks wisely, says: "Riches fly—clip their wings and give the orphans the feathers." There is no use of money equal to that of beneficence; here the enjoyment grows on reflection.

Among all the schemes devised for doing good none are more worthy of support than those which seek during the summer time to place poor little city children for a few weeks in happy homes in the country. During the second week in August, 1879, over four hundred children under five years of age died in the city of New York alone. What a vast sacrifice of life; what a source of sorrow! Far worse than the yellow fever in Memphis.

The name of Mrs. Elizabeth Fry will ever be held in veneration as the prisoners' friend, next to that of Howard. She was born May 21, 1780, and died October 13, 1845. The source of her usefulness may be learned from her words, spoken to a friend during her last illness: "Since my heart was touched at

seventeen years of age, I believe I have never awakened from sleep, in sickness or in health, by day or by night, without my first waking thought being, 'how I might best serve my Lord.'" In 1818, a year and a half after her first visit to Newgate, order and prosperity prevailed within those walls. The "wild beasts" were harmless, kind and always industrious. The prison had become a marvel of industry and propriety; the lord mayor, sheriff, and aldermen of London, came to witness the miracle; and statesmen, scholars, highborn lords and ladies, and travelers from far and near, flocked to see the change.

A beneficent person, like a fountain, waters the earth and spreads fertility. It is more delightful and more honorable to give than to receive. It is another's fault if he be ungrateful, but it is mine if I do not give. To find one thankful man I will help many that are not so. A physician is not angry at the intemperance of a mad patient, nor does he take it ill to be railed at by a man in a fever. Just so should a wise man treat all mankind, as a physician does his patient, and look upon them only as sick and extravagant. Shall we repine at a little misplaced charity, we who could no way foresee the effect,—when an all-knowing, all-wise Being showers down every day His benefits on the unthankful and undeserving?

There cannot be a more glorious object in creation than a human being replete with benevolence, meditating in what manner he might render himself most acceptable to his Creator by doing most good to his creatures.

Marriage Vows.

No system of philosophy has ever yet worked out in behalf of woman the practical results for her good which Christianity has conferred on her. Christianity has raised woman from slavery, and made her the thoughtful companion of man; it finds her the mere toy or the victim of his passions, and it places her by his side, his truest friend, his most faithful counsellor, his helpmeet in every worthy and honorable task. It protects her far more effectually than any other system. It cultivates, elevates, strengthens, purifies all her highest endowments, and holds out to her aspirations the most sublime for that future state of existence where precious rewards are promised to every faithful discharge of duty, even the most humble. But while conferring on her these priceless blessings, it also enjoins the submission of the wife to the husband, and allots a subordinate position to the whole sex while here on earth.

There must of necessity, in such a state of things, be certain duties inalienably connected with the position of man; others inalienably connected with the position of woman. For the one to assume the duties of the other becomes, first, an act of desertion, next, an act of usurpation. For the man to discharge worthily the duties of his own position becomes his highest merit. For the woman to discharge worthily the duties of her own position becomes her highest merit.

To be noble, the man must be manly; to be noble, the woman must be womanly. Independently of the virtues required equally of both sexes, such as truth, uprightness, candor, fidelity, honor, we look in man for somewhat more of wisdom, of vigor, of courage, from natural endowment combined with enlarged action and experience; in woman we look more especially for greater purity, modesty, patience, grace, sweetness, tenderness, refinement, as the consequences of a finer organization in a protected and sheltered position. That state of society will always be the most rational, the soundest, the happiest, where each sex conscientiously discharges its own duties without intruding on those of the other. The two make up but one species, one body politic and religious. There are many senses besides marriage in which the two are one. It is the right hand and the left, both belonging to one body, moved by common feeling, guided by common reason. The left hand may at times be required to do the work of the right, the right to act as the left. Even in this world there are occasions when the last are first and the first last, without disturbing the general order of things. The exceptional cases temper the general rule, but they cannot abrogate that rule as regards the entire sex. Man learns from them not to exaggerate his superiority—a lesson very often needed. And woman learns from them to connect self-respect and dignity with true humility, and never, under any circumstances, to sink into the mere tool and toy of man—a lesson equally important.

Any revolution aiming at upsetting the existing

relations of the sexes—relations going back to the earliest records and traditions of the race—cannot be called less than formidable and dangerous.

There is a creed abroad that a young man is better alone, free from all incumbrance of wife or children; but in the old times it was not so. Then children were esteemed "a heritage and gift that cometh from the Lord;" now, selfish luxury, worldliness and the love of outward show have brought our young men—ay, and some women too—to such a pass that they feel, nay, openly declare, every child born to them is a new enemy; and marriage, instead of being "honorable" to all, is a folly, a delusion, or a dread. Why is this? And is it the men's fault, or the women's? Both, perhaps; yet I think chiefly the women's. Feeble, useless, half-educated; taught to believe that ignorance is amusing and helplessness attractive; no wonder the other sex shrinks from taking upon itself, not a help, but a burden—charming enough before marriage—but after? The very man who at first exulted in his beautiful, ornamental wife, his sweet, humble Circassian slave, will by-and-by be the first to turn around and scorn her.

Marriage is a divine institution. It is founded on the nature of man as constituted by God. He made man male and female, and ordained marriage as the indispensable condition of the continuance of the race. Marriage was instituted before the existence of civil society, and, therefore, cannot in its essential nature be a civil institution. We cannot exaggerate the importance to society of entertaining sound views of the sanctity of marriage, for the more nearly we realize

the divine idea of marriage, the more nearly will we approach to the Edenic purity and happiness of the human race.

Injudicious marriages are causing much unhappiness in the world. In the first place as to the social position of the parties: while we are no great stickler for social position, yet it is necessary that some attention should be paid to it. While it is not very important with a man, it is with a woman. A husband takes his wife into his own social position, whether it is to lift her up or drag her down to it. The woman who marries beneath her is apt to cut herself off from the old associations of friends and family. She will be made to feel very bitterly; and in many instances the result is that, seeing her friends and family looking down upon her husband, she comes finally to recognize his inferiority and to regard him with disgust. God intended that a wife should look up to her husband with a trustful and affectionate respect, and not to look down upon him as her inferior. Such marriages are not fortunate.

The sweetheart relation should be guarded very carefully, because when once formed there is such a glamour upon the eyes that they cannot see things as they are. After marriage it is too late. It is a difficult thing for the young lady to believe that the young man of her choice has bad habits. If any one has the frankness to tell her of them, she either thinks there is some mistake about it, or that her informant is actuated by malicious motives or that her betrothed will now lay them aside. Some heroic maidens say:

"Well, I will marry him despite his bad habits. I will marry him and reform him." There may be a few such cases of reformation, but nine cases out of ten the man goes to the dogs, and takes the devoted young woman along with him. If she had known at the outset the style of man he was, she would not have suffered her heart to become interested in him; but afterwards she has not the moral strength to conquer her attachment.

But vicious habits are not the only ones that wreck the happiness of married life. There may be a bad temper, there may be untruthfulness and insincerity, there may be coarseness, there may be habits which are not domestic, there may be an arbitrary and tyrannical disposition. If young ladies were a little more guarded in coming into what we term the sweetheart relation, there would not be so many wives with crushed spirits and broken hearts.

Marriage is, of all earthly unions, almost the only one permitting of no change but that of death. It is that engagement in which man exerts his most awful and solemn power—the power of responsibility which belongs to him as one that shall give account—the power of abnegating the right to change—the power of parting with his freedom—the power of doing that which in this world can never be reversed. And yet it is perhaps that relationship which is spoken of most frivolously and entered into most carelessly and most wantonly. It is not a union merely between two creatures, it is a union between two spirits; and the intention of that bond is to perfect the nature of both by

supplementing their deficiencies with the force of contrast, giving to each sex those excellencies in which it is naturally deficient; to the one strength of character and firmness of moral will, to the other sympathy, meekness, tenderness. And just so solemn, and just so glorious as these ends are for which the union was contemplated and intended, just so terrible are the consequences if it be perverted and abused; for there is no earthly relationship which has so much power to ennoble and to exalt.

"The married man," says Feltham, "is like the bee that fixes his hive, augments the world, benefits the republic, and by daily diligence, without wronging any, profits all; but he who contemns wedlock, like a wasp wanders an offense to the world, lives upon spoil and rapine, disturbs peace, steals sweets that are none of its own, and, by robbing the hives of others, meets misery as his due reward."

"Hast thou a soft heart? It is of God's breaking. Hast thou a sweet wife? She is of God's making. The Hebrews have a saying, 'He is not a man that hath not a woman.' Though man alone may be good, yet it is not good that man should be alone. 'Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above.' A wife, though she be not a perfect gift, is a good gift, a beam darted from the Sun of mercy. How happy are those marriages where Christ is at the wedding! Let none but those who have found favor in God's eyes find favor in yours. Husbands should spread a mantle of charity over their wives' infirmities. Do not put out the candle because of the snuff. Husbands and wives

should provoke one another to love, and they should love one another notwithstanding provocations. The tree of love should grow up in the midst of the family as the tree of life grew in the garden of Eden. Good servants are a great blessing; good children a greater blessing; but a good wife is the greatest blessing; and such a helpmeet let him seek for that wants one; let him sigh for her that hath lost one; let him delight in her that enjoys one."

Conjugal Fidelity.

"Thrice happy they, and more than that,
Whom band of love so firmly ties,
That without brawls till death them part,
'Tis undissolved and never dies."

One may venture to affirm, that with all their profligate ideas, both of women and religion, neither Bolingbrake, Wharton, Buckingham, Lord Chesterfield, nor even Aaron Burr would have esteemed a woman the more for her being irreligious. For with whatever ridicule a polite free-thinker may effect to treat religion himself, he will think it necessary that his wife should entertain different notions of it. He may pretend to despise it as a matter of opinion, depending on creeds and systems; but if he is a man of sense he will know the value of it, as a governing principle, which is to influence her conduct and direct her actions. If he sees her unaffectedly sincere in the practice of her religious duties, it will be a secret

pledge to him, that she will be equally exact in fulfilling the conjugal; for he can have no reasonable dependence on her attachment to him, if he has no opinion of her fidelity to God. She who neglects first duties gives but an indefinite proof of her disposition to fill up inferior ones, and how can a man of any understanding (whatever his own religious professions may be) trust that woman with the care of his family, and the education of his children, who herself wants the best incentive to a virtuous life, the belief that she is an accountable creature, and the reflection that she has an immortal soul?

The author of "Sermons out of Church" gives sensible advice in the following words: "I say distinctly, wives, obey your husbands, as children, your parents —in the Lord. But only in the Lord. Yield as much as possible in ordinary things; conquer your tempers, modify your tastes; give up everything, in short, that is not a compromise of principle. When it comes to that, resist! Whatever they may be to you, and how great soever your love for them, resist them. Never allow either father, husband, brother, son, to stand between you and the clear law of right and wrong in your own soul, which the God who made you has put there. If you do, you fall into that sin of which I speak; and will assuredly, soon or late, earn its bitter wages."

The man's desire is for the woman; but the woman's desire is rarely other than for the desire of the man. A good wife is like the ivy which beautifies the building to which it clings, twining its

tendrils more lovingly as time converts the ancient edifice into a ruin. Hannah More says: "Absence in love is like water upon fire; a little quickens, but much extinguishes it."

The love of some men for their wives is like that of Alfieri for his horse. "My attachment for him," said he, "went so far as to destroy my peace every time that he had the least ailment, but my love for him did not prevent me from fretting and chafing him whenever he did not wish to go my way."

The Bible gives us infallible rules upon this matter: "For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife, and they twain shall be one flesh." "Wherefore they are no more twain, but one flesh. What, therefore, God has joined together, let no man put asunder." "So ought men to love their wives as their own bodies. He that loveth his wife loveth himself."

Have you ever seen the young red foxes mating? They stare upon each other with wide-open eyes for some minutes, and then lie down side by side in the shade of the rock, with eyes half closed, as if perfectly content. Keep your eyes well open upon each other's faults while you are in the period of courtship; but when you are married let your eyes be partly closed in charity, forbearing with and in love helping to remove your mutual failings.

I wonder whether the subtle measuring of forces will ever come to measuring the force there is in one beautiful woman whose mind is as noble as her face is

beautiful—who makes a man's passion for her rush in one current with all the great aims of his life!

O woman! thou knowest the hour when the good-man of the house will return, when the heat and burden of the day are past. Do not let him at such time, when he is weary with toil and jaded with discouragement, find upon his coming to his habitation that the foot which should hasten to meet him is wandering at a distance, that the soft hand which should wipe the sweat from his brow is knocking at the door of other houses.

Theodore Parker wrote: "Young people marry their opposites in temperament and general character and such marriages are generally good ones. They do it instinctively. The young man does not say, 'My black eyes require to be wed with blue, and my over-vehemence requires to be a little modified with somewhat dullness and reserve.' When these opposites come together to be wed they do not know it, but each think the other just like themselves."

Old people never marry their opposites; they marry their similars and from calculation. Each of these two arrangements is very proper. In their long journey these opposites will fall out a great many times, and charm the other back again, and by and by they will be agreed as to the place they will go to, and the road they will go by, and both be reconciled. The man will be nobler and larger for being associated with so much humanity unlike himself, and she will be a nobler woman for having manhood beside her that seeks to correct her deficiencies and supply her with

what she lacks, if the diversity be not too great, and if there be real generosity and love in their hearts to begin with. The old bridegroom, having a much shorter journey to make, must associate himself with one like himself.

A perfect and complete marriage is, perhaps, as rare as perfect personal beauty. Men and women are married fractionally, now a small fraction, then a large fraction. Very few are married totally, and then only, I think, after some forty or fifty years of gradual approach and experiment.

Such a large and sweet fruit is a complete marriage, that it needs a very long summer to ripen in, and then a long winter to mellow and season. But a real, happy marriage of love and judgment between a noble man and woman is one of the things so very handsome that, if the sun were as the Greek poets fabled, a god, he might stop the world in order to feast his eyes with such a spectacle.

One of the quaintest old books that you may find in many a day is Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," but we take a few thoughts from it, that are pleasing, both in their quaintness and suggestiveness.

As Seneca lived with his Paulina, Abraham and Sarah, Orpheus and Euridyce, Rubenius Celer, that would needs have it engraven on his tomb he had led his life with Ennea, his dear wife, forty-three years eight months, and never fell out. There is no pleasure in this world comparable to it, as one holds, there's something in a woman beyond all human delight; a magnetic virtue, a charming quality, an occult and

powerful motive. The husband rules her as head, but she again commands his heart, he is her servant, she is only joy and content; no happiness is like unto it, no love so great as this of man and wife, no such comfort as a sweet wife. When they love at last as fresh as they did at first, as Homer brings Paris kissing Helen, after they had been married ten years, protesting withal that he loved her as dear as he did the first hour that he was betrothed. And in their old age, when they made much of one another, saying, as he did to his wife in the poet,

> "Dear wife, let's live in love, and die together,
> As hitherto we have in all good will:
> Let no day change or alter our affections,
> But let's be young to one another still."

Such should conjugal love be, still the same, and as they are one flesh, so should they be of one mind, as in an aristocratical government, one consent, Geyron-like, have one heart in two bodies, will and will the same. A good wife, according to Plutarch, should be as a looking-glass to represent her husband's face and passion; if he be pleasant, she should be merry; if he laugh, she should smile; if he look sad, she should participate of his sorrow and bear a part with him, and so should they continue in mutual love one towards another.

> "No age shall part my love from thee, sweet wife,
> Though I live Nestor or Tithonus' life."

And she again to him, as the bride saluted the bridegroom of old in Rome: "Be thou still Caius, I'll be Caia."

The Hearth-Stone.

We are hanging up pictures every day about the chamber walls of our hearts that we shall have to look at when we sit in the shadows.

Ah, boys! you who have gone out from the old homesteads into the rush and bustle of life, do you ever think of the patient mothers who are stretching out to you arms that are powerless to draw you back to the old home nest? Arms that were strong to carry you once, pressed to hearts that love you now as then.

No matter though your hair is "silver-streaked," and Dot in the cradle calls you "Grandpa," you are only "the boys" so long as mother lives. You are the children of the old home. Nothing can crowd you out of mother's heart. You may have failed in the battle of life, and your manhood may have been crushed out against the wall of circumstances, you may have been prosperous, and gained wealth and fame, but mother's love has followed you always. Many a "boy" has not been home for five, ten, or twenty years. And all this time mother has been waiting. Ah, who does not know the agony expressed by that word? She may be even now saying, "I dreampt of John last night. Maybe he will come to-day. He may drop in for dinner;" and the poor trembling hands prepare some favorite dish for him. Dinner comes and goes, but John comes not with it. Thus, day after day, month after month, and year after year passes, till at last "hope deferred maketh the heart sick," ay, sick

unto death,—the feeble arms are stretched out no longer.

The dim eyes are closed, the gray hairs are smoothed for the last time, and the tired hands are folded to everlasting rest, and the mother waits no more on earth for one who comes not. God grant she may not have to wait vainly for his coming in heaven. Once more I say to you, boys, go home, if only for a day. Let mother know you have not forgotten her. Her days may be numbered. "Next winter" may cover her grave with snow.

A home is the place where character is formed, where education goes on, and where people are impressed for time and for eternity. It is a place to be happy in, and to start out from, for all good, honest, and earnest living. Very great is her responsibility who is queen of this kingdom. To a very great extent she makes or mars its completeness.

In a home there should be liberty without license, time for family intercourse, and space for personal solitude, room for the entertainment of guests, and the maintenance of social life; over all, a tender, trustful, daily atmosphere of true devotion and communing with God.

Let nobody who is a housekeeper fear to magnify her office. It is a sacred one, and if she perform its duties faithfully, she is worthy of no stinted praise.

Of course young people ought to marry early, and build up a home together. The idea that a man must be wealthy before he weds fills the community with fortune-seeking bachelors and unhappy spinsters; it

endangers virtue, destroys the true economy and design and the beneficent intentions of the home. It promotes vice, idleness, inefficiency and imbecility among women, who seem, from an unsympathetic outset thenceforward, to expect to be taken up by fortune and passively sustained, and without any concern on their part. It is thus that a man finds it difficult to obtain a helpmeet. However large you make the circle of a woman's life, home ought to be its center.

A good husband makes a good wife. Some men can neither do without wives nor with them; they are wretched alone in what is called single blessedness, and they make their homes miserable when they get married; they are like Tompkins' dog, which could not bear to be loose and howled when it was tied up. Happy bachelors are likely to be happy husbands, and a happy husband is the happiest of men. A well-matched couple carry a joyful life between them, as the two spies carry the cluster of Eschol. They are a brace of birds of paradise. They multiply their joys by sharing them, and lessen their troubles by dividing them. This is fine arithmetic. The wagon of care rolls lightly along as they pull together, and when it drags a little heavily, or there is a hitch anywhere, they love each other so much the more; and so lighten the labor.

The True Wife.

Woman is the Sunday of man; not his repose only, but his joy; the salt of his life.—*Michelet.*

The heart of a man, with whom affection is not a name, and love a mere passion of the hour, yearns towards the quiet of a home, as towards the goal of his earthly joy and hope. And as you fasten there your thought, an indulgent yet dreamy fancy paints the loved image that is to adorn it, and to make it sacred.

She is there to bid you God-speed! and an adieu, that hangs like music on your ear, as you go out to the every-day labor of life. At evening she is there to greet you, as you come back wearied with a day's toil; and her look, so full of gladness, cheats you of your fatigue; and she steals her arm around you, with a soul of welcome, that beams like sunshine on her brow and that fills your eye with tears of a twin gratitude—to her, and heaven.

She is not unmindful of those old-fashioned virtues of cleanliness and of order, which give an air of quiet, and which secure content. Your wants are all anticipated; the fire is burning brightly; the clean hearth flashes under the joyous blaze; the old elbow-chair is in its place. Your very unworthiness of all this haunts you like an accusing spirit, and yet penetrates your heart with a new devotion towards the loved one who is thus watchful of your comfort.

She is gentle; keeping your love as she has won

it, by a thousand nameless and modest virtues, which radiate from her whole life and action. She steals upon your affections like a summer wind breathing softly over sleeping valleys. She gains a mastery over your sterner nature by very contrast, and wins you unwittingly to her lightest wish. And yet her wishes are guided by that delicate tact, which avoids conflict with your manly pride; she subdues, by seeming to yield. By a single, soft word of appeal, she robs your vexation of its anger; and with a slight touch of that fair hand, and one pleading look of that earnest eye, she disarms your sternest pride.

She is kind;—shedding her kindness as Heaven sheds dew. Who indeed could doubt it?—least of all, you who are living on her kindness day by day, as flowers live on light? There is none of that officious parade which blunts the point of benevolence; but it tempers every action with a blessing.

She is good; her hopes live where the angels live. Her kindness and gentleness are sweetly tempered with that meekness and forbearance which are born of faith. Trust comes into her heart as rivers come to the sea. And in the dark hours of doubt and foreboding you rest fondly on her buoyant faith as the treasure of your common life; and in your holier musings you look to that frail hand and that gentle spirit to lead you away from the vanities of worldly ambition, to the fullness of that joy which the good inherit.

The true wife takes a sympathy in her husband's pursuits. She cheers him, encourages him, and helps

him. She enjoys his successes and his pleasures, and makes as little as possible over his vexations.

Oftentimes I have seen a tall ship glide by against the tide, as if drawn by an invisible tow line with a hundred strong arms pulling it. Her sails unfurled, her streamers drooping, she had neither side-wheel nor stern-wheel; still she moved on, stately, in serene triumph, as with her own life. But I knew that on the other side of the ship hidden beneath the great hulk that swam so majestically, there was a little toilsome steam tug, with a heart of fire and arms of iron, that was tugging it bravely on; and I knew that if the little steam tug untwined her arms and left the ship it would wallow and roll away, and drift hither and thither, and go off with the affluent tide, no man knows where; and so I have known more than one genius, high-decked, full-freighted, wide-sailed, gay pennoned, who, but for the bare, toiling arm and brave, warm heart of the faithful little wife that nestled close to him so that no wind or wave could part them, would have gone down with the stream and been heard of no more.

A judicious wife is always nipping off from her husband's moral nature little twigs that are growing in wrong directions. She keeps him in shape by continual pruning. If you say anything silly, she will affectionately tell you so. If you declare that you will do some absurd thing, she will find some means of preventing you from doing it. And by far the chief part of all the common sense there is in this world belongs unquestionably to women. The wisest things a man commonly does, are those which his wife coun-

sels him to do. A wife is a grand wielder of the moral pruning-knife. If Johnson's wife had lived, there would have been no hoarding up of orange peel, no touching all the posts in walking along the streets, no eating and drinking with disgusting voracity. If Oliver Goldsmith had been married he never would have worn that memorable and ridiculous coat. Whenever you find a man whom you know little about, oddly dressed, or talking absurdly, or exhibiting eccentricity of manner, you may be sure that he is not a married man, for the corners are rounded off—the little shoots pared away—in married men. Wives have generally much more sense than their husbands, even though they may be clever men. The wife's advice is like the ballast that keeps the ship steady.

Great attention, and with good cause has been given to the "social evil," which it is declared is increasing with alarming rapidity. Perhaps we may discover one of the hidden, but, as I believe, a most potent cause, of this great destroyer of home life, in the deplorable ideas imbibed by our daughters, from social surroundings. Society teaches them that the greatest misfortune that can befall a wife is to be a mother. With this idea implanted and cultivated by sly inuendoes and slighting remarks, they enter the sacred condition of wives with the most profound aversion for that of mothers. Domestic disruption, alienated affections, blasted and blighted hopes, shattered health, and final damnation of soul, are results that only too surely follow.

The Crown of Honor.

Beyond death's cloudy portal
There is a land where beauty never dies,
Where love becomes immortal.

He that does good for good's sake seeks neither praise nor reward, though sure of both at last.

That is the mother's recompense, to see children coming up useful in the world, reclaiming the lost, healing the sick, pitying the ignorant, earnest and useful in every sphere. That throws a new light back on the old family Bible whenever she reads it, and that will be ointment to soothe the aching limbs of decrepitude, and light up the closing hours of life's day with the glories of an autumnal sunset!

There she sits, the old Christian mother, ripe for heaven. Her eye-sight is almost gone, but the splendors of the celestial city kindle up her vision. The gray light of heaven's morn has struck through the gray locks which are folded back over the wrinkled temples. She stoops very much now under the burden of care she used to carry for her children. She sits at home, too old to find her way to the house of God; but while she sits there, all the past comes back, and the children that forty years ago tripped around her arm-chair with their griefs, and joys, and sorrows—those children are gone now. Some caught up into a better realm, where they shall never die, and others out in the broad world, testing the excellency of a Christian mother's discipline. Her last days are full

of peace; and calmer and sweeter will her spirit become, until the gates of life shall lift and let in the worn-out pilgrim into eternal springtide and youth, where the limbs never ache, and the eyes never grow dim, and the staff of the exhausted and decrepit pilgrim shall become the palm of the immortal athlete.

There remains in the faces of women who are naturally serene and peaceful, and of those rendered so by religion, an after-spring, and, later, an after-summer, the reflex of their most beautiful bloom.

"Isn't Aunt Charity a darling old lady?" said one of Aunt Charity's nieces.

She was, indeed, a sunbeam. The strong, resolute, brave face, the white hair under the plain cap, the sweet, smiling mouth, were all winning. We could depend on the motherly woman who was so jolly, so full of fun and frolic, so ready to join in whatever mirth was afloat. Everybody came to her with their joys and their griefs, sure of sympathy. An hour with her was a tonic.

It is well for the old to be cheerful. They have much to depress them. Health is failing. Friends are passing away. Another generation is on the stage. Other hands take up the world's work. They feel, perhaps, with a bitter regret, that they are not needed as they once were. Nevertheless, they should cultivate every source of happiness which remains. The love of children and grandchildren, the greater dignity and larger leisure of life, and the quiet hours they can have for communion with God, should be appreciated highly. They should get into the habit of

saying good-morning, every day, to this world, where they have had so many eager, busy, happy and holy days.

Some of the planets finish their rotations in much less time than others. The nearer they are to the sun the more speedily they revolve. Mercury, for instance, is not quite eighty-eight days in accomplishing his year, while Saturn takes up considerably more than twenty-nine of our years in circuiting the same common centre. Thus, some of God's converted people are soon matured for glory by their nearness to and intimate communion with the Sun of Righteousness. These are frequently known to outrun their brethren, and (like John at the tomb of our Lord) to reach the sepulchre, finish their course, and ascend to their Master's joy at a very early period; while other saints, who do not ripen so fast, or who have a larger field of usefulness to occupy while on earth, are detained from their crown until they are full of years and good works. Each of these is gathered as a shock of corn in its season. O believer, if thy God summon thee away betimes, His Spirit will perfect that which concerneth thee; nor will Providence apply the sickle until grace has made thee white for the harvest. Or, if He lengthens thy thread, having much for thee to do, and much to suffer, He will show himself the God of thy old age, and not forsake thee when thou art gray-headed; for He hath invariably declared, "Even to your old age I am He; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you."

"Made in the image of God." We cannot tell

what it means. It is one of those vast thoughts of God we catch the trailing fringes of. It is one of those luminous heights of God's thought up which we gaze, and they are summitless to us. But we are to think up towards them, and every day stretch in their direction.

The Good Old Days.

Old tunes are sweetest and old friends surest.

A writer, comparing ancient with modern wealth, thus describes it:

"Ptolemy Philadelphus, of Egypt, amassed a little property, three hundred and fifty million dollars. Cleopatra gave her lover a pearl dissolved in vinegar, worth four hundred thousand dollars. Paulina, one of the *ton* in Rome, wore jewels, when she returned her visits, worth eight hundred thousand dollars. Cicero, who was a poor man, gave one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for his house, and Claudius paid six hundred and fifty thousand dollars for his establishment on the Palatine, while Massala gave two million dollars for the house on Antium. Seneca, who was just a plain philosopher, was worth one hundred and twenty million dollars. Tiberius left a property of nearly one hundred and twenty million dollars.

"And these fellows lived well. Esopus, who was a play actor, paid four hundred thousand dollars for a single dish. Caligula spent four hundred thousand dollars on a supper. The beds of Heliogabalus were

of solid silver, his table and plates were of pure gold, and his mattresses, covered with carpets of cloth-of-gold, were stuffed with down from under the wing of the partridge."

An aged clergyman writes: "The pulpit is not what it was when I was a boy. Sermons were then preached which I would give half the little I possess to hear again. Oh, it is sad to witness the degeneracy of these latter days!" Much more follows in the same strain; but all this is not criticism. Mere complaining and scolding, railing at the age, do no good. Such writers would spend their time to much more profit, were they to analyze some representative sermons of the past and others of to-day, and show wherein this superiority consists. There is a filmy exaggeration in years which plays tricks with our judgment. We do not doubt but that close analysis will prove that never in the history of the church has the average of pulpit oratory been higher than it is to-day. The world is ever apt to complain of the present, and look backward for its golden age. A Grecian once overheard the remark, "This age is degenerate." "Yes," said he, "that must be true, for my grandfather told me that when he was a boy he often heard his grandfather say the same thing."

We belong to that hopeful class who believe that there is more religion in the world now than at any previous period. Undoubtedly there are more churches and more professors of religion. There are more Bibles printed, circulated, and, as we firmly believe, read, loved, and obeyed than at any other time in the history

of the world. Only think! the precious word of God is now printed and circulated in nearly *three hundred* of the babbling tongues of our human race. And this gift of life is being carried to all nations. One reason that some persons imagine the world to be getting worse is found in the fact that our modern appliances for collecting intelligence gathers up and publishes everything—good and bad—that is going on in the world.

The telegraph and the daily paper tell us everything. The world's wickedness as well as its goodness, is laid bare to public inspection. But the fact that we see and hear more of the wickedness that is done is, in itself, no proof that more is committed.

Standing proudly among the ages of the past, this century shall say to her sister centuries: "I bring as a result of my life work among the nations, that grandest of all the products of time—*a perfect Christian gentleman.*"

The charm of old books and old songs is indescribable. They breathe the spirit of a bygone day that none but the one who has lived amid those scenes, can fully comprehend. Who has not experienced the pleasure of listening to an aged tongue, alive with an eloquence and enthusiasm belonging to a past age, as it told of the "good old days"; when we may tarry beside an aged couple and listen to the stories poured forth with artless oratory, as they forget the present in the past and again live over the inspiring scenes of youth—oh, then indeed we have a feast that we are senseless if we do not enjoy!

THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

FOR WELL SPRINGS OF TRUTH

A well known modern writer says: "Then the summer mornings were full of singing-birds, always waiting outside our windows to help us begin the day with happiness. Then flowers were born as if to accompany the birds in their benevolent mission. Then all our dreams were pleasant imaginings, Arabian Nights' Entertainments, frolic visions of untroubled joy. Then June was the longest and loveliest month in the calendar. Then we were never depressed by bad weather. Then headache had no lodgment nearer than our neighbor's brain. Then personal rheumatism was unknown to us. Then insomnia had not been invented, and we were not obliged to draw upon the apothecary for vials of sleep. Then we could walk twenty miles a day without fatigue. Then all was gold that glistened. *Then we were young!*"

RESPECT THE AGED.

"Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of the old man, and fear thy God: I am the Lord."

THIS is a duty imposed alike by the laws of God and nature. Nothing is more sacred or binding, save only the worship of God alone. In Egypt, to this day, if an aged person enter an apartment, the youth always rise from their seats.

No more beautiful or touching scene can be witnessed than that of the quiet, unobtrusive veneration of the young person for one that is aged. Angels and all

good men look on with approval when such an one puts away self and self-interest in order to render service to one whom God has spared to tread the farther borders of life. Acts of kindness and self-denial shown to the old, even though they are querulous and exacting, may be amongst the most satisfactory of a life-time, and bring the reward of an approving conscience at least.

Of all forms of self-devotion, the one which, even when it amounts to absolute self-sacrifice, we can not but regard with very tender and lenient eyes, is the devotion of the young to the old, of children to parents. No doubt there is a boundary beyond which even this ought not to be permitted; but the remedy lies on the elder side. There are such things as unworthy, selfish, exacting parents, to whom duty must be done, simply for the sake of parenthood, without regarding their personality. "Honor thy father and thy mother" is the absolute command, bounded by no proviso as to whether the parents are good or bad. Of course no one can literally "honor" that which is bad—still one can respect the abstract bond in having patience with the individual.

Age naturally awakens our respect. A Greek historian tells how, in the pure and early and most virtuous days of the republic, if an old man entered the crowded assembly, all ranks rose to give room and place to him. Age throws such a character of dignity even over inanimate objects, that the spectator regards them with a sort of awe and veneration. We have stood before the hoary and ivy-mantled ruin of a by-

gone age with deeper feelings of respect than ever touched us in the marbled halls and amid the gilded grandeur of modern palaces; nor did the proudest tree which lifted its umbrageous head and towering form to the skies ever affect us with such strange emotion as an old, withered, wasted trunk that, though hollowed by time into a gnarled shell, still showed some green signs of life.

It was anciently a proverb among the heathen, "It is good to be an old man or woman only in Sparta." The ground of it was the strict laws among the Spartans to punish the rebellion and disobedience of children to their aged parents. And shall it not be good to be an old father and mother in this land, where the Gospel of Christ is preached?

The Boston "Traveller," in commenting on the prevalence of rudeness, tells the following incident that happened some years ago: There was a very plainly dressed elderly lady who was a frequent customer at the then leading dry goods store in Boston. No one in the store knew her even by name. All the clerks but one avoided her, and gave their attention to those who were better dressed and more pretentious. The exception was a young man who had a conscientious regard for duty and system. He never left another customer to wait on the lady, but when at liberty he waited on her with as much attention as if she had been a princess. This continued a year or two, until the young man became of age. One morning the lady approached the young man, and the following conversation took place: "Well, young man, do you

wish to go into business for yourself?" "Yes, ma'am," he replied; "but I have neither money, credit nor friends, nor will any one trust me." "Well," continued the lady, "you go and select a good situation, ask what the rent is, and report to me," handing the young man her address. The young man went, found a capital location, a good store, but the landlord required security, which he could not give. Mindful of the lady's request, he forthwith went to her and reported. "Well," she replied, "you go and tell Mr. M. that I will be responsible." He went, and the landlord or agent was surprised, but the bargain was closed. The next day the lady called to ascertain the result. The young man told her, but added, "What am I to do for goods? No one will trust me." "You may go and see Mr. A, and Mr. B, and Mr. C, and tell them to call on me." He did, and his store was soon stocked with the best goods in market. There are many in this city who remember the circumstance, and the man. He died many years ago, and left a fortune of three hundred thousand dollars. So much for politeness, so much for civility, and so much for treating one's elders with the deference due to age, in whatever garb they are clothed.

A Russian princess of great beauty, in company with her father and a young French marquis, visited a celebrated Swiss doctor of the eighteenth century, Michael Scuppack, when the marquis began to pass one of his jokes upon the long white beard of one of the doctor's neighbors who was present. He offered to bet twelve louis d'ors that no lady present would dare to kiss the

dirty old fellow. The Russian princess ordered her attendant to bring a plate, and deposited twelve louis d'ors and sent it to the marquis, who was too polite to decline his stake. The fair Russian then approached the peasant, saying, "Permit me, venerable father, to salute you after the manner of my country," and embracing, gave him a kiss. She then presented him the gold which was on the plate, saying, "Take this as a remembrance of me, and as a sign that the Russian girls think it their dutv to honor old age."

Well-Earned Rest.

The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt, amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds!

Let men talk pleasantly of the dead, as those who no longer suffer and are tried—as those who pursue no longer the fleeting, but have grasped and secured the real. With them the fear and the longing, the hope and the terror, and the pain are past;—the fruition of life has begun.

How unkind that, when we put away their bodies, we should cease the utterance of their names. The tender-hearted who struggled so in parting from us! Why should we speak of them in awe, and remember them only with sighing? Very dear were they when hand clasped hand, and heart responded to heart. Why are they less dear when they have grown worthy

a higher love than ours? By your hearth-side, and by their grave-side, in solitude and amid the multitude, think cheerfully and speak lovingly of the dead.

> "As they who to their couch at night
> Would welcome sleep, first quench the light,"

so, to gain the best views of the heavenly rest, it is often necessary that alluring objects of this life be removed from our sight. Their obtrusive glare shuts out the objects beyond.

When Samuel Budgett, a distinguished English merchant, was dying, he said; "Riches I have had as much as my heart could desire, but I never felt any pleasure in them for their own sake, only so far as they enabled me to give pleasure unto others." This dying confession of a rich man is worthy of being noted and remembered by every young aspirant after wealth. It teaches the wholesome truth that none but the most sordid natures can find any pleasure in the mere possession of riches. No millionaire is happy merely because he owns a million of dollars. Ordinarily, that fact entails vexations, cares and duties which burden and disgust him. But when he uses money to feed the hungry, clothe the naked and instruct the ignorant, and build up the cause of Christ, it becomes a fountain of blessing to his heart.

"One's age should be tranquil," says Dr. Arnold, "as one's childhood should be playful. Hard work, at either extremity of human existence, seems to me out of place. The morning and the evening should be alike cool and peaceful; at midday the sun may burn, and men may labor under it."

When Sir Walter Scott, towards the close of his life, was congratulated by Dr. Cheney on the purity of his works of fiction, he answered, "I am drawing near to the close of my career. I am fast shuffling off the stage. I have been perhaps the most voluminous author of the day; and it is a comfort to me to think that I have tried to unsettle no man's faith, to corrupt no man's principles, and that I have written nothing which on my deathbed I should wish blotted out."

I cannot imagine old age to be a sad or undesirable thing. Infirmities it may have—must have; but they need not be overwhelming, if the failing body has been treated, and is still treated, with that amount of respect which is its due. And at worst, perhaps bodily sufferings are not harder to bear than the horrible mental struggles of youth, with its selfish agony of passion and pain; or than the vicarious sufferings of middle-age, when we groaned under the weight of other people's cares, mourned over sorrows that we were utterly powerless to cure, and looked forward with endless anxiety into an uncertain future, not considering how soon it would become the harmless past.

Now all that is over. The old never grieve much, at least, not overmuch. Why should they? It is strange to notice how, even after a loss by death that a few years before would have utterly crushed them, they seem to rise up and go on their way—only a few steps more—quietly, even cheerfully; troubling no one, complaining to no one, probably because it is only a few steps more. Suffering itself grows calm in the near view of rest.

Thus it is with people of restful and patient mind. For others there is still something left. "I have had all I wanted," said to me one of the most unquiet spirits I ever knew, keenly alive still, even under the deadness of seventy-odd years. "Life has been a long puzzle to me, but I am coming to the end of it now. There is one thing more—I want to find out the great secret, and I shall—before long."

One can quite well imagine some people, to whom the after-life was neither a certainty nor even a hope, looking forward to death as a matter of at least curiosity. But for us, who believe that death is the gate of life, it is quite a different feeling. Putting it on the very lowest ground, to have all our curiosity gratified, to know even as we are known, to feel nearer and nearer to our hands the key of the eternal mystery, the satisfying of the infinite desire; this alone is consolation, in degree, for our own failing powers and flagging spirits; nay, even for the slowly emptying world around us—emptying of the wise and the good, the pleasant and the dear whom one by one we see passing away.

"If I could only get rid of my body, I should be all right," sighed once a great sufferer. And there are times when even the most patient of us feel rather glad that we do not live forever. Respect our mortal tabernacle as we may, and treat it tenderly, as we ought to do, we may one day be not so very sorry to lay it down, not only with all its sins, but with its often infirmities.

Milestones of Life.

As we whirl over life's journey we constantly pass those points, coming in swifter succession, which mark the distance, not in years but in epochs and cycles, so to speak, as the turnpike between two cities is divided into miles by the stones placed at proper distances.

When the summer day of youth is slowly wasting away into the nightfall of age, and the shadows of the past year grow deeper and deeper as life wears to a close, it is pleasant to look back through the vistas of time upon the joys and sorrows of early years. If we have a home to shelter, or hearts to rejoice with us, and friends who have been gathering around our fireside, then the rough places of our wayfaring will be worn and smoothed away in the twilight of life, while the bright, sunny spots we have passed through will grow brighter and more beautiful. Happy, indeed, are those whose intercourse with the world has not changed the course of their holier feeling, or broken those musical chords of the heart whose vibrations are so melodious, so tender and so touching in the evening of age.

How strangely our ideas of growing old change as we get on in life. To the girl in her teens the riper maiden of twenty-five seems quite aged. Thirty-two thinks thirty-five an "old thing." Thirty-five dreads forty, but congratulates herself that there may still remain some ground to be possessed in the fifteen years before the half century is attained. But fifty

does not by any means give up the battle of life. It feels middle-aged and vigorous, and thinks old age a long way in the future. Sixty remembers those who have done great things at the three-score; and one doubts if Parr, when he was married at one hundred and twenty, had at all begun to feel himself an old man. It is the desire of life within us which makes us feel young so long.

The discovery of a gray hair when you are brushing out your whiskers of a morning—the first fallen flake of the coming snows of age—is a disagreeable thing.

Bishop Foster says: "There is a touch of pathos about doing even the simplest things 'for the last time.' It is not alone kissing the dead that gives you this strange pain. You feel it when you have looked for the last time on some scene you have loved—when you stand in some quiet city street where you know you will never stand again. The actor playing his part for the last time; the singer whose voice is cracked hopelessly, and who, after this once, will never stand before the sea of upturned faces, disputing the plaudits with fresher voices and fairer forms; the minister who has preached his last sermon—these all know the hidden bitterness of the two words, 'never again.' We put away our boyish toys with an old headache. We were too old to talk of play any longer on our stilts—too tall to play marbles on the sidewalk. Yet there was a pang when we thought we had played with our merry things for the last time, and life's serious, grown-up work was waiting for us. Now we do

not want the lost toys back. Life has larger and other playthings for us. May it not be that these, too, shall seem in the light of some far-off day as the boyish games seem to our manhood, and we shall learn that death is but the opening of the gate into the land of promise."

Perhaps, brother, the midnight is on thy soul. Cherished plans in life may all have been thwarted. Affliction, sorrow in severest form may have come upon you. Can you not believe that God still exists? —that out of these things as well as out of prosperity shall come the highest good? Can you not with Paul and Silas pray in your midnight, and sing praises unto God?

It is probably natural that at the last, scenes which have made the strongest impressions in life should be recalled by memory. The old mountaineer, when he comes to die, with his last whisper says his "snowshoes are lost;" with the stage-driver he is "on the down-grade and cannot reach the brake;" the miner "cannot get to the air-pipe;" the sailor says "eight bells have sounded;" and the gambler plays his "last trump." A little girl died a few years ago, and, as her mother held her wrist and noted the fainting and flickering pulse, a smile came to the wan face, and the child whispered: "There is no desert here, mamma, but all the world is full of beautiful flowers." A moment later the smile became transfixed.

In an Eastern city, not long ago, a Sister of Charity was dying, and at last from a stupor she opened her eyes and said: "It is strange; every kind word I have

spoken in life, every tear that I have shed, has become a living flower around me, and they bring to my senses an incense ineffable."

It is the thought of death that is terrible, not death. Death is gentle, peaceful, painless; instead of bringing suffering it brings an end of suffering. It is misery's cure. Where death is, agony is not. The processes of death are all friendly. The near aspect of death is gracious. There is a picture somewhere of a tearful face, livid and ghastly, which the beholder gazes on with horror and would turn away from but for the hideous fascination, that not only rivets his attention, but draws him closer to it. On approaching the picture the hideousness disappears, and when directly confronted it is no longer seen; the face is that of an angel. It is a picture of death, and the object of the artist was to impress the idea that terror of death was an apprehension. Theodore Parker, whose observation of death was very large, has said that he never has seen a person of any belief, condition or experience, unwilling to die when the time came. Death is an ordinance of nature, is directed by beneficent ends. What must be is made welcome.

Harvest Home.

When the sowing and reaping are ended, then comes the "Harvest Home." That we may enjoy the harvest we must sow in the spring-time; so, if we would have a wise and peaceful old age, we must in

early life fill our hearts and minds with the truths that produce a vigorous manhood.

We think of death as ending our life; let us rather think of it as beginning it. And as it has been said, "When you think of death whispering, 'You must go from earth,' listen, also, for the voice of Christ saying, 'You are but coming to me.' "

When one, in the midst of great usefulness, after years of great and valuable experience, is called away, we exclaim, "Oh, it is too bad! He was just ready to do so much good!" But does the death of the body stop all? Nay, God only promotes his child to a greater and a happier sphere of usefulness. This experience, this sorrow, this self-denial, all these trials are needed and will be made use of in Eternity.

A Christian in this world is but gold in the ore. At death the pure gold is melted out and separated, and the dross cast away and consumed.

Let dissolution come when it will, it can do the Christian no harm, for it will be but a passage out of a prison into a palace; out of a sea of troubles into a haven of rest; out of a crowd of enemies to an innumerable company of true, loving and faithful friends; out of shame, reproach and contempt, into exceeding great and eternal glory.

A father was once absent from home for a short period, and, on the day of his return, his children thought they would prepare him little presents, one from each; so they went out and gathered flowers, and each made a beautiful nosegay. But one of the children was an idiot, and he gathered sticks and every

kind of worthless thing that he could think of, and tied them up in a little bundle for his nosegay. When their father came, the children brought him their beautiful presents; but when afterwards this poor child's bundle of worthless sticks was brought, do you think the father said, "Get out of my sight?" Did he refuse that bundle of sticks and straws? No; he folded in his arms both the poor boy and his worthless nosegay. And so, friends, what you bring to God may be in his eyes but sticks and straws, but he will accept them. He will redeem you. He will forgive you. He will clothe you with a new robe. He will welcome you to the Father's house. You do not know what God can make of you, if you will give him a chance. You cannot see what the Divine artist can make of you. It may be that he can make a noble life where there is nothing now but shame.

Thrice happy is that man whose memory of a Christian home quickens his desire for a better in "Our Father's House" in heaven! In such a case we might say, with a good old German saint when about to go hence, "Blessed are the home-sick, for they shall see home!"

Ye old men, brief is the space of life allotted to you; pass it as pleasantly as ye can, not grieving from morning till eve; since time knows not how to preserve our hopes, but, attentive to its own concerns, flies away.

There is a joy, greater than even the joy of a mother over her first-born, or the exultation of a man over the baby son to whom he hopes to bequeath his

honor, his worldly goods and his unblemished name; and that is, to have arrived at old age and seen this child, from its own day of birth to its parents death-day, living the life they would have it live, carrying out the principles they taught it, and being in every way what I have called "the child of heaven,"—God's child as well as theirs. Then all the training, bitter and sweet, which they have undergone and made their child undergo—for no parents are worth the name who have not strength sometimes to wring their own hearts, and their child's, too, for a good end—will have been softened down into permanent peace. A peace enduring even amid all the trying weaknesses of old age, all the probable sufferings of the failing body and worn-out mind; lasting even to the supreme moment, when the aged, dying head rests on the still young breast, and the child kisses the closed eyes which, through all anxiety, pain, even displeasure, never lost their look of love—never till now. And now it is all ended. No, not ended—God forbid!

In due time the last trump shall sound and *Christ shall come*, but the saints shall be with him. The infinite providence has so arranged that Christ shall not come without his people, for "them also that sleep in Jesus shall God bring with him." The saints shall be with him in the advent as they are now. Our souls shall hear the shout of victory and join in it; the voice of the archangel shall be actually heard by all his redeemed, and the trump of God shall be sounded in the hearing of every one of his beloved, for we shall be with Jesus all through that glorious transaction.

Whatever the glory and splendor of that second advent, we shall be with Jesus in it.

There is, moreover, to be a reign of Christ. I cannot read the Scriptures without perceiving that there is to be a millennial reign, as I believe, upon the earth, and that there shall be new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. Well, whatever that reign is to be, we shall reign also.

"So come with your sickles, ye sons of men,
And gather together the golden grain;
Toil on till the Lord of the harvest come,
Then share ye His joy in the 'Harvest Home.'"

The Grave.

Falling leaves are Nature's sermons.

Our thoughts are ever more tending to the grave and its mysteries; and like our past hours troop onward, often unbidden, to the day when we, too, shall attain to the realm of the unknown.

Some of our greatest poems, indeed, are monodies and elegiac refrains. Yet with the cheering Christian philosophy of Wordsworth, we need not hang our harps upon the willows; for

Sin-blighted though we are,
We, too, the reasoning sons of men,
From our oblivious winter called,
Shall rise to breathe again,
And in eternal summer
Lose our three-score years and ten!

The soul has finished its course in this world, has fought the fight, and kept its faith. Henceforth it

wears the crown of immortality! Man thyself, O mourner, and thou also prepare to fight the good fight. The loved one whom thou hast lost will one day advance to meet thee at the gate of eternity, to greet thee as a glorified companion, and will cry unto thee: Here, also, God is thy God!

O God! O Father! thou art also my God, my Father; why, then, should I be bowed down with grief? Why weakly yield myself up before my course is finished, before I have fought the good fight to the end? Oh, give me strength, give me power! whatever suffering thou mayst impose, I will bear it, for it will bring me nearer to Thee!

A workman by accident dropped a little, highly-valued silver cup into a strong acid bath. In a little while it had utterly disappeared. But when the master-workman came in and learned of it, he said nothing, but cast another acid into the jar, and the silver was soon precipitated—a shapeless mass, indeed, but every grain there. A few days after it came back a more beautiful cup, from the hands of the silversmith. May not God as readily restore our bodies after the decay and disorganization of the grave?

Bishop Whipple says: "As I come nearer to the grave my theology grows strangely simple, and it begins and ends with Christ."

"I account death," says Plutarch, "a truly great and accomplished good thing; the soul being to live there a real life, which here lives not a waking life, but suffers things most resembling dreams." Of all the riches that we hug, of all the pleasures we enjoy, we

can carry no more out of this world than out of a dream.

The best and most useful of us will soon be forgotten. Those who to-day are filling a large place in the world's regard will pass away from the remembrance of men in a few months, or at the farthest, in a few years after the grave has closed upon their remains.

We are shedding tears above a new-made grave, and wildly crying out in our grief that our loss is irreparable, yet, in a short time, the tendrils of love entwine around other supports, and we no longer miss the one who has gone.

A few more days, a few more months, or at most a few more years, and it will be whispered around that last night you died. It will be told how long you lingered, or how suddenly you went. Small groups of friends will go and gaze at you. They will remark how cold you are, and how natural you look. Some will inspect your shroud and discuss your coffin, while even your enemies will forgive you and hope you have gone to a better world. Are you ready for this? In that final contest with death there may be neither time nor opportunity for the preparation that we are given a life-time to make. The wiser course, the safer course, is to get ready while blessed with health and strength, both of body and mind.

Some one will see to your shroud; some one will go for your coffin, and some one will doubtless put crape on the door whether you give any directions or not. It may not matter much if these things are not

done exactly as you wish. No one will see to your soul. No one will look after your eternal interests. There is no repentance beyond the grave. In this short probationary existence you had just one thing to do, and that was to prepare for the life to come. If you are not ready, think of yourself lying cold in death.

Oh, the grave! the grave! It buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment! From its peaceful bosom, spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave, even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that he should have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him? But the grave of those we loved, what a place for meditation! There it is, that we call up, in long review, the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us, almost unheeded, in the daily intercourse of intimacy; there it is, that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene; the bed of death, with all its stifled griefs, its noiseless attendance, its mute, watchful assiduities! the last testimonies of expiring love! the feeble, fluttering, thrilling,—oh, how thrilling!—pressure of the hand! the last fond look of the glazing eye turning upon us, even from the threshold of existence! the faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection!

Ay, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience, for every past benefit unrequited, every past endearment unre-

garded, of that departed being, who can never—never —never return to be soothed by thy contrition! If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent; if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth; if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee; if thou hast given one unmerited pang to that true heart, which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet; then be sure, that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul; then be sure, that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear; more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile tributes of regret; but take warning, by the bitterness of this, thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

"So live, that when thy summons comes, to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go, not like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustain'd and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams!"

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